MARCH
1938

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

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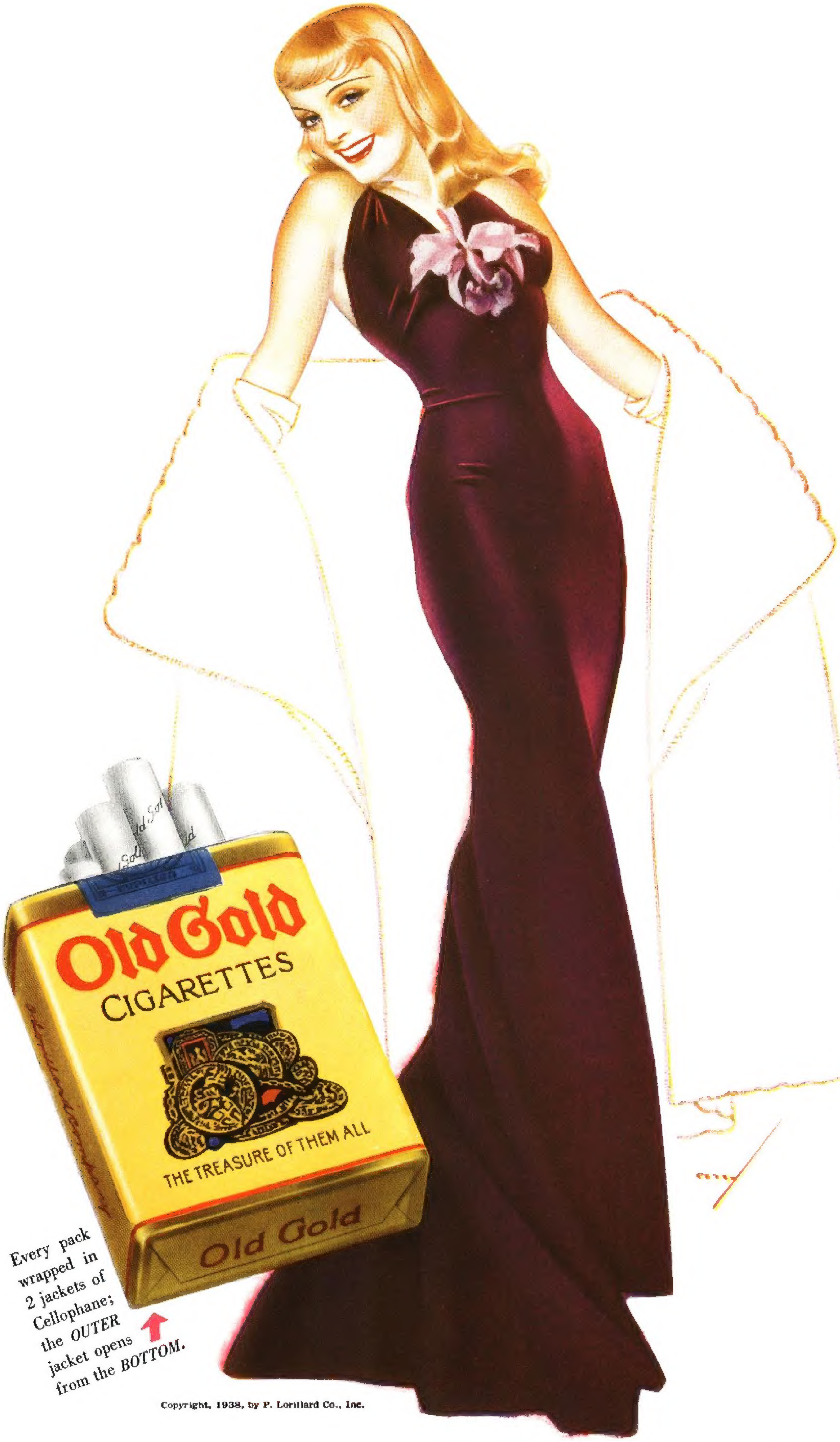
A Swell Package!



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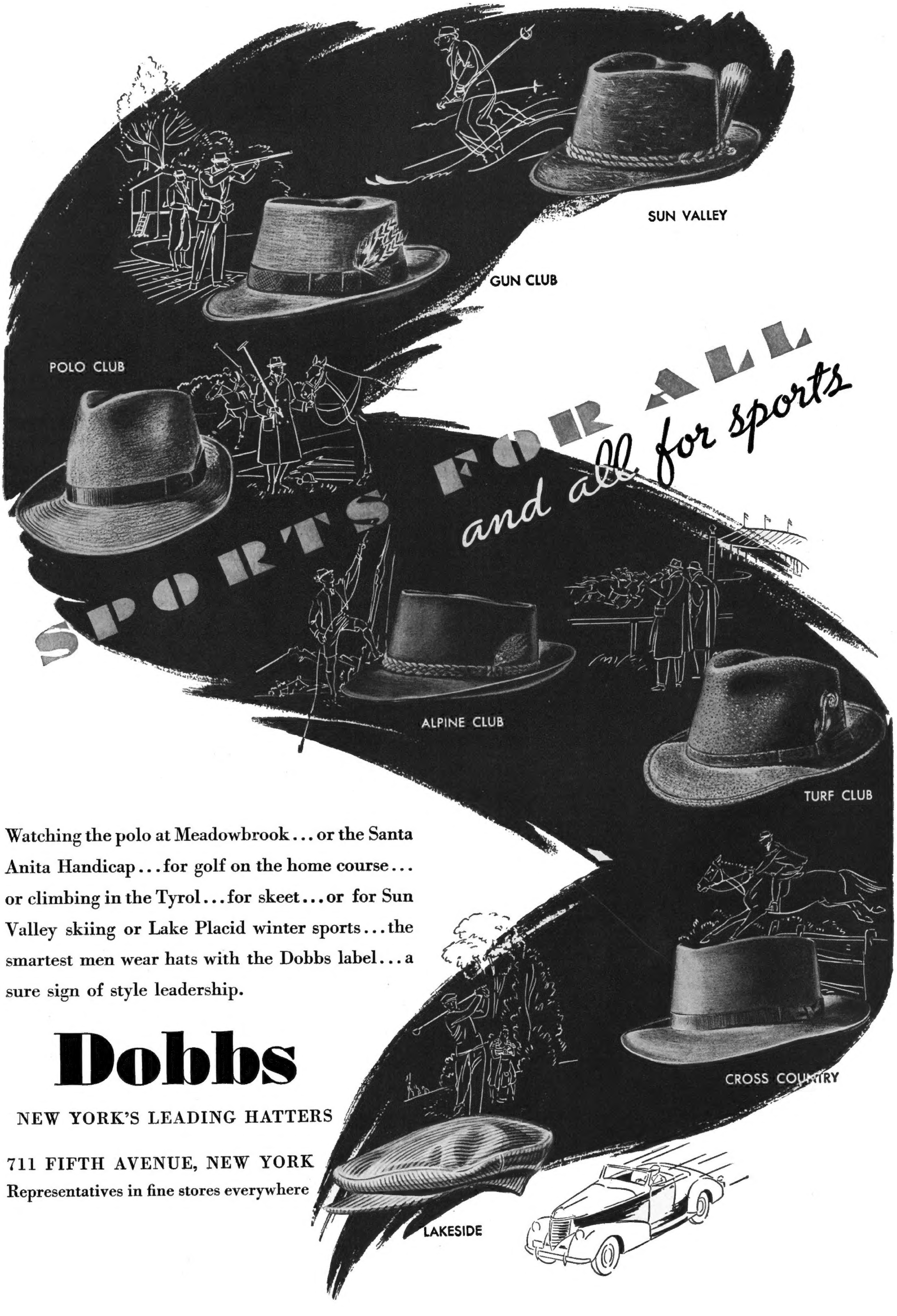
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Publishers:
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TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches . . . .
by Fellows, Saalburg, Peters, and Fox beginning on page 103

Art Directors: Eric Lundgren, Tony Palazzo

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of Esquire. It is never done knowingly.

Twelfth Night Wish for Valentine's Day

This is written the Twelfth Night after Christmas, though it won't achieve print until St. Valentine's Day. Following an old custom, we are dismembering the Christmas Tree tonight, and making a wish as each whole branch is thrown into the fireplace. So here go some of the wishes, on wings of flame from the burning branches of poor old Tannenbaum.

We wish, for one thing, that Sheilah Graham, the Hollywood columnist, who is very nice in person, would be a bit less catty in print. Some of her items are tart, to put it mildly. For instance, her allegations that Marlene Dietrich's asking price per picture has dropped $150,000 in a month, with the takers still shy. If it's true it's bad taste. If it isn't it's libel. In any case, we'll squander a branch of the Christmas tree to wish, in the unhappy and unlikely event that Hollywood is too dumb to hang onto Dietrich, that Gilbert Seldes could get his television programs going for Columbia and grab her off as a diseuse or chanteuse or whatever you call 'em. Anyway, as a singer. Anybody who can sing like that while looking like that is criminally wasted on the average scenario. If you don't believe us about the singing, just ask to hear some of her records. *Johnny*, for instance, or *Wo Ist der Mann?* or *Mein Blondes Baby.*

With another branch, we wish that we could entice scripts out of the anonymous author of *Latins Are Lousy Lovers* a little oftener than every eighteen months, which is the interval to date. But her next, called *Fashion Is a Fairy*, will knock your wife's hat off.

We wish that the embattled fathers who still write letters telling us we ought to be ashamed of ourselves for such a magazine as Esquire ("which I, of course, do not read myself but fear its influence on my sons and daughters") would *read* an issue from cover to cover, in which case they would be ashamed of themselves for writing such letters. Any issue. This one, for instance. Let 'em read *Never Come Monday*, or *All Roads to Graves Are Dusty*, or *Money on Morgan*, or *Nobody Laughed in Yldes*, or even *Pinch as Pinch Can* for that matter, and they would be forced to the realization that Esq's influence on their sons and daughters is more than a mite better than their own. Funny thing about those pious letters of protest; the more righteous their indignation the less printable the language they employ. Another funny thing about them; we can't profess to know all our correspondents, but in two instances we've recognized these aggressively parental letter-writers as guys who not only did, but do, maintain side-street love-nests in which they've raised more than turtle doves.

We wish the Spanish Government would beat the bedab out of General (Panty-Waist) Franco before Easter, so that Puppeteers Mussolini and Hitler might enjoy the pause that refreshes the memory and sobers the ego. And if you don't think that's a kindly enough wish for Twelfth Night we'll just double it by wishing that the Chinese would ditto the Japs.

We wish that Woodrow Wilson might have lost the War, if he could only have won the Peace.

We wish the National Manufacturers' Association and the Liberty League and the Women Investors of America and the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. and the D. A. R. would one and all remember just how lousy things were five years ago, and how close we were to revolution, and stop horsing around until we get that close to it again.

We wish Mrs. Roosevelt's peace plan were of immediate practicability, which of course it isn't, as she knows as well as anybody.

We wish that "conditions" would either get better right away or get a damn sight worse, as it seems to take extremes of either prosperity or panic to make the United States really united.

In fact, we almost wish that Japan would really make a pass at the Panama Canal, as nothing unites the brawling and scuffling of brothers in their own back yard like the intrusion of a neighbor kid.

But we can't bring ourselves to wish for war, even hypothetically, although the excessive nationalism that is half of what's giving the world its present headache, would probably melt away like a snowball in the hell of a major war among nations. In other words, the nations would end, as nations, before the war would.

We wish, then, for a calamity of catastrophic proportions, to purge the world of its present hates and bitternesses through pity and fear. Pity does the trick. Look how the whole world felt kinship, through sympathy, for Hitler's Germany, at least for a few hours, while the smoke still rose from the wreckage of the *Hindenburg.* But fear is even more potent than pity. Now would be a swell time, for instance, for the men on Mars, if there are any, to threaten us with invasion, or even bombardment, by rockets. Or for the sun to slip a cog in its course through space, changing our climate extremes on this earth by fifty or sixty degrees. Who on this earth would dispute boundaries, or haggle over trade balances or colonies, or even wages and taxes, in the face of a calamity that would make all of us, regardless of race, creed or color, brothers in fear of a common enemy?

We wish there were more branches on the Christmas tree. We wish the spirit of Christmas would last longer, among men and among nations.

ESQUIRE
Mar., 1938
T. M.
Reg.

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire-Coronet, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Central America (except British Honduras) and South America (except the Guianas), $5.00; Canada, $5.50; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

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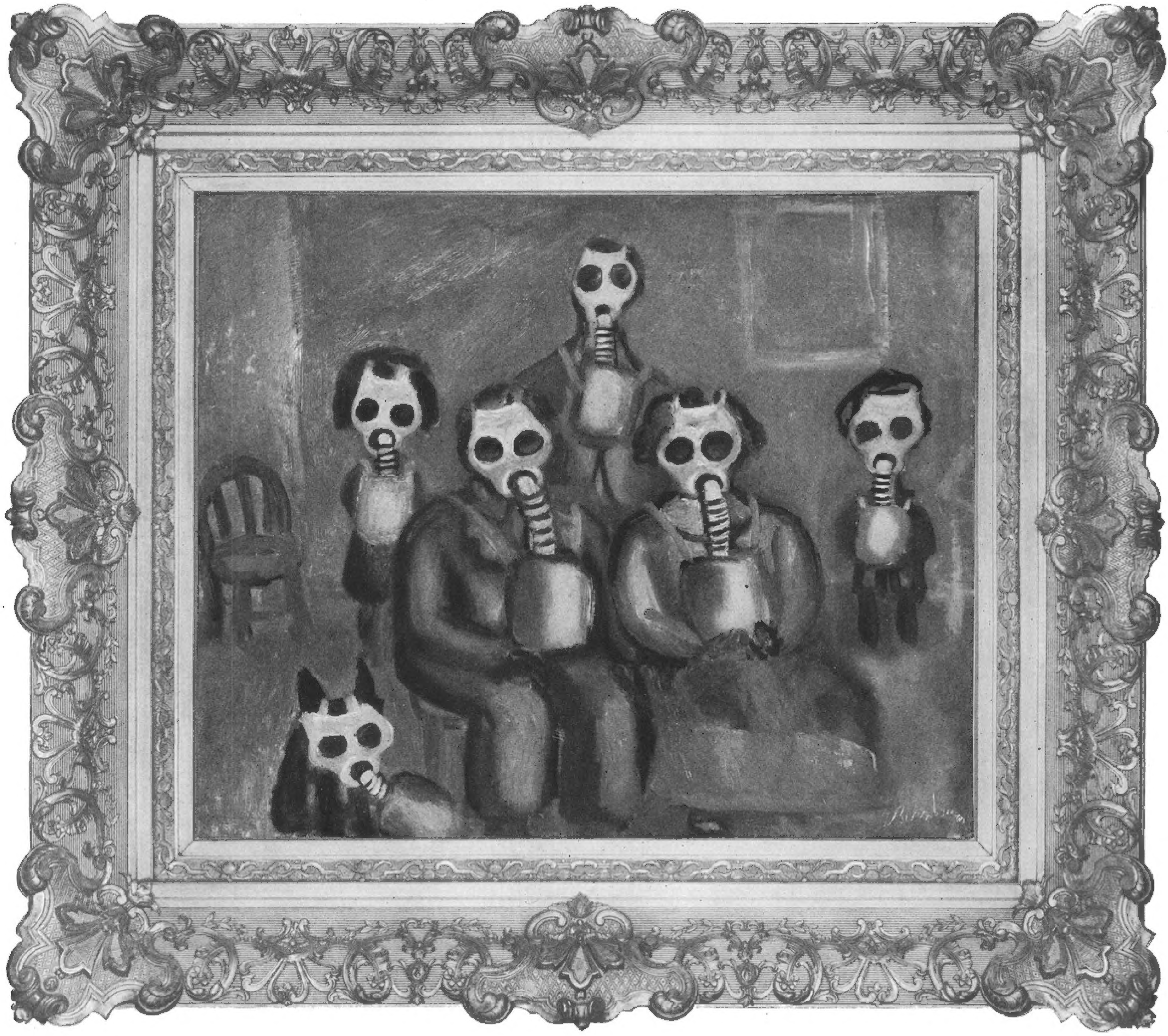

Family Portrait

Mr. Birnbaum, who draws funny pictures for bright magazines like *The New Yorker* and *Stage*, painted this picture.

It's a portrait of a family in this enlightened year of our Lord, 1937.

In the front row are Papa and Mama, in their Gas-Masks for Grown-ups. Back of them is son Jimmy, in the latest Youth's Model Gas-Mask. Then there are little Sally and Tommy in their Gas-Masks for Tots. And finally, Buster, in the special Gas-Mask that man, in his great humanity, recently designed for dogs.

Funny picture, isn't it? Only Mr. Birnbaum did it in deadly seriousness. And he's right.

What could be more serious than the fact that the ordinary citizens of one civilized country have to protect themselves from poison gas with which the ordinary citizens of another country will try to kill them? What could be more depressing than the necessity of digging up the green lawns of modest little homes to make gas-proof holes for women and children to crawl into! What could be more alarming than the realization that these things actually are happening in Europe today. And if we think we're safely removed from it all we're crazy!

Maybe war can be stopped; maybe it can't. Maybe if it does come, we can stay out; maybe we can't. But this much is certain: it *could* be stopped if enough decent citizens reared up on their hind legs and said, "*We won't have war!*"

We think it's worth trying. Are you with us?

Write to World Peaceways, Inc. . . . 103 Park Avenue . . . New York City.

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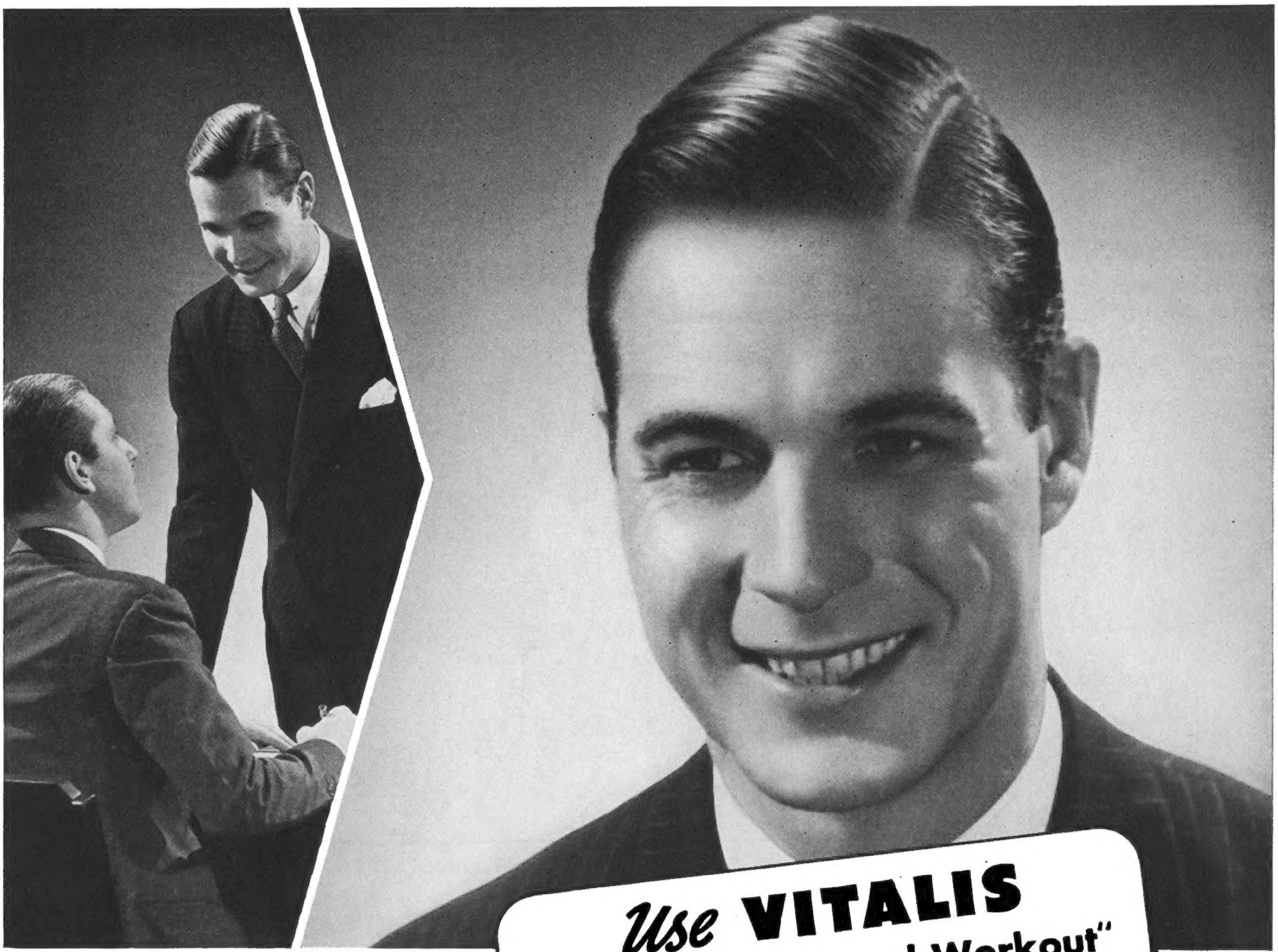

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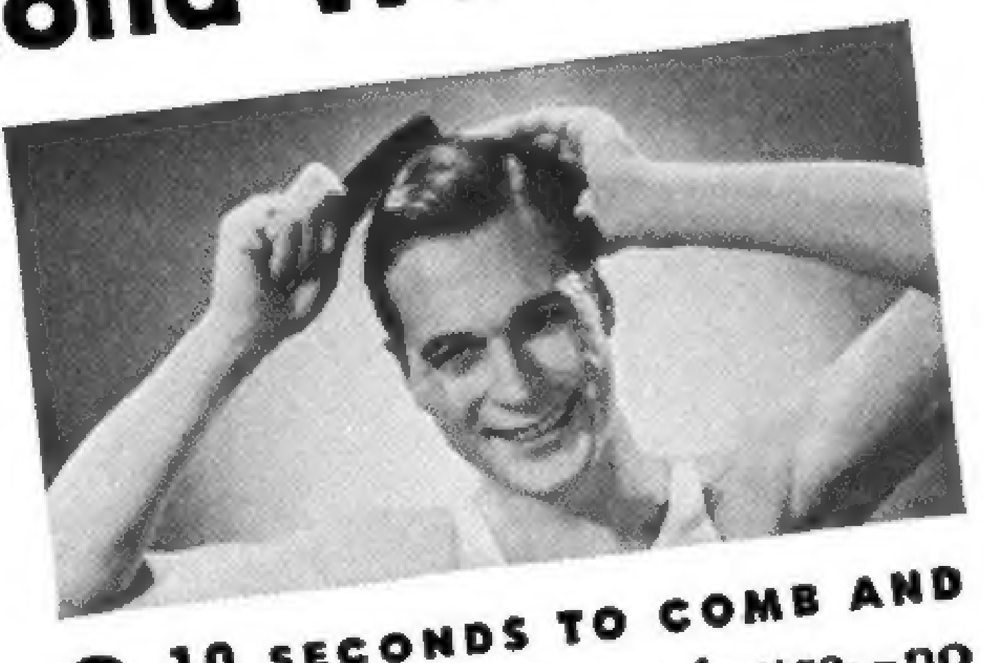

2. **10 SECONDS TO COMB AND BRUSH**—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

YOUR shoes may be shined, your clothes smartly tailored—but it's good-looking hair that completes the picture. For handsome, well-groomed hair gains confidence and respect. It marks you as a man who values his appearance, a man who knows the importance of "first impressions" and wants to make those impressions count. And that's why Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" are so important.

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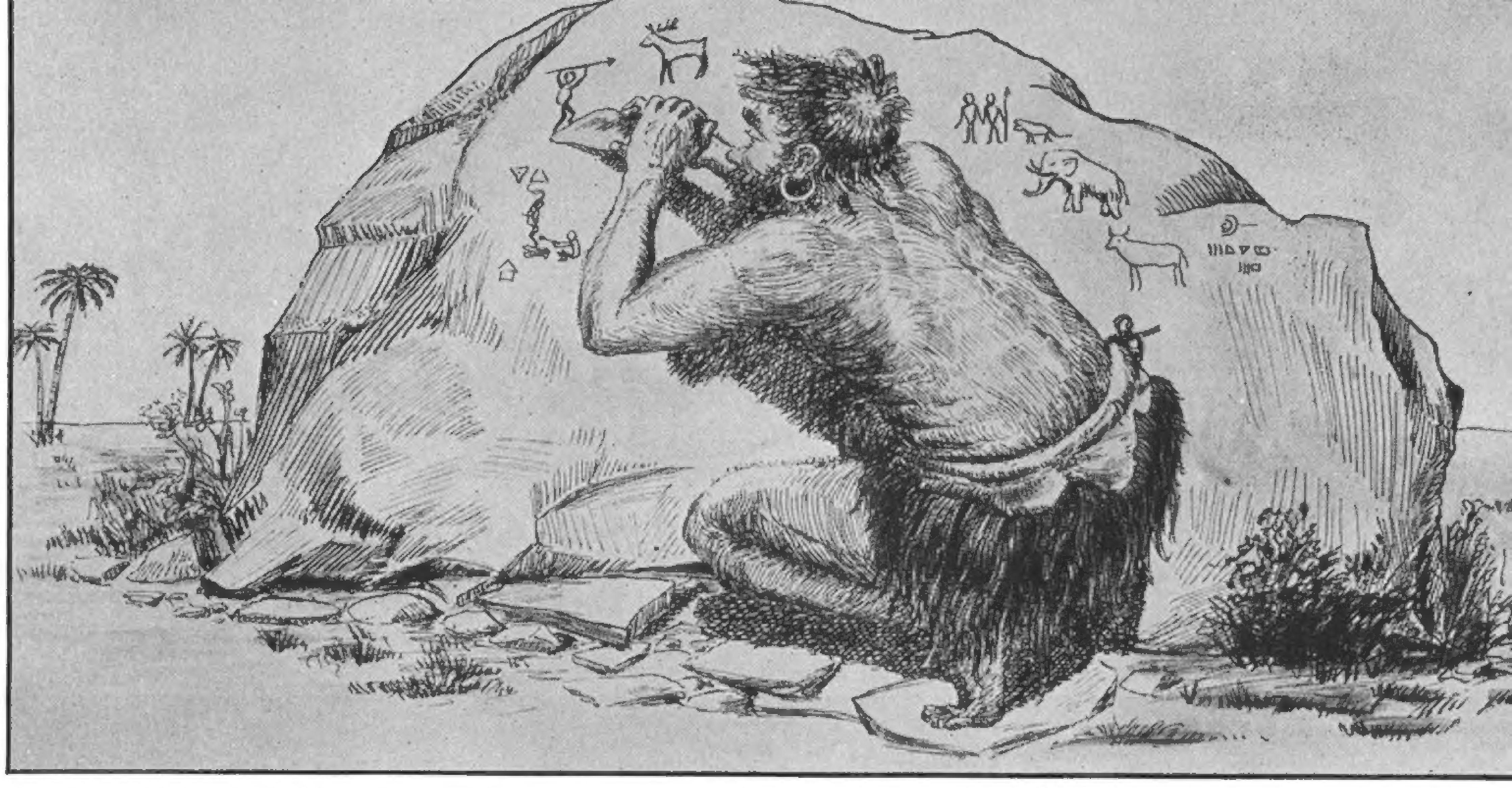
Get a bottle of Vitalis. Start your "60-Second Workouts" today. Help your hair to be healthy and handsome... to add the crowning touch to your good appearance!

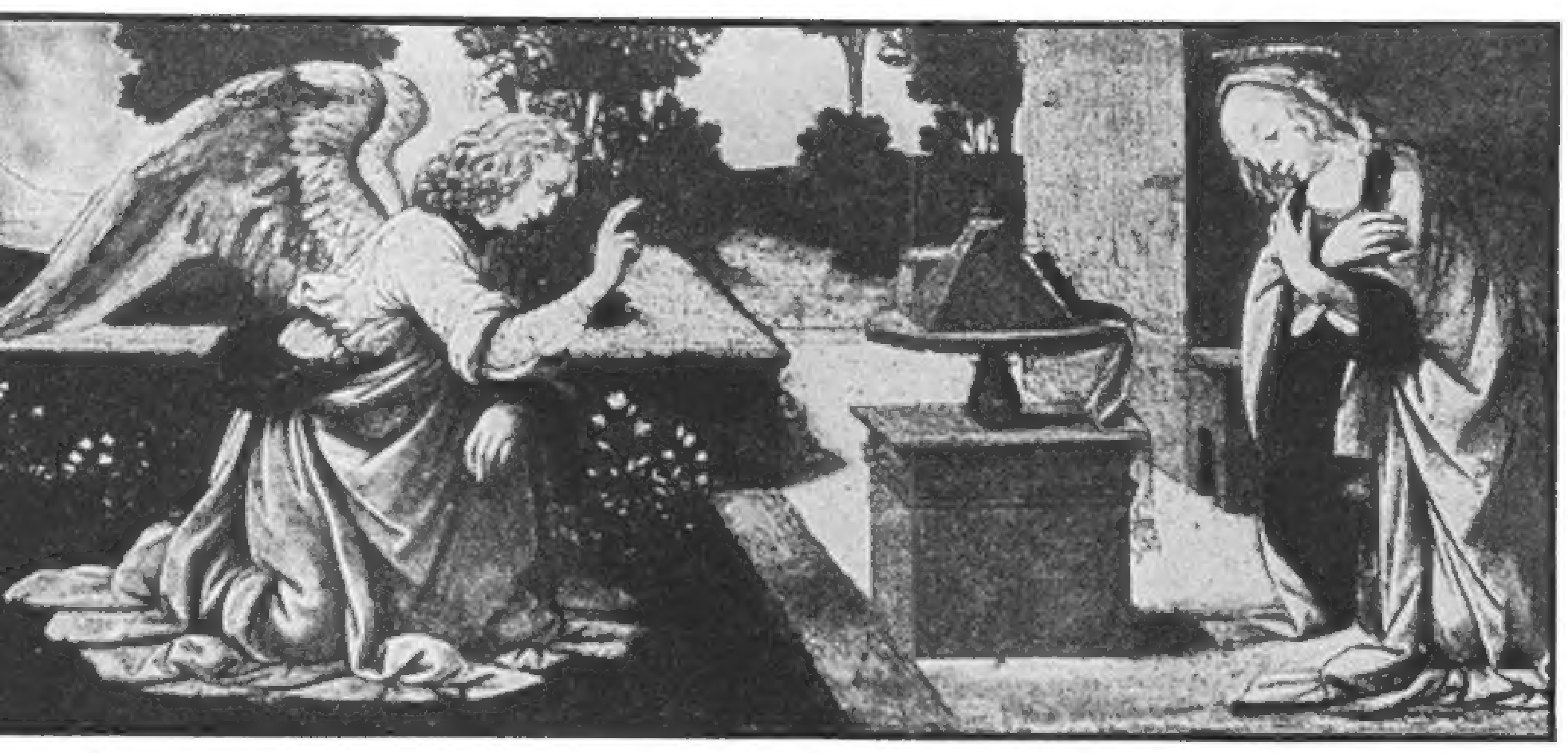
WARNING—For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary Sealtubes—sold by barbers who display this seal. Accept no substitutes. *Insist on Sealtubes!*

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

PICTURES ALWAYS HAVE INSPIRED *Action!*

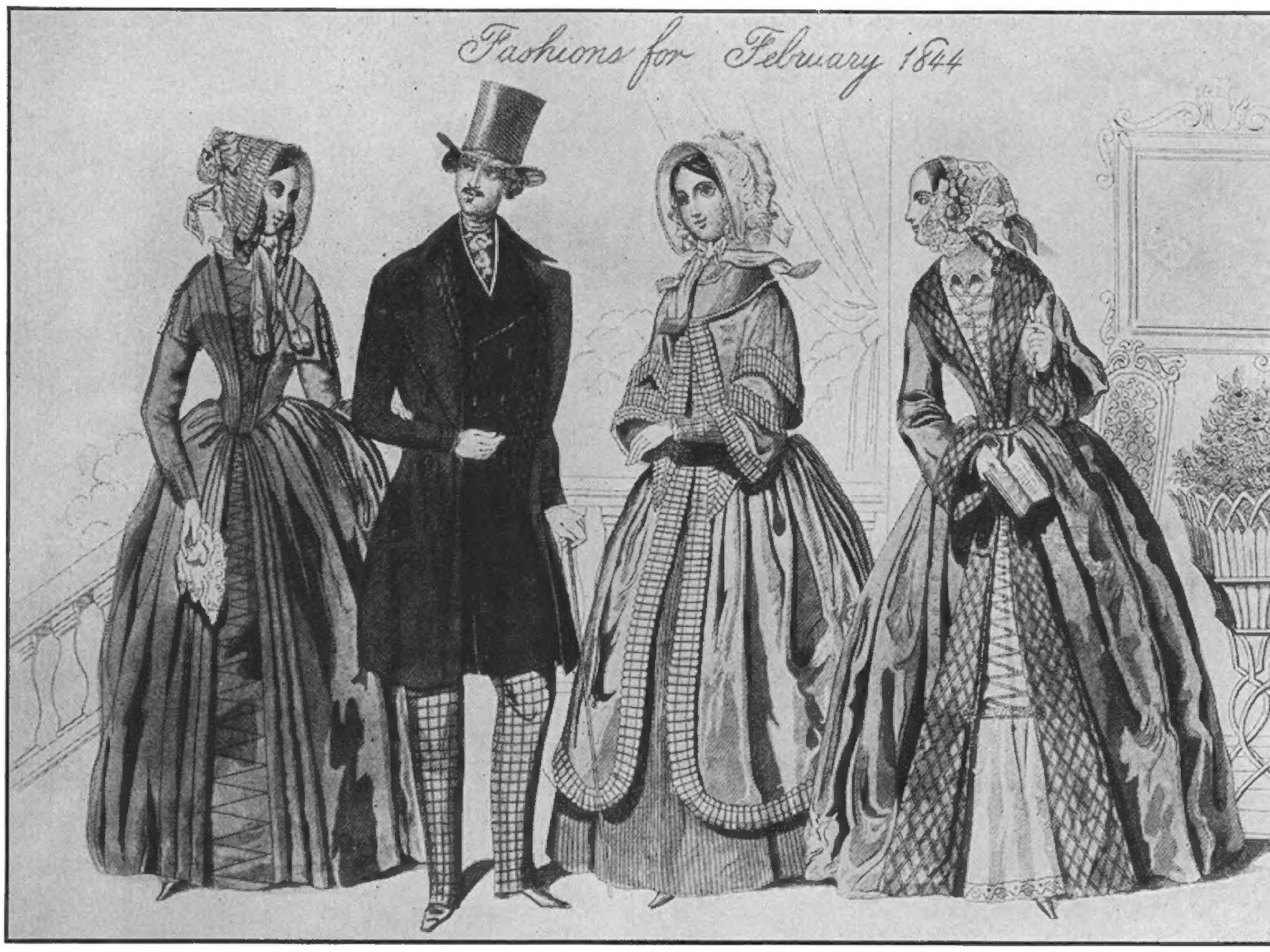


1 Prehistoric Man carved or painted rude illustrations of animals on cave walls, to remind him (say anthropologists) of his daily chore to bring in meat for his family. Science has been able to reconstruct, from the hieroglyphics carved on cave walls, a comprehensive history of life as it existed millions of years ago.

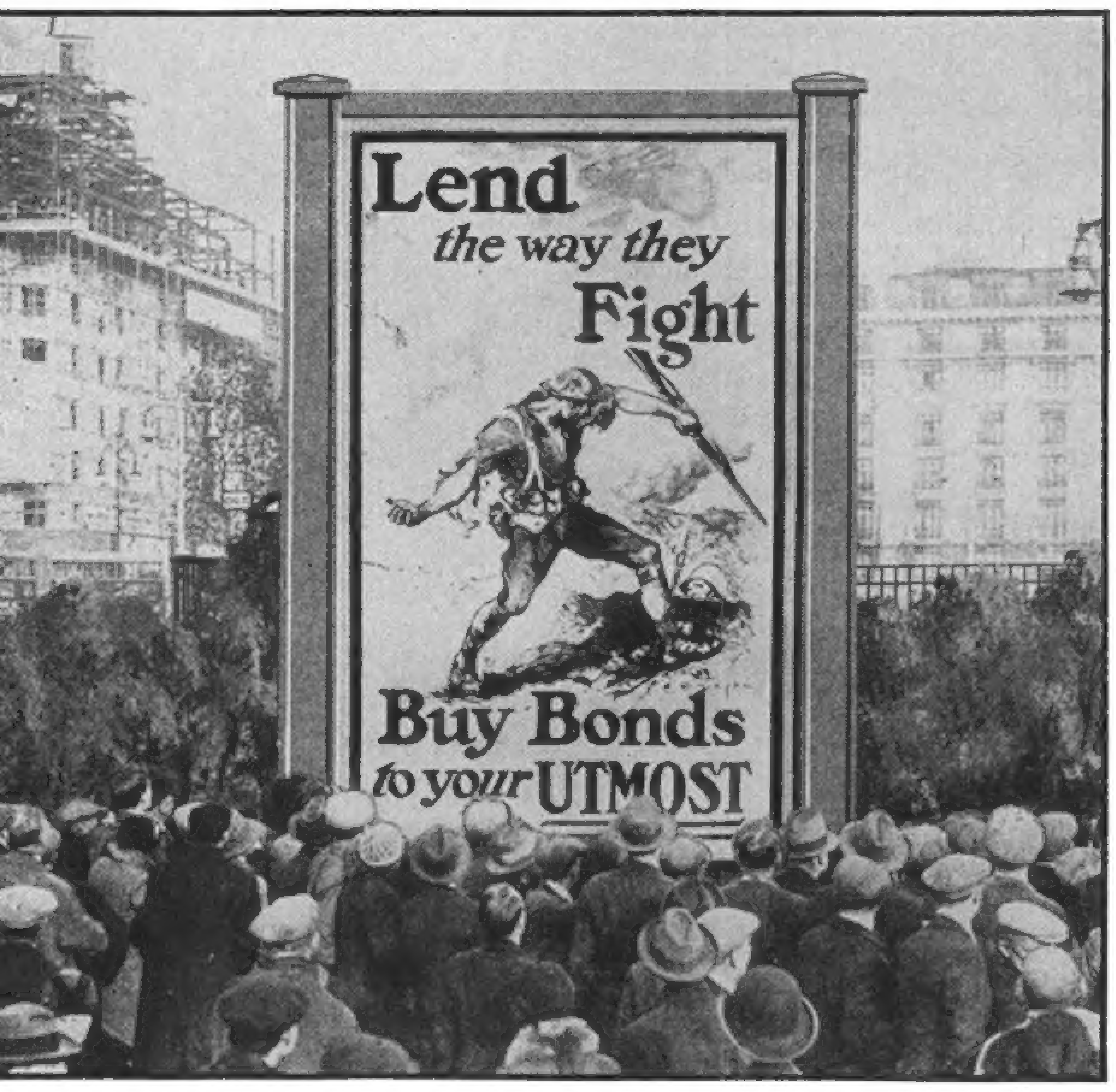


2 Pictures Have Kept Aflame the Fires of Christianity for Centuries. From the frescoes designed by Leonardo da Vinci to the sculptures and paintings of today, pictures have inspired religious fervor in millions the world over.

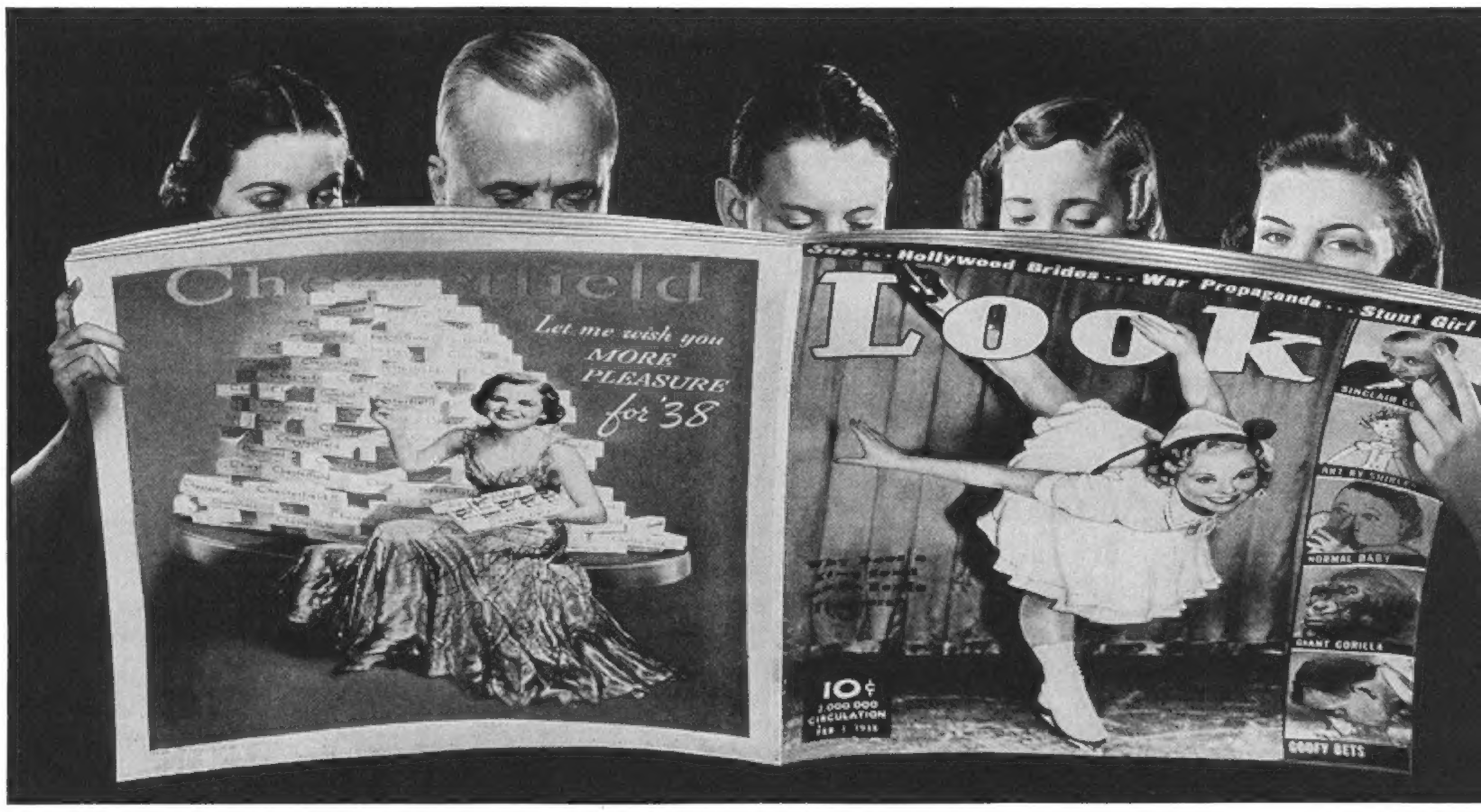
3 Pictures Incite the Urge to Travel. The publicity department of Eastern Air Lines recognizes the power of pictures to stimulate travel. A constant picture barrage like the scene above sells the attractions of Florida sunshine and surf to residents of the cold North.



4 Fashion Pictures That Founded a Billion Dollar Industry. 100 years ago Godey's Ladies Book first pictured styles for American women and stirred up a ferment in the hearts of pioneer wearers of homespun and calico. These pictures made American women style-conscious and started a women's wear industry now measured in billions.



5 Pictures United America in the World War. The power of pictures to excite emotion and impel action was never more ably demonstrated than in the vivid war posters to encourage enlistment and sell Liberty Bonds during the World War.



6 The Whole Family Enjoys Pictures. LOOK's pictorial scope stretches its influence over the interests of every member of the family of reading age. That's why LOOK is America's Favorite Family Magazine. Father, mother, sister, brother, find in LOOK picture stories that appeal to all, and specific stories of individual entertainment and information. LOOK is America's largest picture magazine, with a circulation of over two million copies.

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★ The power of pictures to transmit ideas on a wholesale scale hardly needs to be argued.

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---

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

THE SECRET OF SUZANNE

The violent and characteristic reactions to my November letter in your rugged publication have made me a woman scorned and haunted. I sneak down alleys and my friends avoid me; I am a creature alone. But never fear, Esquire, truth marches on.

Suzanne Maurer

First I should like to settle the "Male (?) of Eighteen", that emancipated hillbilly who prefers women who do not smoke pipes, that un-ungrammatical upholder of the glory of Esquire, the Magazine for Men. He called me obscene. May I remind him that the obscenities I mentioned were only examples of what I found on the shiny pages of your magazine. He called me conceited. Expressing one's opinion does not mean that one is conceited, although to his youthful mind perhaps that distinction is not clear.

And to the unrefined gentleman who suggests *Snappy Stories* and *True Love* as a substitute for Esquire, may I point out that the comparison is, to say the least, unflattering to our robust periodical. Anyway, in my spare moments I turn to Shakespeare. The gentleman at least realizes that my criticism was constructive, although my insults to his dear magazine, back copies of which he cherishes like a brooding hen, inflamed his outraged masculinity.

He suggests that I do not buy Esquire. He is right. It was given to me as a Christmas present.

Any person with even a mediocre intelligence can distinguish between good literature and bad, and our friend should not lay himself open to unfavorable comment by defending trash.

I was pleased to notice a page of poems by Jesse Stuart in your December issue, and I should like to tell your readers that it was I who mentioned that his poetry is much superior to his prose. The coincidence is obvious.

To all our shocked and indignant friends, we bow. We are amused; we thrive on opposition, and we shall continue to condemn vulgarity and stupidity in literature. In one's friends it can't be helped.

And to the gentleman with the hoarded Petty drawings, we sneer. We accept his challenge, and we shall sign our name this time.

With sword waving and banners unfurled, Female of Eighteen, better known as

Evanston, Ill. Suzanne Maurer

BUCKLER'S BIT

I expected to see my riposte to the clumsy sarcasm of Louis Paul in print, come January issue. What killed it? Was it because I told him his exercises in idiom reminded me of a Ph.D. thesis in dialect . . . was it because I extended to him a certain well-known osculatory privilege toward that hintermost "part" of me he mentioned . . . or is Mr. Paul, perhaps, "protected," like Hungarian partridge? . . . But I must be cautious, or this letter will likewise waste its fragrance (no cracks, please) on the desert air. Not that I *give* a sweet goddam for Louis Paul (certainly not after *The Private Life of Captain Smoot*)—but I keep getting night letters from Philadelphia and Los Angeles (where for some strange reason I seem to have hit my public hardest) asking me where am I, why am I silent, and what did F. Scott FitzGerald ever do to me. It would be ridiculous, for a matter of such slight importance, to disappoint them.

To come out of the parentheses into the open, I really do not know what to say about F. Scott FitzGerald. Occasionally his stories are so good one's attention remains suspended five minutes after the end; but the others are as pointless and absurd as a muff and, generally, more fitful than a mink in heat. His style, which is splendid, seems to get in the way of his thought. What irritates me most about Mr. FitzGerald, however, is his professional sadness. Somehow it's all a little untidy, like one of those aromatic street conveniences in Italy. Mr. FitzGerald has had success, fame in my humble opinion beyond all deserving and he has heard in his pocket that sweet music so exotic to authors, of shekel falling continuously upon shekel. What, then, is he yipping about? What's eatin' him? To make a long story a short short, what does he think he is, Charlie Chaplin's eyes?

Right here let me record my amazement that nobody has yet taken a pass at the southern gentleman (Kocher I think the name was, if it matters) who, representing a fortunately fast dwindling species, criticizes art on the basis of an accident of pigment in the artist. Now, to take an instance, Mr. Langston Hughes did write *A Good Job Gone*, which struck me as junk made to order. But he also wrote *Old Folks At Home*. And when a man has it in him to write a story as true, as moving and as beautiful as *Old Folks At Home*, what difference would it make in the name of God (and that need not be an oath) if he were striped like a zebra? . . . How, in the face of such stupid, vicious, criticism as Mr. Kocher's do you keep your amazingly equanimous (pat. pending) temper? And do you really think that revelation of such a specimen, even if astonishing, is worth the space it takes? Perhaps not the subtlest but the most appropriate retort to a guy like that is a smack in the puss.

Would you excuse me for a moment, Esquire, if I stepped over to your sister's to salute Don Daugherty and his amazing testament? As one who has had, himself, enough hospital experience to be able to hit the neck of a bottle, no holds barred, at fifty yards, I can vouch that the spirit of his terrific chronicle is absolutely authentic. Told wonderfully without self-pity or bitterness, I consider it the most important document ever to come out of pain. Death for a guy like that seems monstrously and incredibly stupid and wrong. Everybody hope hard for a miracle.

What IS a Miracle, Manuel Komroff asks. Well I'll tell you, Mr. Komroff, what a Miracle is. When a man can take the twenty-some letters of the alphabet and avoiding sentimentality, sort them into a story as moving as *What Is a Miracle*, that, by God, as anyone who has ever tried it knows, is a Miracle. To describe such a story, there should be a fool-proof terminology like in medicine, so that no adjective used in praise of it could ever again have a different meaning or application.

Let's let a little air into the Departments, now. I'll say this for Pemberton (this and no more) that even if he doesn't know what he's talking about, he knows what he's *supposed* to be talking about. That's more than one can say for some of your editors. Notably Levin. Mr. Levin suggests the critic who is "a sheep in wolf's clothing"—if I may retrieve from George Jean Nathan a phrase which he borrowed from me without acknowledgment (Come on, George, give in . . .) Unanimous with almost everyone else, he wears conspicuously on his sleeve, as a badge of culture, his contempt for movies, indiscriminately; and seizes every opportunity he can to talk about something else. Now with Nathan, even if his articles often read as if they were inspired by a gastric ulcer, one feels that when he finds fault with the theatre, he "chasteneth," like God, "whom he loveth." Similarly, Rascoe, loving books, could not, if he tried, write a really bad book review. I suggest that if Mr. Levin feels too good for *his* subject, you replace him. For my part, I don't think movies really deserve *all* the harsh things that are said about them. I have seen several movies which were excursions into truth at least as good as Mr. Levin's hearty *Shake Zola.* In re. the music Department, I like Carleton Smith, I think any man who can make music read exciting comes within a hormone of being a genius, but I don't agree with him that symphony orchestras are miracles of concord. *Any* symphony orchestra suggests to me a nest of the most stubborn individualists, all furiously playing wrong. Even the fleece-lined voice of the crooner, malign it as one will, makes less racket. . . . Excuse me, is that the door to the Department for Missing Persons? Thank you. . . . I wanted to inquire about Jesse Stuart. Have the Guggenheims gagged him? And about Hemingway? If he'll edit, why won't he write? And Donato. And Holley with his roosters. We miss those cartoons. They caught, exactly, the refreshing, hoyden spirit of barnyard erotica—for nothing is so casual about sex as a hen. Any old time will do. What a far cry indeed from the Fabry girls—who suggest that strange amalgam of glamor and respectability which characterizes the international whore.

Ernest Redmond Buckler
Bridgetown, Nova Scotia

ANTHEIL'S PUBLIC

I have been trying to learn to play the piano ever since I was a little girl, because I love music. But I never had much time to study and when I arrived to the stage where I had to learn all about sharps and flats and all the other complications I gave up in disgust. It was too difficult and being a salesgirl I haven't got much energy left to work and study when I get back home—my feet tired and my mind practically blank. I just turn on the radio.

I was curious enough to go carefully through Mr. Antheil's article with the funny pictures—but I was pretty suspicious. Nobody can tell me that I can learn to play as easily as all that. But I must hand it to him—I really managed to play slowly but surely the piece at the end of the article—the *My Country 'Tis of Thee.* My family was really amazed—even my Dad tried it out and he too could hit the right notes, although he never touched the piano before.

Will you have some more pieces printed in your new *Streamlined Notation?* I'd like to try out some more difficult piano pieces now that I've got the hang of it.

Sincerely yours,
Maplewood, N. J. Ilona Marek

BUT ESQ. WORKS SEVEN DAYS A WEEK

Coming from an Esquire fan, I sincerely hope you will accept criticism on a slight, but in my opinion, a grave error in your January publication.

Please note, that on the cover, which represents a business man tearing up his New Year's Resolutions after receiving his secretary, the date on the calendar reads January 2nd. This does not seem too reasonable as your calendar tells you January 2nd is definitely on a Sunday.

Hoping you may find this comment useful.

Very truly yours,
Jamaica, N. Y. Edwin Davidson

ODE IN PRAISE OF ESQ.

Darlings, read and learn Esquire.
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You will greet the Petty dolls,
As they tend their latest brawls.
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Written by our modern sages—
Lads, I leave with this advice,
Spend four bits; Or are you mice?

Whitinsville, Mass. Joan McSheehy

TO ALL POINTS WET

Seldom do I annoy editors with my opinions, but *The Southern Drunk* is too much; who is this bird to criticize "The Southern Drunk," if there is such an animal, most drunks don't know North, South or East from West, why a "Southern Drunk?" I'm sure my more experienced Literary friend must still be in a whirl himself; maybe I am just dumb, at least I haven't been able to sell anything to Esquire, or any other magazine for that matter, but I have seen some drunks, from and in all parts of the country, and a drunk is a drunk no matter what part of the country; say, maybe that was a Yankee drunk he saw on a sojourn in the Sunny South, I've seen 'em act that way up North, yes and in the West too and in the East. I didn't know they were classed sectionally. I always considered them as just "that damn fool drunk." But maybe I was wrong, my education probably was neglected, having been limited to High School and a more than liberal amount of good horse-sense picked up and developed by yours truly, well I am nearly off on another trail, Higher Education, say, then I will be in deep water.

I am from, and of the Old South, having lived in these parts (I won't say North, there might be an opening for argument) only 16 months, but the actions of the drunk in these mining communities are the same as elsewhere, and as for poor old Mr. Casper Milquetoast, why embarrass that timid soul in the same breath with a drunk. Really, after all, a drink does make braggarts of us all. Why there has been a time, with most of us, when Napoleon, yea even Alexander the Great were but ordinary mortals. And a Southern Drunk still carries only a gun. After all the South may be a bit backward, you know the re-construction period after the Wah, Suh, we don't take quickly to new ideas such as Machine Gun and Baby killing, we are very clumsy with the Tommy gun (whatever that is), bombs, etc., in fact, all we know is what we read in the papers.

I probably couldn't go on much longer, I'm bound to improve or else get worse, if possible, so I quit, unconvinced, a drunk is still a drunk regardless of class distinction or territorial boundaries, I may be wrong about that but I am

A Southerner.
DeLisle Lawrence
Rainelle, W. Va.

PRODUCTION FOR WASTE

If Gatti can't explain artificially induced lactation in non-pregnant women, he has done very little research on the subject. Glandular stimulation, whether medically or psychically induced can stimulate or activate the production of any body fluids. Medical records even record artificially induced lactation in males. Now, what do you think of that?

New York, N. Y. Charles E. Hill

Continued on page 14

"Why a famous London pipe shop reminded me of my favorite whiskey"

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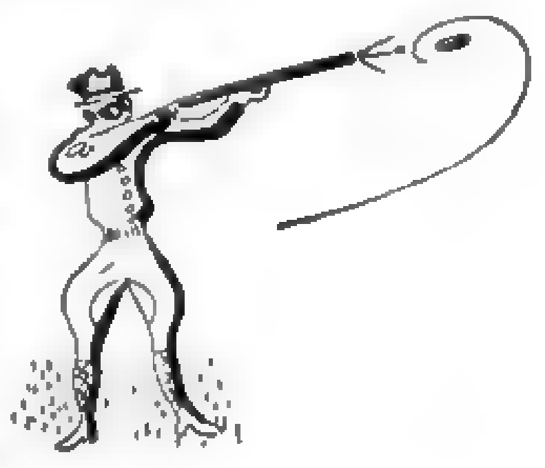
EYEGLASS WARDROBE FOR MEN. Statistics show that 3 men in every ten wear glasses, and 7 out of 10 *ought* to wear them. Funny thing how a man will discard a suit or tie because it's out of style, or bawl his barber out if he deviates a fraction in cutting his hair . . . yet that same man is probably wearing demoded spectacle frames that he chose a couple of decades ago. Styles in glasses change like everything else. Your glasses are one of the most conspicuous parts of your face. Your tailor knows the value of line in increasing your good points or minimizing your bad ones . . . the eye wear expert does the same . . . tailors your glasses to your face. He can either blend them so that they appear to be almost inconspicuous, or make them a bold, direct contrast to vitalize the traits of your character . . . many a lawyer, judge or doctor uses his black ribboned oxfords as an important bit of business for conversational emphasis.

BUSINESS GLASSES. If you wear glasses most of the time, you will probably do well to choose gold rimmed or rimless spectacles, either flesh or white gold. Trend this year is for rimless glasses, irregular in contour with high bridges and temples. If your nose is short, wear a high bridge which lengthens it; if your nose is long, get a low, heavy bridge. Don't get round, rubber tired lenses if your face itself is rotound . . . octagonal lenses are more flattering.

FORMAL GLASSES. You wouldn't wear a pair of brown shoes with a dinner jacket, would you? Then don't wear a pair of heavy tortoise shell specs that belong on the golf links. The approved thing for evening wear is the non-folding or folding oxford worn on a black ribbon; or streamline rimless eyeglasses with smartly fashioned octagon lenses, white gold mounting either plain, engraved or beaded. If you only need aid in reading menus or phone numbers, one smart optician has designed what he calls "pencil specs" . . . lenses ¾ inches overall, rimmed with light tortoise, so narrow they can be slipped into your pocket as easily as a pencil. Same man has designed a thin, black enameled case (specs folded up inside) about the size of a pocket knife which you wear on your watch chain. Darn clever, these optical fellows.



SPORTS GLASSES. Your game will improve if your glasses are right and properly fitted; the grinding of these lenses by an expert's prescription should be of the best and give you the widest field of vision possible. While bifocals are not recommended for golf use, there is a type specially designed in the lower part of the lens that enables the golfer to putt without interference, and at the same time give the maximum field of distance vision. You can buy skeet glasses with specially colored lenses that make the black disc appear brighter; same lens tends to brighten up the woods when you're deer shooting. You can get tennis glasses triangular in shape, the wide part toward the temple so that when you look up to serve, you have a full field of vision. All your sport glasses can have "non-shatterable" lenses if you wish, and polo and squash glasses often have extra guards in front of the lenses.

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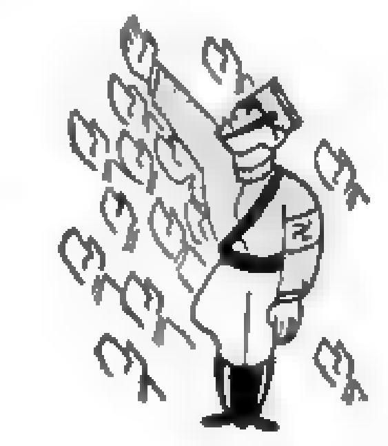
THE SOUND AND THE FURY

VS. DECEMBER EDITORIAL

I am an American of French-English descent and thus am unpredjudiced by nationality as to my opinion of the editorial in the December issue of Esquire. I cannot believe that the writer of that beautiful bit of conscious exaggeration and propaganda could claim like impartiality. I am neither pro-German nor pro-Nazi, (notice that I differentiate) but I couldn't let such froth be handed out as gospel to Americans without recorded Fury, be it ever so futile.



Anyone who knew Germany in the years after the War and can compare its then impotency and poverty with the progressive nation of today, will realize the falsity of the *Sober Salute* editorial. *Gemütlichkeit* comes from the spirit, and believe me, there's a hundred per cent more of that spirit now than there was ten years ago.

I do not endorse the present regimé in Germany, but neither do I condemn it with untruths. Will you print this? Hell no!

München, Germany P. S. F.

EVOLUTION OF ANTHEIL

Well, well so you have George Antheil at it again, and this time it is Playing a Piano with both Hands, what the hell would you play it with?

I have studied this system of Antheil's and find that it really works even though it was invented by a balmy composer, say tell me is that guy really nuts or just an average composer.

This guy Antheil slays me, first it was *How to Make Broads and Influence Wenches*, and now it is how to play a piano, from glands to music this sure is great, I suppose the next will be "How to Rob a Bank," in three easy lessons or better yet "How to Crash the Gates of Hollywood" in as many lessons.

Well here is hoping that this guy continues this screwy stuff for a long time.

A discontented reader,
Hollywood, Cal. Lynn Edwards

LOVE AMONG THE AUTHORS

I envision myself as among the riotous horde of interested Esquireans who will help take New Jersey's M. Antheil to task, or to pieces, as the case may be.

Personally I would back my little three year old girl, if I had one, after a month's boning on the musical staves invented by the old monk, against anything in the way of a virtuoso Prof. Antheil may produce after a year with his streamline crapeology.

The prof's virtuosi, to begin with, must depend upon the inventor of his new method of notation until they have mastered what, in music, is a complicated technique. To draw a diagram of a piano's keyboard and mark the note to be batted by the incipient concert artist is one thing; to rewrite music in bulk is a task even the author of Esquire's monotonous gland series will be neglecting, I fear, in succeeding issues of your valued mag., as they say in the *Sound & Fury*. Without benefit of the prof's keyboard calisthenics our virtuosi are left in the air *sans* parachute; they have been introduced to nothing less than the mechanics of harmony. Composers study harmony.

The simple fact is that Antheil's Two-handed Piano Lesson is nothing but a horrible game to create numbers of amateur tinklers. When you can tinkle a couple of fifths you've got it all. You've got what anyone with an ear for the C major chord can learn for himself with half the sweat. His *My Country 'Tis Of Thee*, for instance, is talcum powder. I crawled out of my cradle and up on the piano bench and whacked out this anthem between changes of diapers—all this without the help of the prof's streamline crapeology. Later in life I discovered that music consists of something more than the C major scale and middle C. In fact there were Chopin, Bach, and Stravinski, names which Brother George tosses about with careless abandon. The good old prof may not remember that Stravinski's compositions for piano are few enough to be called insignificant.

In the next lesson I presume the prof will give us the lowdown on how to transpose *My Country, etc.* from C to C sharp. I want to see that. Assuming, ridiculously, that anyone who reads notes can play piano, we shall undoubtedly have in the third lesson some *legato* passages of Chopin. (The prof promised us Chopin, Bach, *and* Stravinski, if you please.) In the fourth he will tell us how to orchestrate one of his piano pictures, he claiming that the old system is flat on its back. I'm dying to see where he puts the kettle drum. In the fifth I expect him to reveal his notations for sharps, flats, naturals, and six-eighth rests: these all occur in Bach, Chopin AND Stravinski. By that time, however, the inventor of Streamline Crapeology will have charts for the staves which only Al Einstein may be able to puzzle out.

No, it couldn't be just a dippy tinkling game, for the old boy is mighty serious in his flippant way. Even the staff of Esquire may take seriously his statement that the old system "destroys our musical ambitions from the very onset." It may have destroyed Brother George's ambitions, as some of his dissonant compositions compel us to suspect. It's still okay with Ossip Gabrilowitsch and me.

Yours for culture,
Burlingame, Cal. Louis Paul

THE WHO AND WHAT OF THE LAW

Who the hell is right: Moreau in the Dec. issue with his *I Am a Police Officer*, or Zinberg's swell anti-copper story, *A Peaceful Death*, in the Jan. issue? According to Moreau, the coppers are nothing but a bunch of jolly good over-grown kids, doing nothing but good deeds, and doing nothing in general. According to Zinberg, they are a bunch of sadistic beasts. I don't know, maybe the coppers in Washington are okay, but I doubt it. Remember the brutal beating they gave the hunger marchers, and the way they gave the business to the vets? Cops, the country over, are nothing but a lot of stupid, arrogant, bums. That may sound too strong, but something happens to a guy after a couple of years as a cop—he becomes a cross between a petty official, an animal, and a form of man.

By the way, that *Southern Drunk* article was fine. But Pratt ought to see some of the Northern stews, a couple of cops on a binge—they may not be as bad as the Southern type, but they run a close second. Pratt was right in pointing out the economic basis behind all this drinking, but he could have gone farther, and pointed out that the large companies, the rich landowners, etc., encourage this ugly drinking, just to keep the worker and the lower middle class man, down in the depths of economic insecurity and poverty.

Yours truly,
New York, N. Y. Ed Lacy

F. D. ARCHANGEL

The intestinal fortitude and colossal affrontery of Herr Bergman in sketching H. R. H. Franklin 1st into *Uriel, the Archangel*, is downright treason.

When I called the attention of a youthful member of the Royalist Party of America, the Roosevelt for King Club, to F. D. R. in picture number seventy-one at the bottom and center, he flew into a rage.

I can only assume that Scoundrel Bergie is some Republican, hiding out in the barren wastes of New Mexico, who has somehow escaped the carnage of '32 and '36 and who is now seeking to cast a reflection on the present administration.

But that's the way with these damn liberty league foreigners. Tell me, Gentlemen, if they don't like this country why don't they go back where they came from.

Mit bestem Gruss!
Edinburg, Ind. Col. W. R. Lutes

BEL FASCISMO

Is it not about time that you got rid of the Jitney Messiah that you employ as Moving Picture critic and engage someone who really knows something about this art, or if you prefer it, business? I have read dozens of Mr. Meyer Levin's articles and I have yet to read one in which he expresses any more original opinion than that this film is good because it slaps some downtrodden Underdog or Undercat on the back and that that one is bad because it does not hold up to ridicule some 'economic royalist', 'imperialist' or 'American Macaulay'. As to whether a picture is based on a good plot, a plausible story or a dramatic incident, whether it is or is not true to life, and especially whether it is acted by capable actresses and actors or the opposite, Mr. Levin never bothers to mention. This may be because he does not know what is a good plot or story or drama, what is true to life or what constitutes good or bad acting, but if that is the case, I suggest that you find a job for him in the typesetting department and hire someone who does. *That is what the public wants to know about pictures*, not what Mr. Levin thinks about the social problem in the United States or other countries.

If you do not agree with the above estimate, what on earth possessed you to print Mr. George Jean Nathan's exposure of the Hollywood hocus-pocus in your November number, which for some incomprehensible reason was entitled *First Nights & Passing Judgments*. His description of the Picture Racket is so devastatingly true and coincides so exactly with what the intelligent public has thought about it for years that alongside of it Mr. Levin's boresome reflections on the month's Screen mulligatawny is little better than the noise of the wind through a crack. Furthermore, every word written by Mr. Levin unconsciously confirms Mr. Nathan's poor opinion of Hollywood and its mediocre products. Here is the list of pictures mentioned by him: *Dead End, Spanish Earth, It's Love I'm After, Back in Circulation, It's All Yours, That Certain Woman, Varsity Show, Life of the Party* and *Mr. Dodd Takes the Air.* The rest of his article is devoted to a description of a slush film released by the United States Steel Corporation. And this is the output for November of the Hollywood film magnates! Could anything better illustrate the fact that, as Mr. Nathan puts it, 'Hollywood is ten million dollars worth of intricate and highly ingenious machinery functioning elaborately to put skin on boloney'?

Mr. Levin praises *Dead End* for no other reason than that it is picture number 3478 boosting the alley-dogs and cats and razzing the rich. Sylvia Sydney is no more an actress than I am a Chinaman. But she looks and acts like a class-conscious Tovarich, and therefore she is the Cat's Whiskers to little Meyer.

Spanish Earth according to him, is another good film, for the simple reason that it was made by Ernest Hemingway in the section of Spain controlled by the communists, or as the American newspapers have it, the 'duly constituted Spanish government', which as all the world knows is now being slowly blown to Hell by a gang of scoundrelly fascists, Moors, Germans and Italians. The fact that over 300,000 Spaniards are fighting with Franco for the liberation of their country from a Soviet dictatorship, backed by Russia, England and France is ignored by Mr. Levin, just as he would presumably ignore a similar movement in the United States by all those citizens who disagreed with him and were willing to fight his communist and bolshevist friends in order to stop them from establishing a similar dictatorship in their country.

There is not one chance in a hundred that this protest will be paid attention to by you, much less acted upon. If you think that your readers can be made to tolerate Mr. Levin and his monthly goulash of cheap pseudo-criticism, you will go on employing him, just as you will go on printing scores of articles and stories labelled 'fiction', 'personalities', 'satire' and so forth, all or nearly all of them by authors that none has ever heard of or is ever likely to hear of again. I am perfectly well aware that I am wasting my time in addressing you, but, as it happens, my time is my own, and if I like to waste it in this way because it amuses me to do so, permit me please myself in this matter. You can throw this letter in the wastebasket if you like, and that is what you probably will do. *It contains a reasoned protest against an insufferable imposition.* What would you do with such a protest anyway? . . .

Yours truly,
Mexico, D. F. F. W. Murrill

ESQ. AND ITS PUBLIC

For a long time I have sought the cause of your strange success and pride. It seems to me each issue you publish with such pomp and ceremony. It is true that Esquire is to be considered the best magazine in America. But that does not mean very much considering the low-cultural level in general. I wonder whether your pride would be so pronounced if the composition of your reading public would pass before you in full review?

The vast majority of your readers that spend monthly, fifty or fifty-two cents do not read your magazine. With them it is a sort of fashion—ornamental. A great number of readers buy it for the sake of its cartoons.

A good proportion of men who question their "manliness" buy it because it is a magazine for men. The truly appreciative ones number in the hundreds and they are such hyper-critics that at best they can only compromise and adapt themselves to Esquire.

Very sincerely yours,
Hollywood, Calif. Harold Galpern

DISCOVERY BY LOUIS PAUL

Almost without sound but with plenty of fury, I refer you to Louis Paul's *A Lucky Day for Private Smoot* in January's issue of Eskie.

Just two things I want to know:

1. When did the United States army start using a 44 service automatic?
2. When did anybody start making them?

Maybe Paul got the jump on the world—ole Scoopsy-Woopsy.

Automatically,
Texarkana, Texas Dick Sands

Continued on page 170

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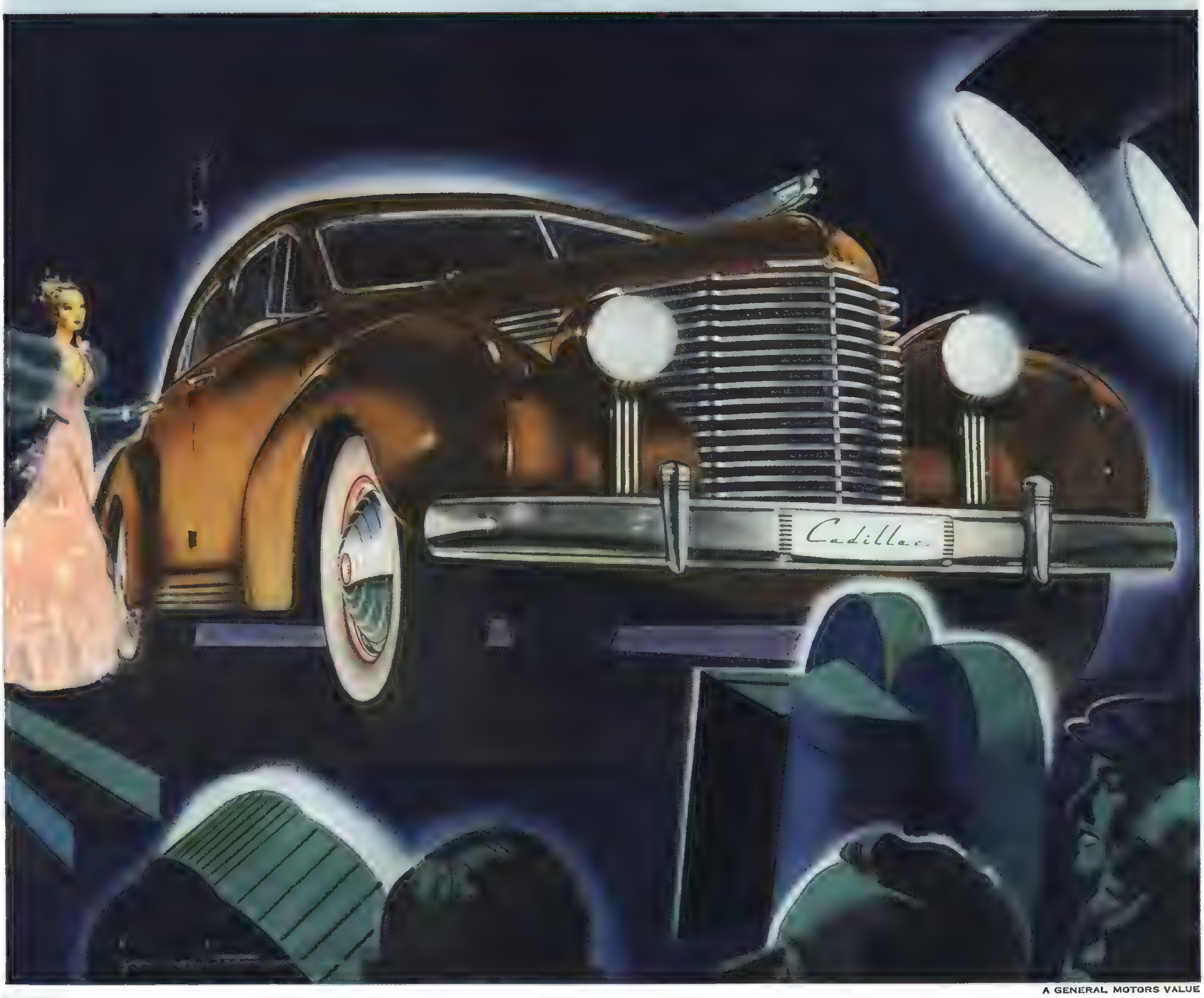

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Cadillac's "Sixty Special" is priced at $2090 at Detroit, transportation, local taxes extra; white sidewall tires and wheel discs optional at extra cost. There is also a new Cadillac "Sixty" in slightly more conventional mold, with four body styles, and selling at prices substantially lower than the "Sixty Special." The "Sixty" differs somewhat from the "Sixty Special" in appearance and appointment—but it is one with the "Sixty Special" in quality and performance. See it . . . soon!

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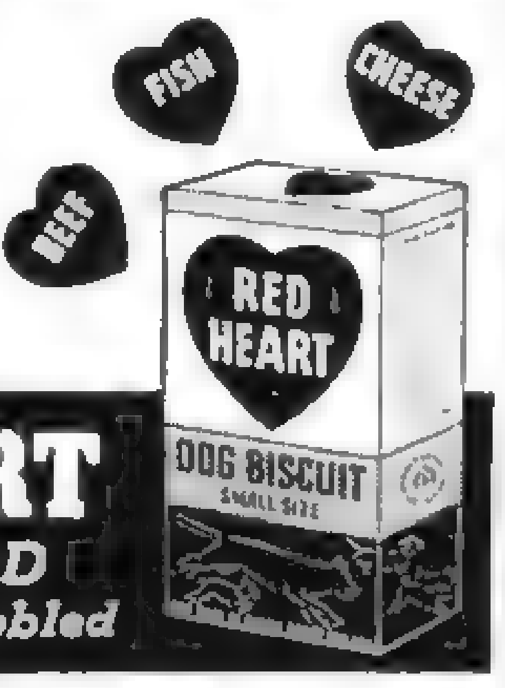

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OUR READERS ARE A HUNGRY LOT . . . hungry for the newest fashions in everything whether it be finery, furniture or food. They pride themselves on their modern homes, their smart parties, their irreproachable beverages and unusual fare. And, naturally, Esquire is their gourmet guide, their culinary counsel. If a horticulturist inadvertently or by curious intent crosses a peach with an onion, we'll be first to introduce the issue; if, in our travels, we discover that "schrub," an innocuous looking raspberry Barbados beverage, has the qualities of a Mickey Finn, we'll tell you.

GEORGE RECTOR COOKS FOR MAE WEST. In Paramount's new picture, "Every Day's a Holiday," there's a New Year's Eve scene in which George Rector, no less, concocts a tasty dish for La West. Here's how: heat one cup of butter and one cup of chili sauce together in chafing dish (or top of boiler). When thoroughly blended, put in two cups of fresh lobster. Season with pinch of cayenne pepper and pinch of salt. Add 4 tbsps. of meat stock and 4 tbsps. of sherry. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve on Melba toast.

WILD RICE SALAD. If you've been to the Embassy Club in London you know about "Pin" Baglioni, master hors d'oeuvre-ist. One of Pin's Embassy specials is an exotic concoction . . . wild rice salad which goes as follows: soak a couple of handfuls of wild rice over night; steam for an hour and when cold add 1 tsp. chopped chutney, 1 tbsp. tomato catsup, 2 tbsp. vinegar. Pour over this a dressing made of equal parts of oil and vinegar, tsp. French mustard, dash of salt and cayenne. If you can't get hold of wild rice, ordinary boiled rice will do.

TASTES LIKE BACON, SHAKES LIKE SALT. Medicos tell us that yeast contains the most concentrated amounts of "B" an "G" vitamins . . . should these two letters be left out of your system, you fall heir to all sorts of ills. The vitamin situation is now taken care of in a new, pleasant way with a new yeast with a flavor of bacon. You shake this over your food from a handsome black and silver colored shaker in which it is packed, or use it as seasoning. Some people sprinkle it on canapes; others douse it on steaks or chops or use it in soup. Seems that 1 tsp. a day used this way, provides enough vitamins to keep a man fit . . . and besides, its supposed to be non-fattening.

BUTTERLESS BUTTER. Looks like butter, smells like butter, tastes like butter . . . but it isn't butter! The new ingredient is said to be entirely fatless and non-fattening because it contains no calories. Nifty idea for those of you who are fat in spots. And if its bread you're a-wanting to go with your butter . . . try a Swedish type of bread that English bakers have Anglicized to crisp perfection. It is light and flaky, only whole grain crushed rye is used, giving it a real rye flavor . . . comes in canape size and is supposed to keep your facade flat.

HORSE RADISH RELISH. We had some baked ham the other night, and with it the best snapper-upper we've tasted in some time. Upon chatting with the domestic we wangled the recipe for the horseradish relish served with the pig, to wit: 1 package lemon Jello, 1 cup hot water, 1 tbsp. vinegar, ¾ tsp. salt, ¾ cup drained horseradish, 1 cup whipped cream. Dissolve Jello in hot water, add vinegar and salt, chill—when thickened fold in horseradish and cream. Mold. Serves 10 famished folkses.

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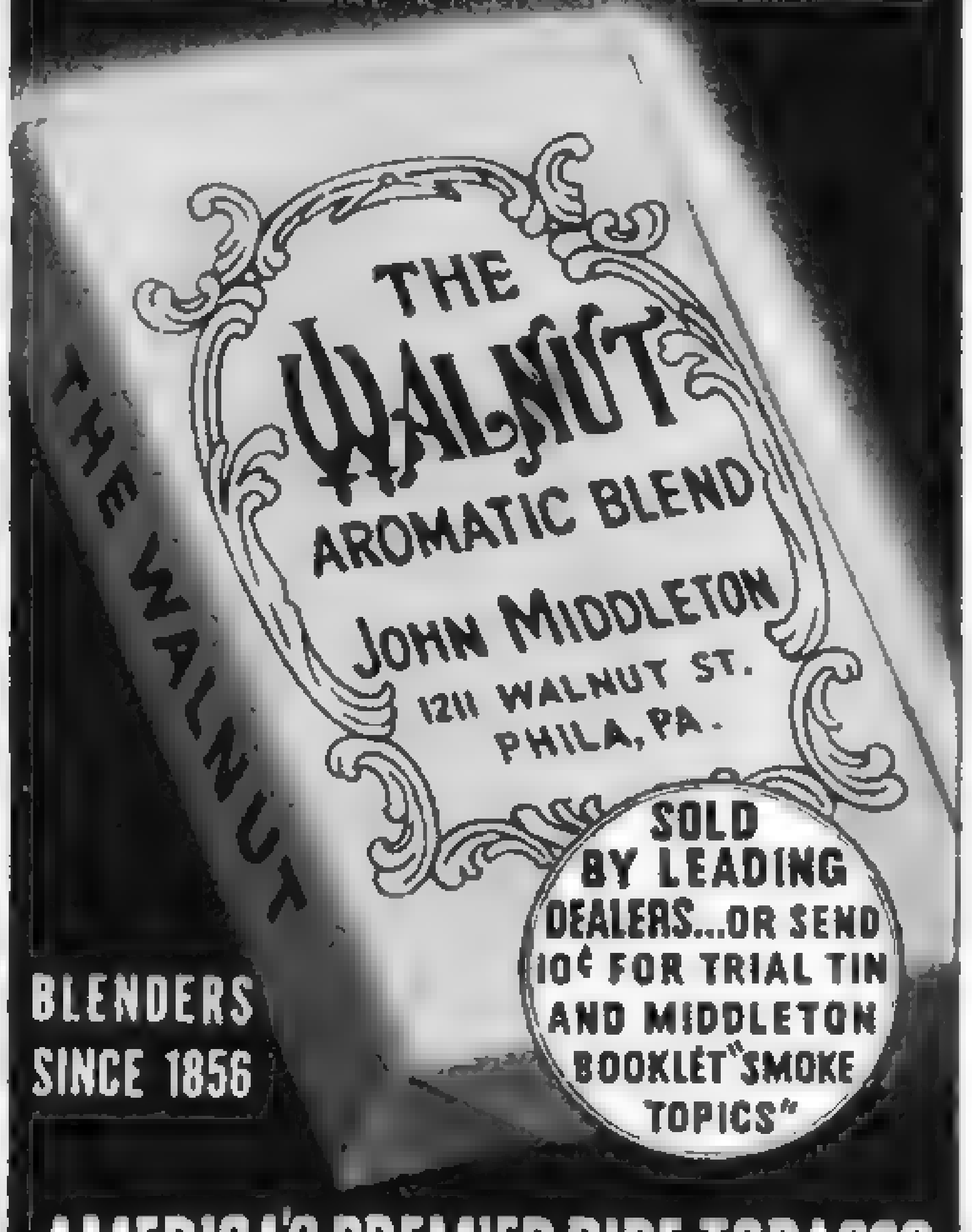

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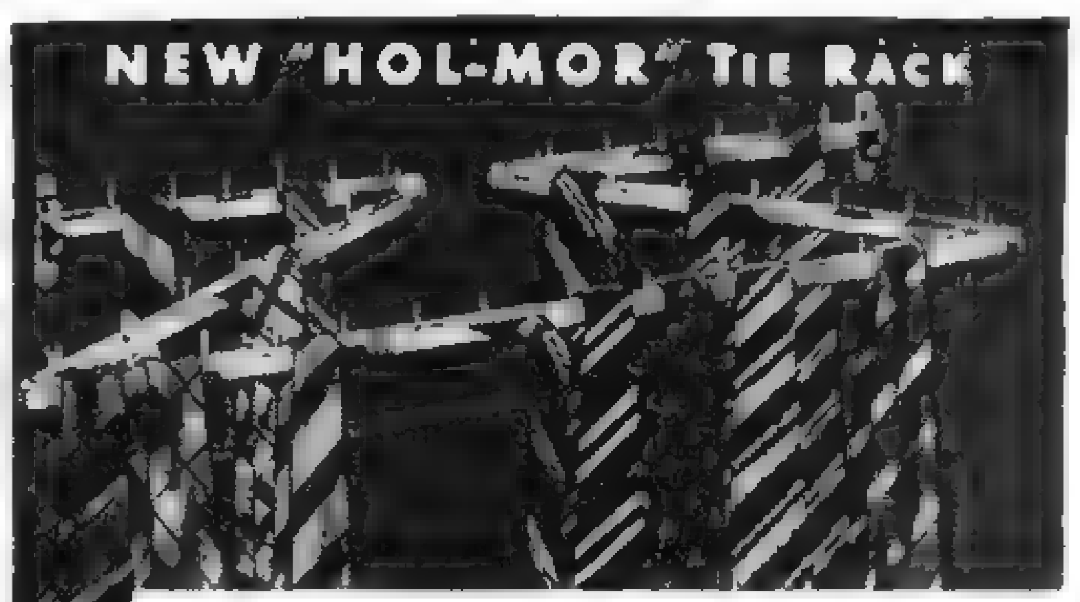

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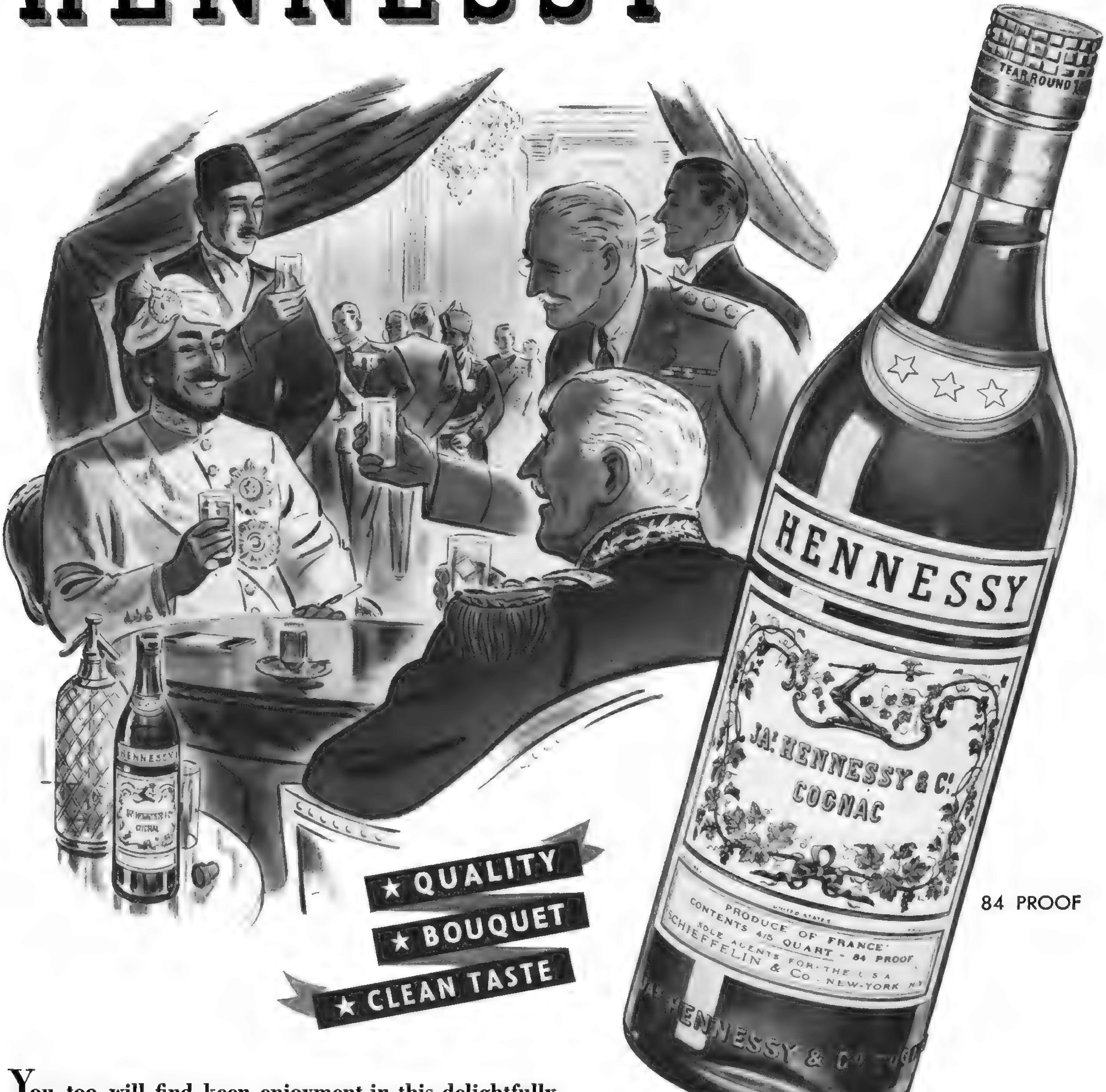
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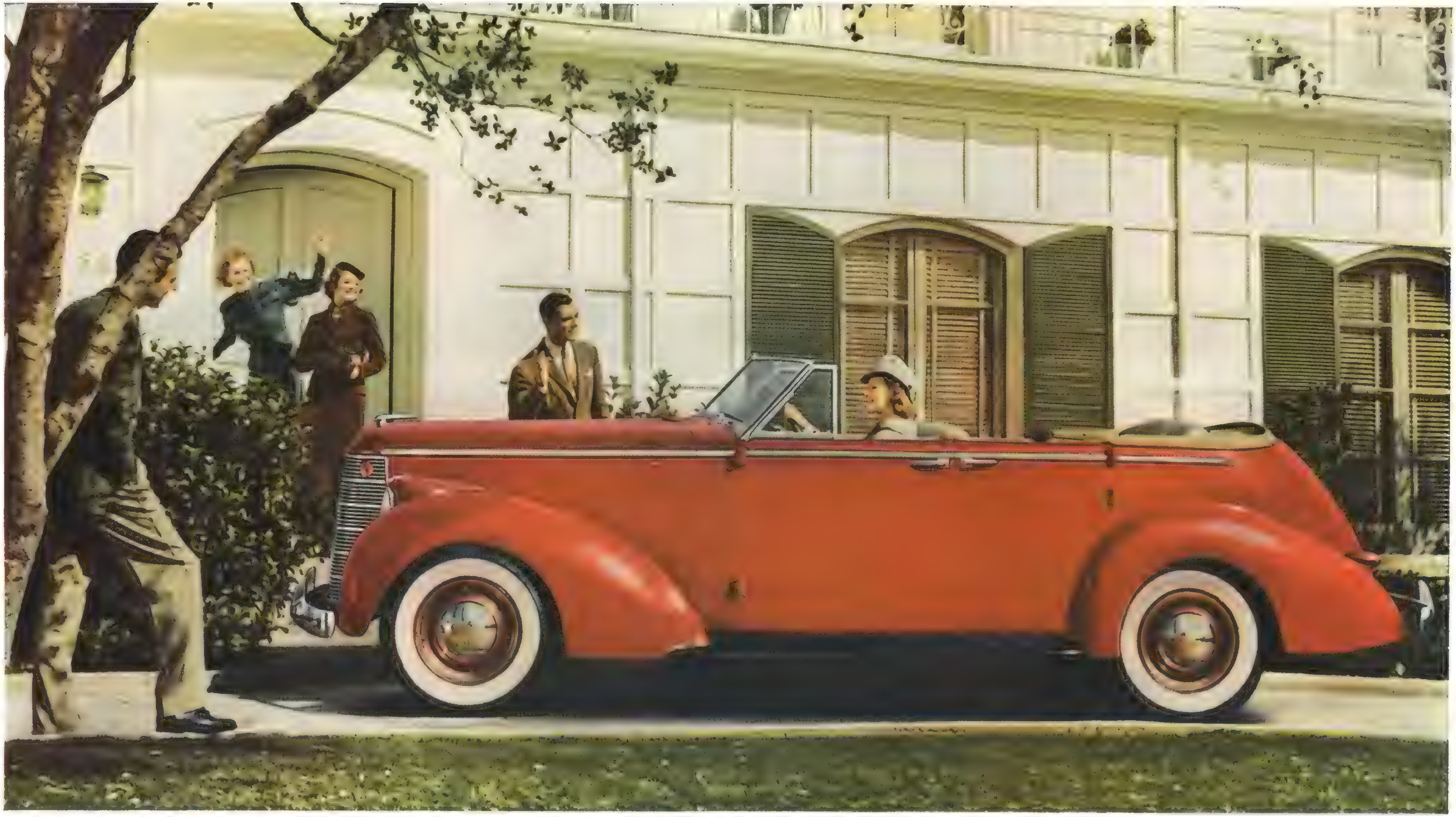

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COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

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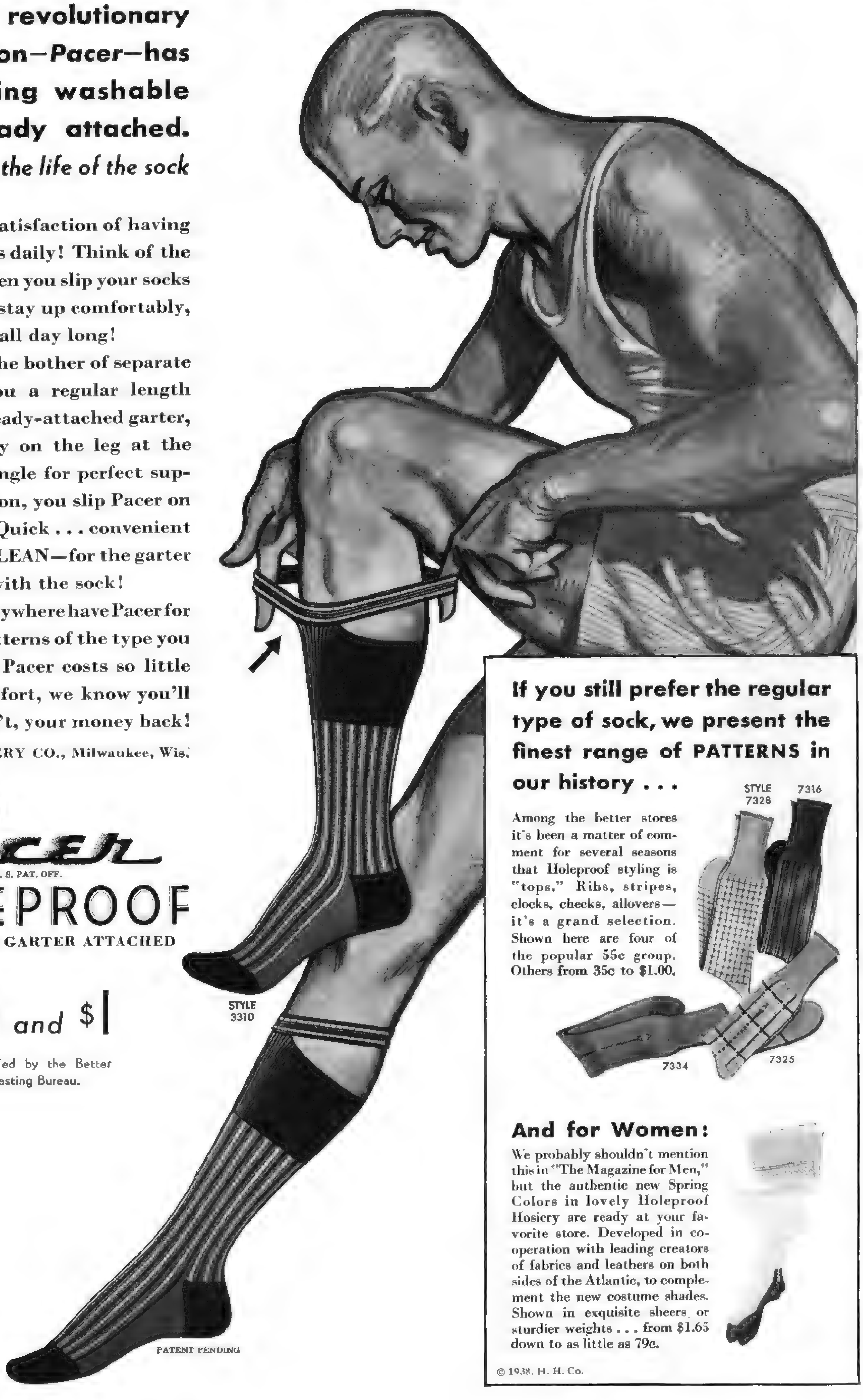

If you still prefer the regular type of sock, we present the finest range of PATTERNS in our history . . .

Among the better stores it's been a matter of comment for several seasons that Holeproof styling is "tops." Ribs, stripes, clocks, checks, allovers—it's a grand selection. Shown here are four of the popular 55c group. Others from 35c to $1.00.

And for Women:

We probably shouldn't mention this in "The Magazine for Men," but the authentic new Spring Colors in lovely Holeproof Hosiery are ready at your favorite store. Developed in cooperation with leading creators of fabrics and leathers on both sides of the Atlantic, to complement the new costume shades. Shown in exquisite sheers, or sturdier weights . . . from $1.65 down to as little as 79c.

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A Foreign News Service conscious of its Responsibility

In France

Edgar Ansel Mowrer

In the British Isles

William H. Stoneman

In Germany

Wallace R. Deuel

In Italy

Frank A. Smothers

Roving Europe

John T. Whitaker

In Washington

James T. Williams, Jr.

FORTY YEARS AGO the first worldwide news-gathering organization to be established by any American newspaper was founded by The Chicago Daily News.

Its purpose, from that day to this, has been to inform with accuracy, with speed, with unquestioned reliability; to gather the news firsthand and independently; to write clearly; to interpret with keen analysis and sound judgment; in short, to appreciate and respect its responsibility to readers.

Today, with so much happening abroad that does and will affect America—with the drums of dictators rolling and revolutions driving people to death, with war undeclared outmocking war declared, with the poison of propaganda and the denial of peace so prevalent—these foreign correspondents are more than ever recognizing the necessity for objective and unbiased news . . . for cool and level-headed reporting.

They recall the Pulitzer Prize awards, citations "for distinguished service in the cause of foreign journalism," and governmental commendation "for frequently performing service of value to the American people" won by their work through the years.

In the same spirit they carry on, this day and the days to come.

In China

A. T. Steele

In China

Reginald Sweetland

In Austria

M. W. Fodo

In Spain

Richard Mowrer

In Mexico

Harry Nicholls

In the Philippines

Walter Robb

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The TALON slide fastener ends all risk of an accidental opening in your trousers . . . and eliminates all offensive gaps and bulges!

WATCH IT LOCK!

TALON fastener is small, flat-lying, flexible. It is not damaged by cleaning, pressing. *Locks* automatically at top!

"It's a *Natural* for Pants!"

THE OLD ORDER . . . Old-style closures may gap and bulge untidily.

THE NEW . . . TALON fastener gives you a smooth, seam-like fly.

Speed, Security, Neatness of TALON trouser fastener win millions of men

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

TODAY you can have your trousers closed in either one of two ways. Method "A" is cumbersome . . . requires *five* separate fastenings. "B" is quick and easy—*one fastening!*

"A" often causes offensive gaps. "B" is as neat and flexible as a sewn seam.

Closure "A" can come open by accident. But "B" gives you perfect security.

"A" is the old-fashioned way. "B" is the modern Talon slide fastener.

Get these important improvements on your next pair of trousers! Introduced in expensive clothes, the Talon trouser fastener now comes as an *extra value* on better-made suits of all prices. Ask for it!

TALON, INC., MEADVILLE, PA.

TALON
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Slide Fastener

"HEY. TEMPUS FUGIT!"

The TALON fastener is easier, speedier, more convenient. Instead of fumbling with *five* fastenings, you just slide your trousers open or closed . . . *one* quick motion!

CAN'T BREAK OFF

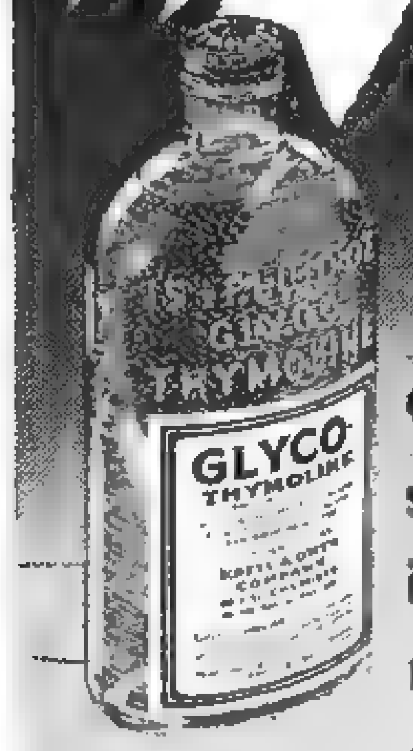
Don't think your wife won't be grateful when you switch to pants with the TALON fastener. Can't loosen or break off . . . never needs sewing.

*TRY THE **TALON** FASTENER ON YOUR NEXT SUIT—AND YOU'LL NEVER GO BACK TO THE OLD WAY*

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

HELP! FOR RAW SORE THROATS



Glyco-Thymoline soothes and aids in healing irritated raw throats...Rely on this dependable 40-year-old alkaline solution as millions do! Ask your doctor.

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"little joe" Wiesenfeld Co., Dept. EB, 112 W. North Ave., Baltimore, Md.

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The mighty McCulloch Supercharger for Ford V-8 motors packs 38% more power into every cylinder. Gives you faster getaway and greater flexibility in traffic tangles. Zooming power to smooth out steepest hills. And plenty of zip on open roads to flash you ahead of any car. Its remarkable performance will give you a real thrill—make your friends wish they had one, too!

WRITE TODAY for illustrated booklet.

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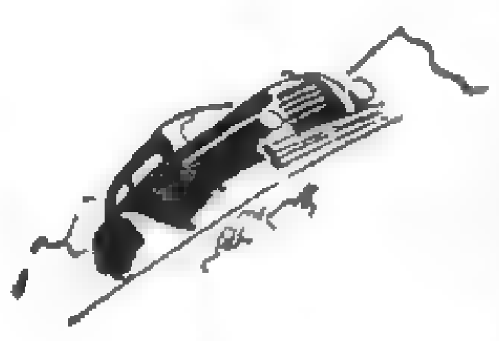
3227 N. 31st Street
Milwaukee Wisconsin

FROM SONATA TO SWING ON AN ELECTRIC ORGAN. Time was when an organ was primarily associated with chancels. The new portable electric organ has been one of the most important causes in secularizing the sacred instrument, which has moved from the concert hall, movie palace, night club and hotel into the private home. Graceful as a small spinet desk, and very little larger, the electric organ can be quickly installed by simply plugging into any house electric circuit. It plays without pipes, the tones created by electrical impulses rather than air pressure. You needn't be a virtuoso to play one, an ordinary piano touch is sufficient for simple music, but for those who have mastered the intricacies of organ technique, there are over 253 million tone combinations. The action of the keys is instantaneous, and you can dash off the "big apple" in approved staccato style, or achieve the rich, sonorous beauty of a Bach fugue. You'll find all the familiar organ voices, flute, oboe, trumpet, French horn, bells ... and one melody can be played dozens of ways through the infinite, subtle nuances of tone coloring the instrument affords. Friend of ours has an electric organ in his patio in Palm Beach. Can't get out of tune, he says, and is not affected by the vagaries of temperature. When the season is over, he simply ships the organ home. George Olsen has two of them, shows that an organ is effective for crooners or choristers. Initial cost of the instrument is a little over one "grand" ... and the upkeep is less than $20 a year. Yours for organ-ized pleasure in the home.

QUICKER GET-AWAY. Extra energy in an already lively engine may be had by installing a new type super charger in your car. This device, they tell us, gives quicker get away and pickup, makes gear shifting rarely necessary even on hills, is supposed to lessen engine wear and give better gas mileage. A chap we know is taking a trip to Mexico and has put one of these chargers in his car as he claims it is a perfect remedy for sluggish performance of motors at high altitudes, compensating for the low air pressures prevailing in mountainous regions (Mexico City, for example has an altitude of some 7,434 feet).



NUTS AND BOLTS. We had a chat the other day with the mad genius of the jewelers ... a young man who thinks up intriguingly nutty as well as impellingly beautiful jewels for his dazzling socialite, stage and cinema clientele. His latest whimsy for a man is a pair of cuff links, nut and bolt motif ... heavy gold replicas of a goodly sized nut on one link and a massive square bolt on the other end. Woman came in not long ago and told him that her husband was so magnetic (lucky little woman) that he couldn't wear any sort of a watch next to his body. So our friend evolved a cuff-link watch ... one link a tiny gold or platinum round watch with the man's name spelled out circular fashion around the dial; other link a tiny round gold compass. For a dancer of note, he made a pair of tiny gold feet with toes of rubies. When Schiaparelli was in town she fell for a pair of large gold clips made like a pair of cactus plants, gold studded with diamonds. His cinema trade has become so important, he's opened a swank little shop on Sunset Boulevard on the strip.

BACHELOR BATH TOWELS. We've been checking up on the towels in the apartments of some of our unattached friends. Monograms are simple, bold and masculine ... the bigger the better. Handsome indeed were a set of *grey* towels with white monogram underscored with four white lines. Another man runs to yellow with copper initials, or brown with copper. There's a swing to white, too, with wine colored monograms.

Women adore it

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works wonders, because it is the only sun lamp with a pure quartz burner—whose rich ultraviolet gives you pep and energy; and tones and clears your skin. So don't be fooled by cheap substitutes. And don't think you'll be selfish in buying this lamp, because it is equally good for women and children. The whole family will benefit from this life time investment.

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IT HOLDS THE HAT

The "Jat" presents stylish beauty combined with practical utility. Chrome finished on Mahogany, Walnut or Ebony Black — wood panel with oval mirror. An easily attached fixture for restaurant, bar, barber shop—in fact, any public place; also for the home, the office or the automobile. To use the "Jat" is to appreciate its many advantages in keeping your hat neat, clean and unwrinkled, and as a coat hanger which requires a minimum of space. Write today.

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IN 30 DAYS OR NO COST

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EASY WAY
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"Reduced waistline from 42 to 37 inches," says Dr. J. Gorsline. ***"I often recommend Director to my patients."***

Director's controlled-stretch elastic creates *gentle flexing* on abdomen with every move. S. Youngblood says: **"It comfortably, automatically exercises away waistline fat."**

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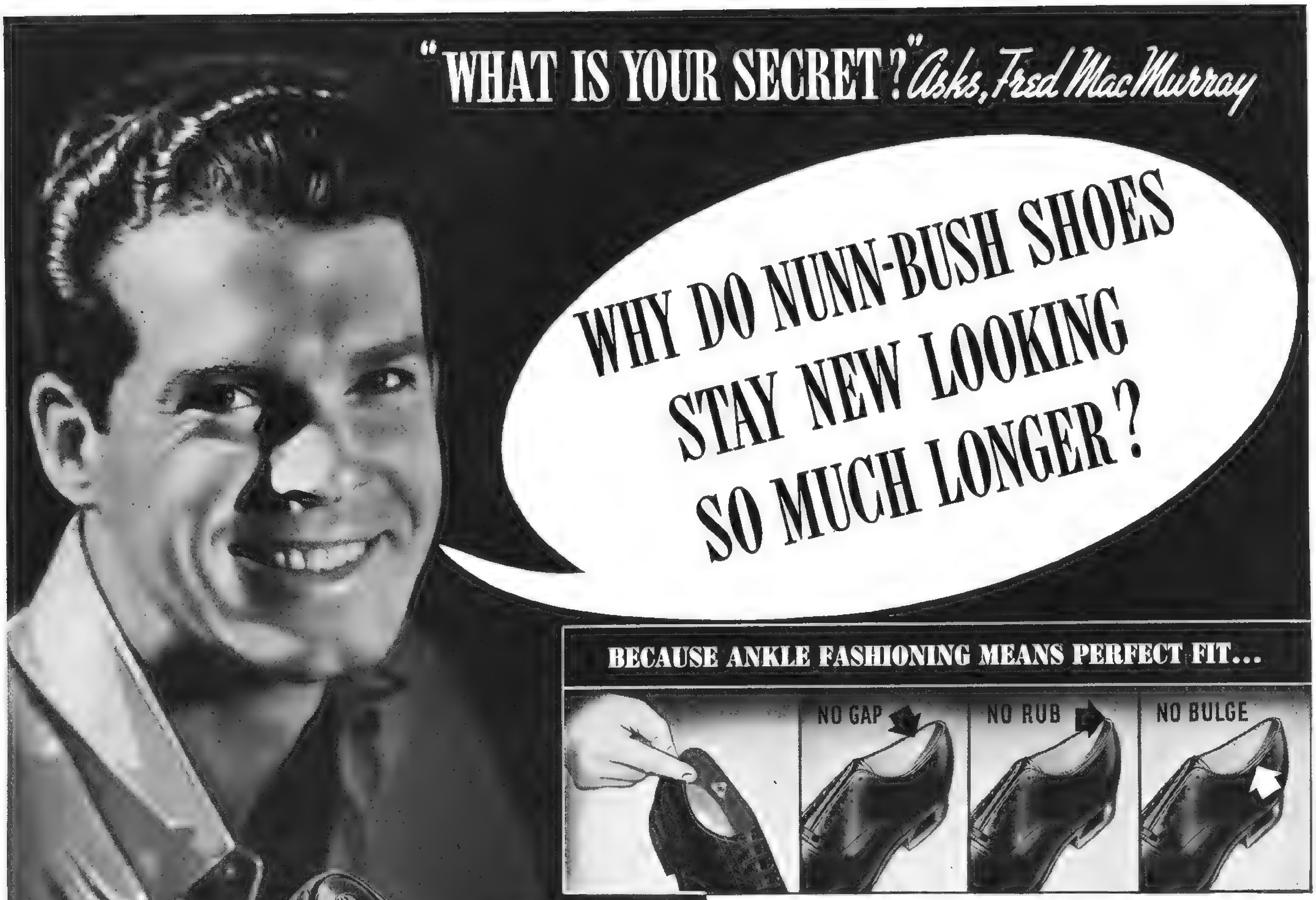
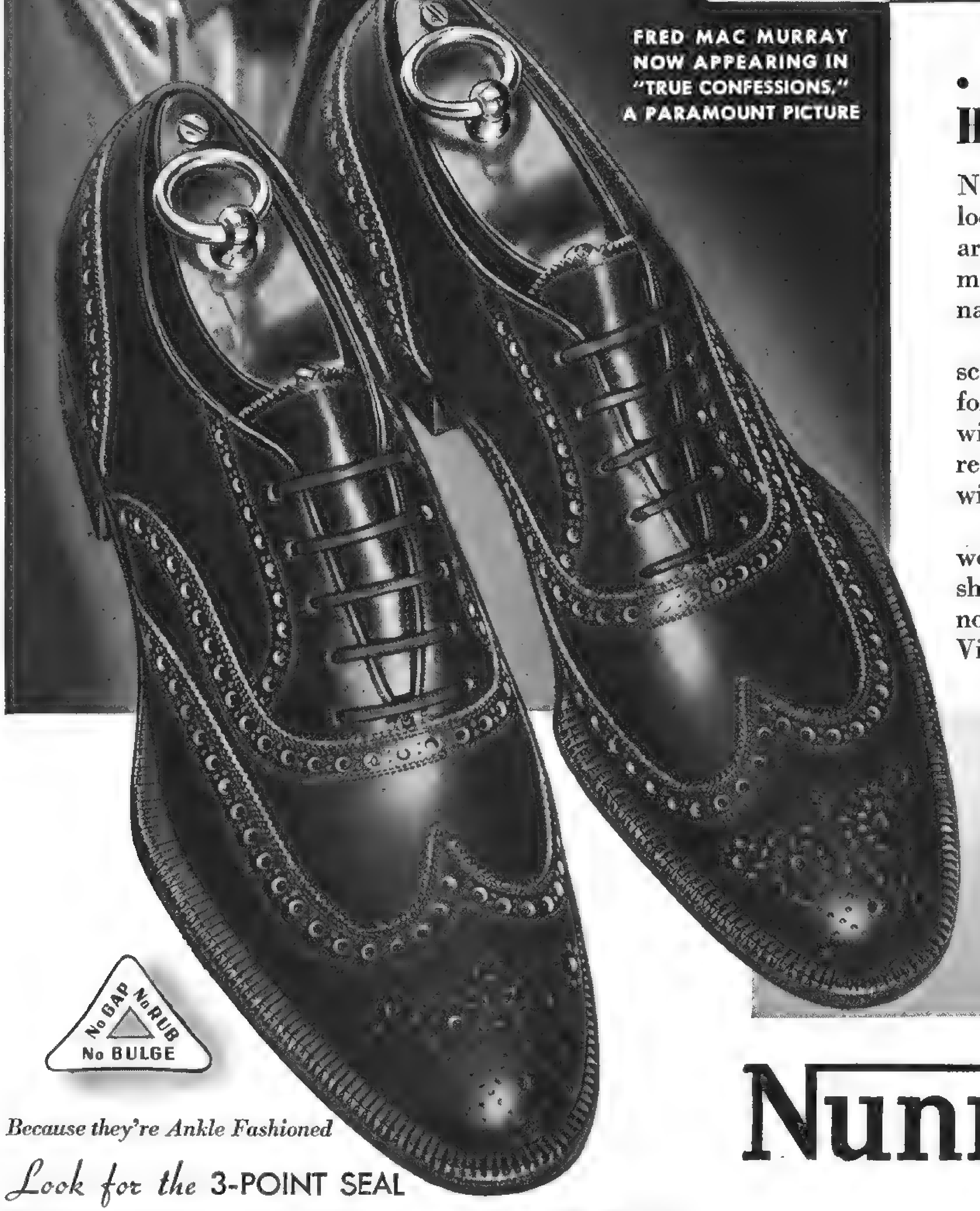
"WHAT IS YOUR SECRET?" Asks, Fred MacMurray


WHY DO NUNN-BUSH SHOES STAY NEW LOOKING SO MUCH LONGER?
NO GAP
NO RUB
NO BULGE

BECAUSE ANKLE FASHIONING MEANS PERFECT FIT...



FRED MAC MURRAY
NOW APPEARING IN
"TRUE CONFESSIONS,"
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

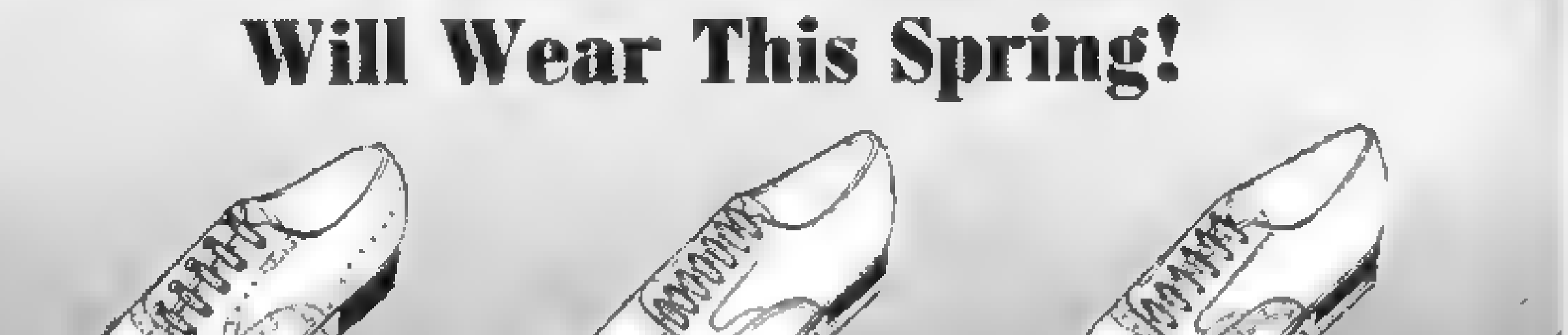
.. AND PERFECT FIT MEANS THEY HOLD THEIR SHAPE TO THE END!

No matter how smart the design of your shoes, they can't look really smart on your feet if they don't fit trimly around your ankles. This lack of snugness permits movements of foot and ankle which rapidly break down the natural lines of the shoes. Their shapeliness is soon lost.

You find no such fault in Nunn-Bush Shoes. They are scientifically moulded to ankle formation . . . a special last for every normal foot type. Wear that last and your shoes will hug your ankles as if tailor-made. They will also retain their original shape and smartness months longer, will fit better and feel better to the very end.

Of course, Nunn-Bush Shoes also give you the last word in smart designing, the ultimate in fine craftsmanship, and durability of materials second to none. But why not learn the many Nunn-Bush advantages at first hand? Visit your local Nunn-Bush merchant as soon as possible.

See the Styles Mr. MacMurray Will Wear This Spring!



Your local Nunn-Bush merchant cordially invites you to a special showing of these and other styles selected by Mr. MacMurray for his own wardrobe.

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Because they're Ankle Fashioned

Look for the **3-POINT SEAL**

This copyrighted symbol of Ankle Fashioning now appears in every Nunn-Bush Shoe. It tells you you are getting benefits to be had in no other shoe.

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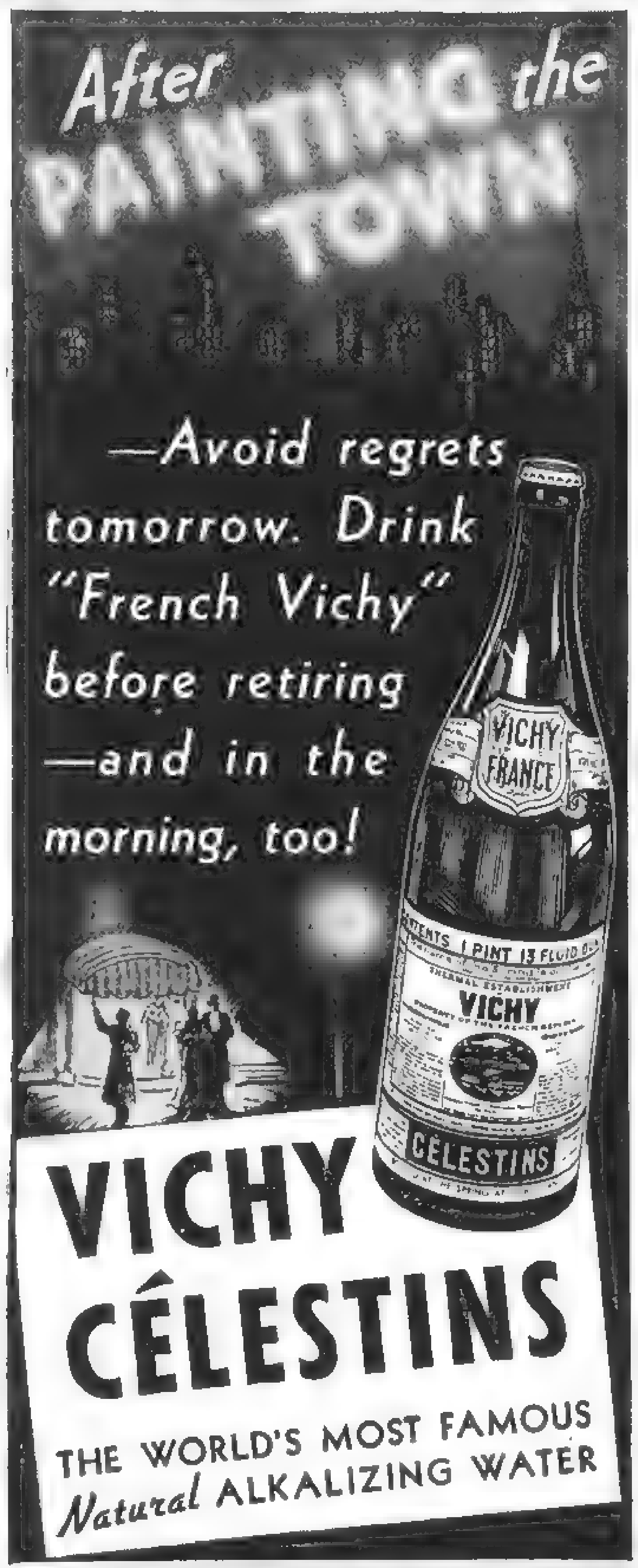
After PAINTING the TOWN
—Avoid regrets tomorrow. Drink "French Vichy" before retiring —and in the morning, too!

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THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS *Natural* ALKALIZING WATER

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Dining, dancing, entertainment, bar. Saturday matinee and Sunday cocktail dancing. Luncheon from 65¢. Dinner from $1.50.
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$4.50 SINGLE • $7.00 DOUBLE
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MERRY-GO-ROUND GRILL

As the pleasure folk return from the South and their cruises, the hotels take on a new peak in their yearly curve of entertainment. The International Casino has flowed along, lovely ladies being what they are to all of us. . . . The Cotton Club came into its own again with Bill Robinson. . . . The Club Yumuri keeps on with its rhumba bands and Cuban show. . . . Dwight Fiske returns from the south to entertain in the lounge of the Savoy Plaza. . . . Across the way it will soon be time to watch for birds in the park from the enchanting mezzanine of the Sherry Netherlands. . . . Horace Heidt at the Biltmore still continues to charm. . . . Richard Himber at the Essex Casino has a great following. . . . Eddie Duchin at the Plaza has a steady clientele. . . . Basil Fomeen is at the St. Moritz Restaurant De La Paix. . . . Benny Goodman enchants the studious swing devotees at the Hotel Pennsylvania. . . . At the New Yorker the ice skaters and Glen Gray's Casa Loma band take care of the crowds. . . . Hawaiians have full charge of the basement room of the Hotel Lexington. . . .

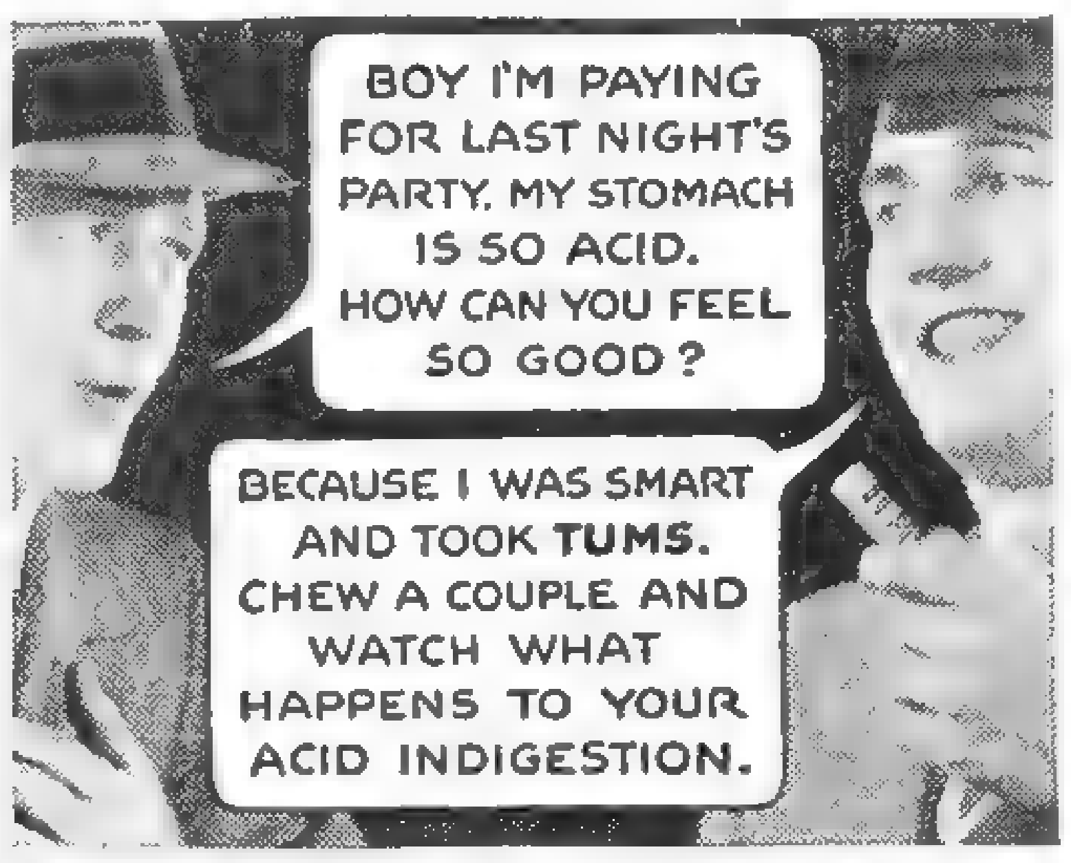
The Glass Hat at the re-named Belmont Plaza is one of the showier new places with Sonny Kendis, formerly at the Stork Club, leading the band and Mary Jane Walsh of the "I'd Rather Be Right" cast singing for the show. . . . The Hotel Lincoln takes care of those who wander west of Broadway in the Times Square sector. . . . The Della Robbia room of the Vanderbilt still has a nostalgic charm. . . . The Shelton Corner caters to the intelligentsia of the advertising crowd. . . . The Raleigh Room of the Warwick is popular with newshawks and columnists. . . . The Clinton Grill has a following of the lower Broadway relaxers and the new cocktail lounge of the Astor has developed into a vogue.

For the quiet evening among the well-dressed of the town the beautiful Crystal Gardens of the Ritz-Carlton has its own charm. Once they thought they might taste the flesh pots of Broadway and essayed a revue, but soon decided it was better to rely on those who know the Ritz for what it always has been. Freddy Martin and his Orchestra supply the supper dance music, and there are exhibition dances by Holland and Hart. For executive luncheons, diplomatic meetings and such occasions the main restaurant is as popular as ever. Dress is obligatory.

Susan Palmer's Oyster Bar, at 4 West Forty-Ninth Street belies its looks. It is not just another shoppe. The place has a novel buffet luncheon plan and at night their special steaks are among the best in town.

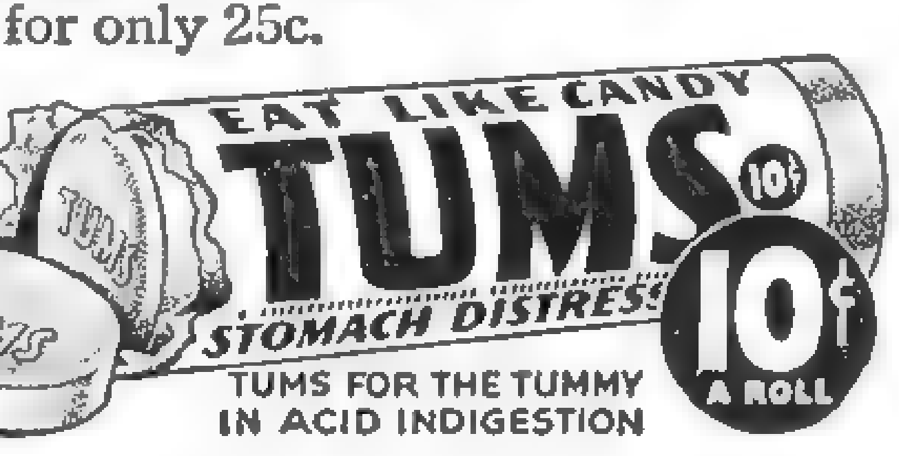
If you were fortunate enough to be invited to the annual meeting of the Committee on Morals, Manners and Mayhem, at the Waldorf, you could have discussed trends with W. Alton Jones, Owen D. Young, newspapers with Deke Aylesworth or elkhounds with Rex Cole. Or you could have partaken of Boar's Head or suckling pig and listened to the robust warbling of Mario Cozzi, late of the Scala, Milano. Signor Cozzi has one of the finer voices yet unused at the Met; radio can take him in small doses as he blasts the mike out of the studio.

In Chicago: Vienna atmosphere is stressed in the New Boulevard Room of the Stevens Hotel. . . . Marek Weber and his orchestra do the dance honors. . . . In the Marine Room of the Edgewater Beach Hotel the music is under the direction of Orrin Tucker and his "Rainbow Rhythm" boys. . . . Six handsome boys from college glee clubs and a ballet of lovelies add to the gaiety. . . . At the College Inn emphasis is placed upon revues of the more elaborate type. . . . "The Big Apple" has its day and then there are twelve dancers led by Boots McKenna. . . . The Blue Fountain Room is the mecca of those visiting the La Salle. . . . The Top of the Town bar shares honors with the King's Jesters.



BOY I'M PAYING FOR LAST NIGHT'S PARTY. MY STOMACH IS SO ACID. HOW CAN YOU FEEL SO GOOD?
BECAUSE I WAS SMART AND TOOK TUMS. CHEW A COUPLE AND WATCH WHAT HAPPENS TO YOUR ACID INDIGESTION.
AMAZING, FAST WAY TO RELIEVE ACID INDIGESTION

YES—TUMS, a remarkable discovery brings amazing quick relief from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas, and constant burning caused by excess acid. For TUMS work on the true basic principle. Act unbelievably fast to neutralize excess acid conditions. Acid pains are relieved almost at once. TUMS contain no laxatives; no harmful drugs. ***Guaranteed to contain no soda.*** Over 1½ billion TUMS already used—proving their amazing benefit. Try TUMS today. Only 10c for 12 TUMS at all druggists. Most economical relief. Chew like candy mints. Get a handy 10c roll today, or the three roll economy package with metal container for only 25c.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George Jo Mess

The day before April sees the coming of *Ken*

The first issue of Ken, The Insiders' World, will be published on March 31. Ken will be issued fortnightly (every other Thursday) at 25¢ per copy. Esquire readers are offered a special founder-subscribers' rate of $4.75,* effecting a saving of $1.75 over the purchase-price of the first 26 issues on the newsstands. Orders for subscriptions, postmarked not later than midnight March 30th, 1938, will be honored at this special founders' rate of $4.75. Meanwhile, the editorial concept of Ken is explained in a booklet that will be sent free upon request. *Address Ken, ℅ Esquire-Coronet, Inc., 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, U. S. A.*

*Add $2.50 for Foreign, 50c for Canadian Postage

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

It is not always possible to predict the exact entertainment at the Rainbow Room, at the time you may read this, but take our word for it, it will always be tops. And more often than not, if a feature moves away it comes back by demand. We recently enjoyed the slick singing of Durelle Alexander with Al Donahue's orchestra; a captivating miss. Then there is usually the amazing Alec Templeton, blind pianist. As we cross the bar, if we know beforehand, we are going to have him handy to play the Moonlight Sonata as we slip anchor. That way we will never quite know the line of demarcation between leaving, and arriving in paradise. The Viennese Comedy Singers have something; they require better American dressing, however.

Dispatches from Swing Street, that portion of the mad world between Fifth and Sixth on Fifty-Second Street, are that the hotels have made a flanking movement by going entirely swing. There are some new recruits, however, to reinforce the faithful: The Famous Door has taken the old Onyx and lined it with mirrors and Louis Prima's orchestra and Art Tatum. The patrons of the Onyx have appeased their impatience while waiting for the immortal Stuff Smith to return by listening to Maxine Sullivan sing in swing "Loch Lomond." It is a natural and doesn't take much adaptation. Eddie Davis still keeps the visiting firemen hilarious at Leon and Eddie's and Jack White goes through his insane routine three times nightly. Swing bandsmen don't take busmen's holidays, evidently, for on their time off they can all be found at Reilly's where there is not a whisper of music—only liquor and rest. Another anomaly of the street is Wards Coffee House where no liquor is served but which keeps open all night with hot coffee ready for the stalwart. The chess players of the town also drop in around midnight and wait up for the milkman.

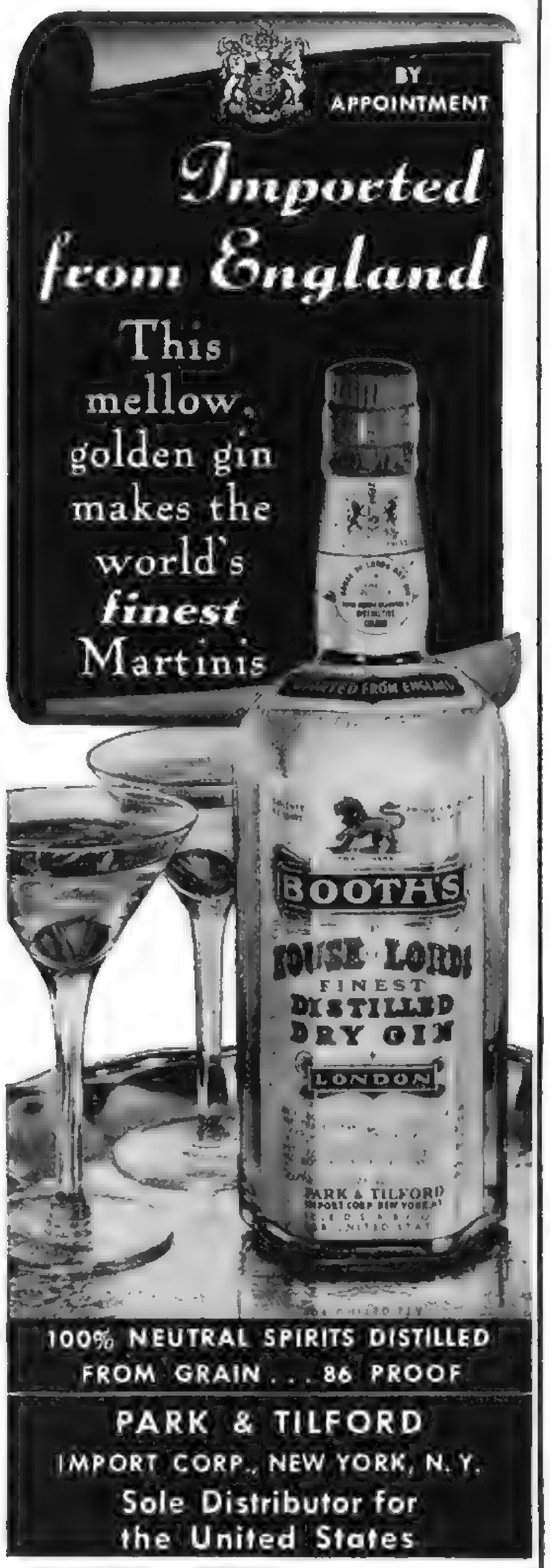
Billy the Oysterman has taken a post uptown. The joint, at 10 West Forty-Seventh is all set as it was before 77B took the last occupant away. It is a wide roomy place and Billy should do well now that he has harkened to the march of time.

Tastings are of the happier moments of a townpainter's life. The rules, of course, are that you roll the wine around on your palate and then dispose of it. But there being no umpires around we fooled 'em and swallowed all of it. At the claret tasting in the Waldorf the great Andre Simon had written a foreword so that everyone knew what to think of the book. However, we found it difficult to tell, tasting the claret alone; it should always come with a fine meal. We like the Haut Brion '26, the Chateau La Mission, '23, and the Haut Brion '23 best of all.

The Lanson tasting at Sherry's was easier on the disposition. All you had to do was to meet the charming hosts and call for another glass either of the superb dry or '28. When the porters came around to sweep us out, we left reluctantly. We first met Lanson years ago at one of the best restaurants of the world, Tour D'Argent, and have never been unfaithful long.

Another Swedish restaurant is the Castleholm, 344 West Fifty-Seventh Street. It runs pretty much to pattern, except that it is in a high and handsome room and that somehow makes you feel you can down more of the smorgasbord.

The Madison Bar at cocktail time is aflutter with young things who are hoping to get one of the handsome prizes raffled off on afternoons. Sometimes it is perfume, sometimes it is shoes and how beautiful are my ladies with shoes, as the scriptures have it.



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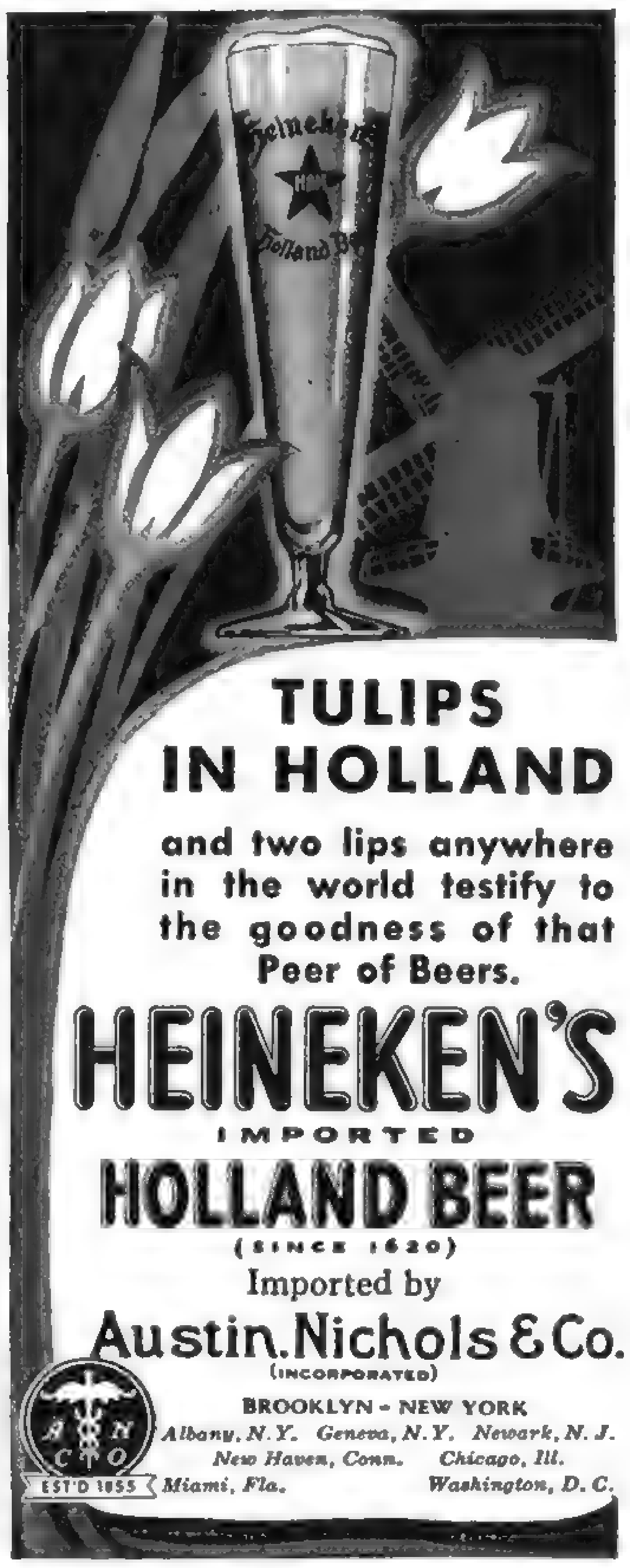
CHEZ ★ PAREE
CHICAGO
The Home of the Stars

An Old Fashioned Cocktail is Always in Good Taste
It's the ANGOSTURA BITTERS that makes it tasty



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Dancing and Entertainment
at Dinner and Supper
HORACE HEIDT
and HIS BRIGADIERS
Continuous Divertissement
Daily and Sunday Dinner
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MADISON AVE. AT 43RD ST., N. Y.
Adjoining Grand Central

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Le Restaurant par Excellence
CUISINE FRANCAISE
FAMOUS FOR "CHICKEN DIVAN"
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NEW FACES!
NEW MURALS in our "PAGO PAGO" OASIS!
COME FOR A DRINK • STAY ALL NIGHT!
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ENGLISH CHOP HOUSE
36th Near 6th

Golden Wedding

SCHENLEY
Golden Wedding
SCHENLEYS
Golden Wedding
BLENDED STRAIGHT WHISKIES

A Golden Wedding Invitation

...always accepted with pleasure!

You are invited to try Golden Wedding. Enjoy the clean, well rounded *flavor.* Remember—a whiskey is only as good as it *tastes.* From vast stocks of highly treasured whiskies Schenley brings you Golden Wedding, which has had no peers for fifty years. Gentlemen, it is all whiskey.

AT THE BAR, SAY
GOLDEN
WEDDING

Golden Wedding

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Blended Straight Whiskies... as you prefer... in Bourbon or Rye *90 Proof... Copr. 1938, Jos. S. Finch & Co., Inc., Schenley, Pa.*

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IN NEW YORK you'll find every comfort provided by the Savoy-Plaza to make your visit thoroughly enjoyable. Spacious rooms, tempting cuisine, delightful entertainment and magnificent location overlooking Central Park.

Henry A. Rost, Managing Director
George Suter, Resident Manager

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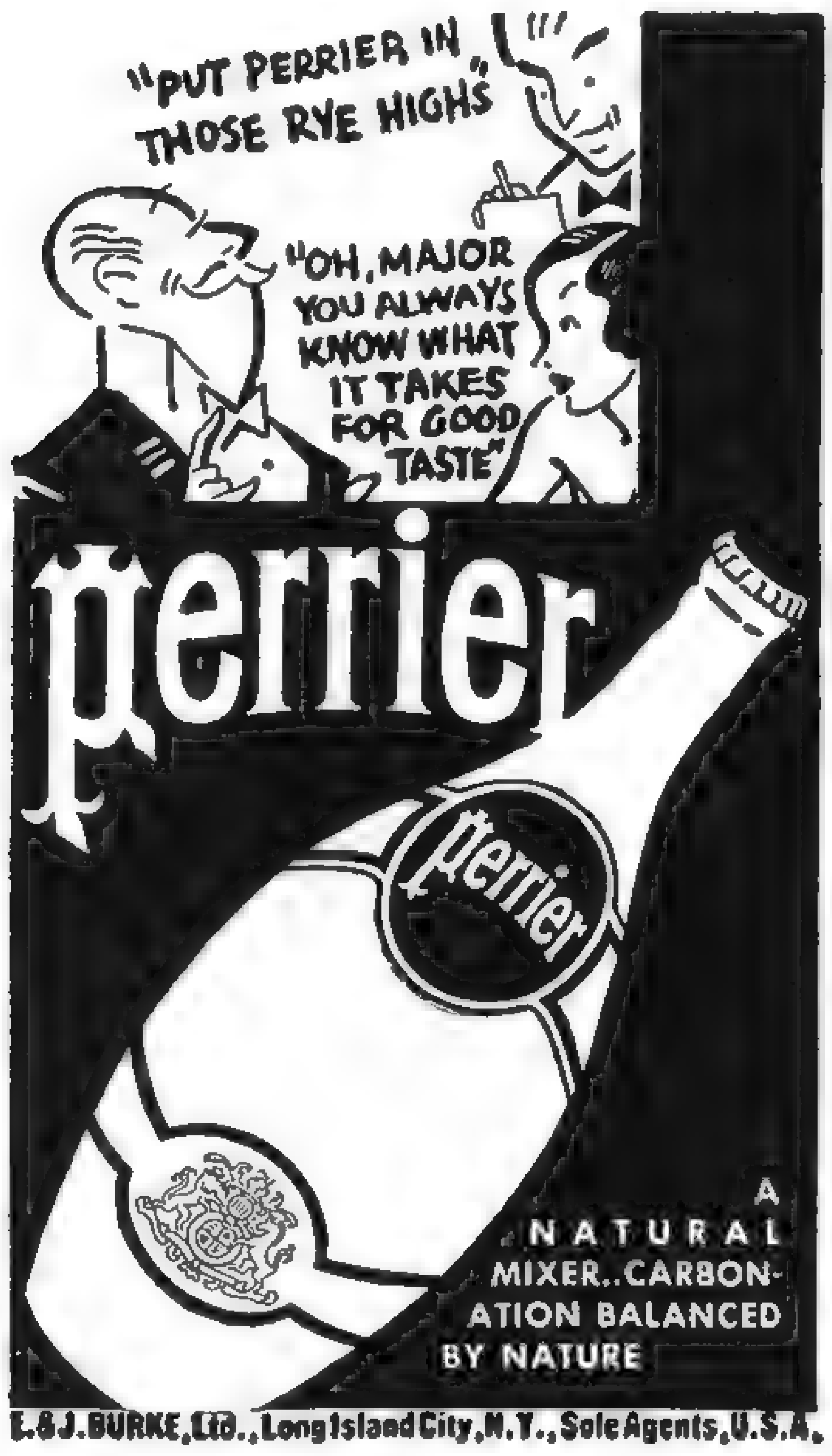
FIFTH AVENUE • 58th to 59th STREETS


"PUT PERRIER IN THOSE RYE HIGHS"
"OH, MAJOR YOU ALWAYS KNOW WHAT IT TAKES FOR GOOD TASTE"
perrier
perrier

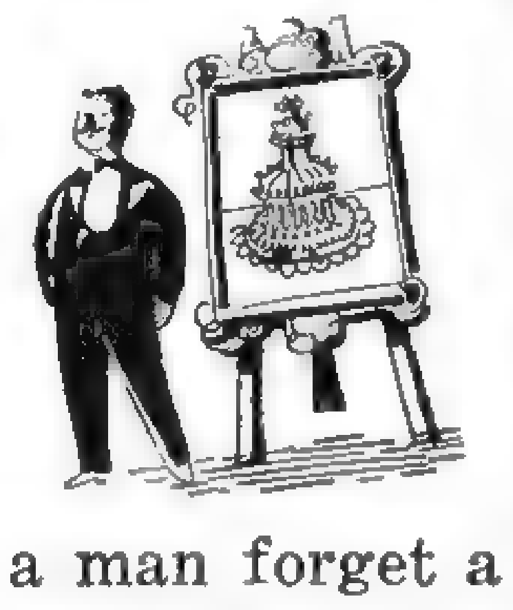
A NATURAL MIXER..CARBONATION BALANCED BY NATURE

E.&J.BURKE, LTD., Long Island City, N.Y., Sole Agents, U.S.A.

PILGRIM RUM 90 Proof Straight New England

TRY IT FOR EGGNOG
FELTON & SON, INC.
BOSTON, MASS., SINCE 1819

Le Coq Rouge has had its upper room done over by the ubiquitous Vernon McFarlane in his pattern of blue and cellophane, and has brought in the lovely Mrs. Taylor to decorate it. There, after theatre, the high lights of the stage gather and entertain each other between dances. It is an informal, catch-as-catch-can sort of entertainment which stands a good chance of being better than a staid program. Le Coq Rouge has always had one of the better kitchens of town and the upper room should add to its popularity.



Peter the Great, ruler of La Rue has prudently imported Jules, late of the Vendome and formerly with the old, old Knickerbocker (when the town was young). Jules fits magnificently into the soft scheme of men who have those upper brackets to worry about but like to dine while they are worrying, on such trifles as Scotland Grouse. Jules, with his suggestions from the menu, can easily make a man forget a passed dividend. We waded through the marvelous hors d'oeuvres wagon, through a turtle soup and into one of the sweetest squab chickens en casserole, we have ever encountered. Our old favorite, Pouilly-Foisse, 1928, consoled us for not having either stocks or dividends and Jules completed the picture with a marvelous dessert of ice cream with fresh strawberries and other tricks, secret to himself.

To round out the international stomach there should be at least one Swiss restaurant on your list. The best we have tried is at 32 West Thirty-Seventh Street. It is peasant in nature and the proprietor, Hermann Bryner, serves you as he has done for these many years. The hors d'oeuvres are toward the sausages; and the minced liver sauted in wine is something to remember and obtainable in no other place we know of. And, don't forget the strudels and pastries. For consistency's sake we tried a Swiss wine, Fendant, a pleasant enough wine of a dry nature.

The Old Homestead has been in the Heinz family for ninety-nine years. Its present manifestation is on the same site its forebearers occupied when the woods were full of Indians and the spot just a "tide-water" post on the Hudson. At 56 Ninth Avenue (above Fourteenth) it caters to the neighborhood and those hearties who like their steaks at least three inches thick. It is one of the good steak places of the town, being contiguous to the markets and with the steaks and game there are plenty of home-fried potatoes and heaping plates of relish.

Any old newspaper man can detect the real ground swells from the phoney enthusiasms instigated by some high-salaried press agent. There has been a great effort of late to make The Big Apple the successor to "truckin' " and its varied descendants. We imagine it would not take a Sherlock Holmes to trace the enthusiasm back to some apple grower's association and the whole thing will end in a "keep the doctor away daily" week. As for our likes we prefer the Savoy in Harlem, where the best dancers in the world create their own rhythms. Go Saturdays around midnight and get a ringside seat for the contests. It is something that the New York wise do not miss.

It was Felix of The Bat who led us to two new wine experiences. Along with one of the best lobsters *Fra Diavolo* we have ever tasted, he brought out a bottle of Gragnano, an excellent wine, which is now being brought over in quantities large enough for the trade. The importer of Gragnano, Joseph Mutascio, has also developed a dependable brand of California wines. We believe it is called Prosperity, but don't let that stop you. So seldom do we find good native wines that stand up over several tryings that we are glad to pass the word along.

★

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You are cordially invited to send a dollar bill or more—and join the President in the new national Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. Amount sent will be credited to your city, county and state. Address

KEITH MORGAN, Chairman
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50 East 42nd Street, New York

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if you could only cook . . .

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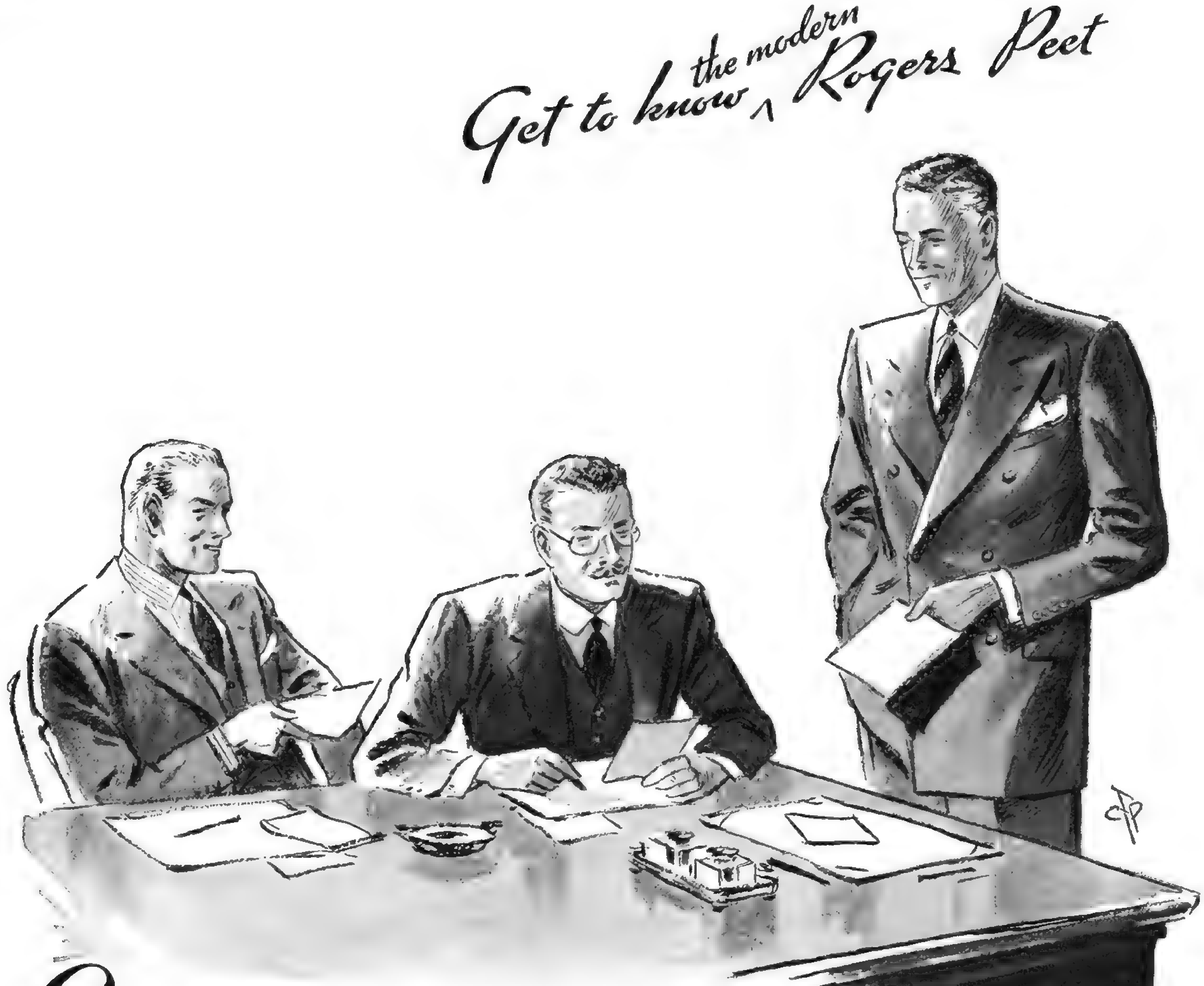
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Rogers Peet clothes give a quiet, well-bred assurance. They are an unmistakable business asset—for the man at the top, as well as the younger man who has his future ahead of him.

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EL PASO, TEXAS	The White House
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FORT WAYNE, IND.	Patterson-Fletcher
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WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.	House of Walsh
WILKES-BARRE, PA.	Fowler, Dick & Walker

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Sterling Brandt

Sterling Brandt, our **Discovery of the Month**, is a lawyer and teacher. He has a wife; a son four years old and a Ford ten years old. He graduated from the University of Washington in 1926. He enjoys skiing and sailing, eating and drinking. His real name is W. Stevens Tucker.

•

Eric Knight, who was born in Yorkshire, feels that most English writers today are daffodils but that England, despite these authors, isn't full of neuroses and ineffectual young men. He feels, furthermore, that there are plenty of good people worth writing about in England if the writers ever come out of the cracks in the noble old paneled cloisters and move about among them. He went to grade school in Yorkshire and high school in Boston. He found he could understand the Americans, but they couldn't understand him. He was in Princess Pat's C. E. F. during the World War. He stayed a private during the war but managed to be a colonel in a revolution of the 7th brigade after the armistice in protest against going to Germany. The brigade didn't go to Germany. After the war, he worked as editor of a country newspaper, rewrite man on the Philadelphia *Sun*, columnist on the *Public Ledger* and so on. He has also worked in a sawmill, a doll factory, exporter's office, carpet mill, spinning mill, lock factory, glass blowing shop and Hollywood. *Song on Your Bugles*, his story of Yorkshire life, was published by Harper's last August.

Eric Knight

•

André Birabeau (*The Prince and the Piper*, page 86) has contributed a short story to the Paris *Journal* every fortnight for the last fifteen years. He has published several volumes of short stories, which include *Annette et son American* and *Le Jardin aux Vingt Cinq Alles*. Has also published six novels, including *L'Homme aux Trous Peaux* and *Le Voyage al'Ombre*. And he is the author, either alone or with a collaborator, of twenty-eight plays which have been produced in Paris.

•

Jerome Odlum will soon publish a book of short stories (*Each Dawn I Die*) which includes *The Turn on the Screw*, running on page 66 of this issue, and *A Rat in a Trap* which ran in April of '36. At the last writing he was working on the Minneapolis *Shopping News*. He has also been a newspaper columnist, an accountant, office boy, salesman, telegraph operator, truck driver, auditor and traffic manager. It was here today and gone tomorrow in most of the offices where he worked.

Jerome Odlum

•

When Franklin Reynolds was six years old, he started toting a six-shooter. Then one morning he let the gun (his old man's) go off, exposing himself to the explosion. His father took him out to the toolshed, and he was warned never to carry a six-shooter again. He decided that his specialty would forever be six-shooters, and, along with bird dogs, and cameras, they have been. Just now he's finishing his term as county attorney, and his passing is not mourned by the voters who don't go for the machine gun school of law enforcement. Once he shot a knife right out of the hand of a dope-crazed half-breed in a Western oil field.

Meyer Levin sent in his current piece (page 90) as he sailed for Palestine, and said in his accompanying letter: "Franco gave me a sendoff by dropping bombs all around my hotel in Barcelona the last night. I grabbed some night-flare pictures of digging out victims from the next house. Got arrested for taking them and nearly missed this boat in jail. You need 47 permits for pics in Spain and I only had 46."

•

Frederic A. Birmingham, who illustrates his own *Freehand Fables* (page 64) admits that like most native New Yorkers, he spends most of his time plotting how to leave the city. He likes to make classical arrangements of popular songs on his seventy-five-year-old parlor organ, so far without any ecstatic outbreaks of appreciation from the world-famous pianist who has the apartment on the floor below. He explains that he draws for the same reason that other people read one detective story after another. The result is, his friends are always urging him to take up detective stories. He is twenty-seven years old. In 1933 he graduated from Dartmouth, where his talent for drawing amazed his lecturing professors. And he's one of our own true discoveries.

Frederic A. Birmingham

•

Social Note: Gus Berkes got married on February 4th, to Joan Sherman of Chicago. They're honeymooning in Coral Gables and Havana. And if there are any mistakes in the magazine this month it's all Gus's fault, for not being here.

•

Wild bells have also rung for Lawrence Martin (*One Nation on the Window Sill*, page 45) who was married in New York the day after Thanksgiving. He went to Mexico on his honeymoon, did some smelling around in political circles, went through twelve minor earthquakes, and tried his hand at deep sea fishing. The last named made him laugh like anything, and he's doing a story about it for an early issue of Esquire.

Creighton Peet

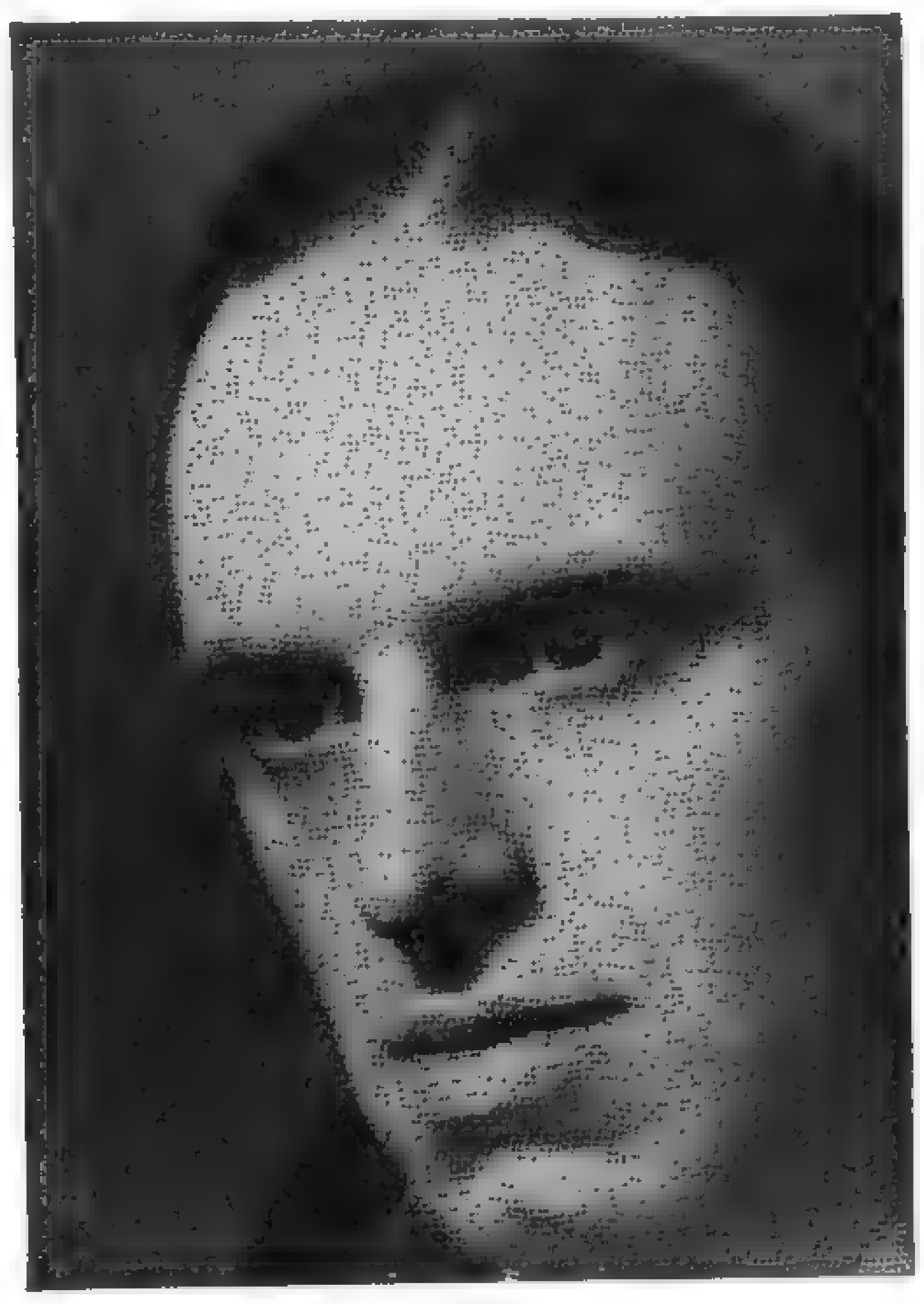
Creighton Peet, author of *Pinch as Pinch Can* claims he skipped grammar school, went to high school in Denver and college in Philadelphia and at Columbia. He believes that pictures speak louder than words, and has published a photographic book for children, called *Mike the Cat*. He used to review movies for the New York Evening *Post*, the old *Outlook* and *Stage* magazine—a period in his life which he recalls with horror.

•

Loren Carroll's agent informs us he is one of the brainiest and most amusing young men she knows. He's in his early thirties, has had years of Chicago newspaper experience and has done very well as City Editor of the Paris *Herald*. His first novel, *Wild Onions*, was published a couple of years ago.

•

Robert Westerby began writing in 1935 and after a year of sentimental magazine fiction, turned to more serious things and published his stories in some of the better English and American journals. He is English. He works as feature writer for Allied Newspapers, writing in his spare time. He has written one novel, *Foolish Giant* published here by Harcourt, Brace. His contribution to Esquire is *Money on Morgan*, page 72.



Robert Westerby

GOLDEN RULE FOR HOSTS

Serve to others the Whisky you would have others serve to you · Seagram's "V.O."

FAMOUS
SINCE 1857
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SINCE 1857
Seagram's
90 PROOF
"V.O."
Rare Old Canadian Whisky
DISTILLED AGED & BOTTLED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
6 Years Old
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS LIMITED WATERLOO·ONTARIO·CANADA
"Time Works Wonders"
4/5 QUART
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Men who have mastered the art of fine living are partial to this Distinctive Canadian Whisky . . .

One of the most gracious compliments you can set before your guests is Seagram's "V.O."—the distinctive Canadian whisky with its light "Canadian" taste... its delicate warmth of fragrance. Served in a cocktail, straight or with soda, the individual character of Seagram's "V.O." is instantly recognized...and welcomed. It is a perfect example of distilling by master craftsmen...designed for men who appreciate the better things of life.

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Rare Old Canadian Whisky Aged in Charred Oak Casks. 6 Years Old—90 Proof. Distilled, aged and bottled under the supervision of the Canadian Government. Copr., 1938, Seagram-Distillers Corp., Executive Offices: New York.

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SNEEZE
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...and help avoid colds and sore throats. This dependable 40-year-old alkaline solution soothes and aids in healing irritated membranes of the nose and throat, where infection so often starts. Ask your doctor.

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No strings — simply fill out and mail us the coupon below. We're sure, once you've tried this finest of all shaving creams, you'll prefer it to others . . . And University Club Shaving Cream is typical of all University Club essentials...lotion, talc, soap bowl, hair tonic, eau de cologne . . . all *odor-matched*.

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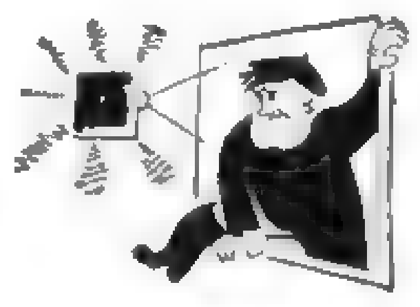
BACK TO THE WOODS. The Paris Exposition has been very influential in creating an interest in the use of modern woods in furniture, decoration, and accessories. To harmonize with modern wood furniture in bedrooms, an up and coming firm has designed some unusual 3-piece wood dresser sets in highly polished, lustrous woods: beautifully grained antique maple, satinwood, myrtle burl, lace wood, etc. . . . Smart gift to give a woman . . . modernistic round mirror, brush with fine, upstanding bristles, and comb with a wooden backing. Have her initials or monogram put on in a color. There's a special small sized set for traveling.

TURN-OVER WRIST WATCH. How many times have you wished that the crystal of your wrist watch could be protected? We came across a novel idea whereby the watch hides its face by reversing its position in a chassis to which the strap is attached. When you want the crystal side out, just geeve him a poosh, easy like and the watch flops over. You can have your initials, family escutcheon, club insignia or even a sentimental message engraved on the back, which now, at will, can be exposed to the world instead of huddling next to your wrist as of yore. A Mexican foreign-office official has a map of Mexico engraved on the back of his.

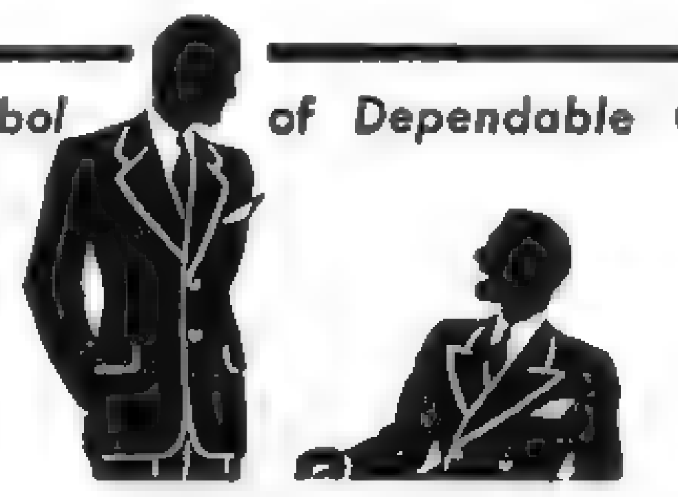
POCKET "ADD-ITION." If you're not quick at figures, and have to resort to the digit system in counting, buy yourself a pocket-size automatic adding machine. Weighs about 11 oz., fits into female pocketbook or male pocket. When adding, you place your stylus into a chain link alongside the figure desired, draw the chain to the bottom, and the totals appear instantly in the windows at top of machine.

GIVE 'EM THE ELECTRIC EYE . . . it never sleeps! Here's a burglar alarm unit that holds terror for all intruders. You can install it in a few minutes . . . just a light source, which mounts anywhere, plus a photo-electric robot with an electric eye, both plugging into any AC or DC outlet. By connecting two wires from a bell, gong, siren, horn or other alarm to the robot, and mounting the light-source unit so that the beam of invisible light is directed into the robot's eye, the installation is complete. The units are so compact they may be mounted under a table top, desk, chair, cabinet, bookrack or in out-of-sight locations. The beam of light becomes invisible when the color filter is slipped over the lens; thus in a dark room there is nothing to warn the burglar of the eye's presence. Hotels, apartments, shops, doctors, lawyers and brokers are installing the eye . . . and we hear that farmers are buying it for their chicken houses.



Ranger

The Symbol of Dependable Quality



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Good breeding cannot be weighed, measured or described in so many words. Yet it is a vital part of human behavior. In clothes, "good breeding" is more tangible, more easily recognized...more clearly defined. Simpson Clothes for Spring and Summer 1938, are individually tailored, luxuriously conceived, smartly produced of woolens most aristocratic in character, and yet are well within the reach of the average pocketbook. Men and women throughout America know and respect the Simpson label. Representatives skilled in measuring call direct with swatches. Write for style Brochure E.

J. B. SIMPSON, INC. SIMPSON BLDG., CHICAGO, ILL.
Display Rooms in Many Cities

STOP *Backtracking*

Haven't you often driven the wrong road and had to backtrack many miles? The Hull Streamline Auto Compass always shows your direction of travel, prevents backtracking, saves money and time for only $2.95 at your dealer. Two-piece model $1.95. Write for circular.
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Illustrated Catalogue of Unusual Gifts FREE
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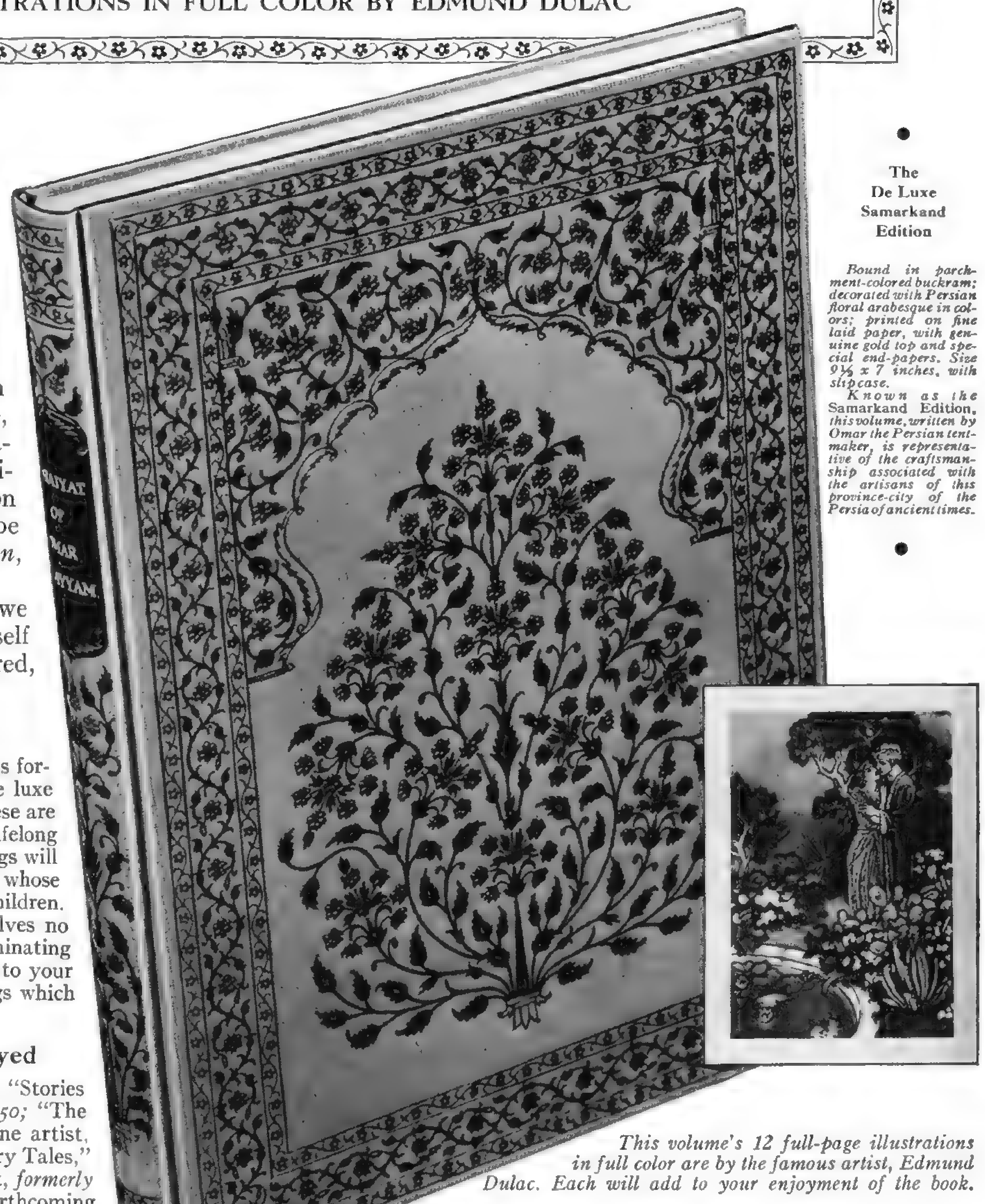
De Luxe Editions Club books average in size 6"x9¼". Frequently they are larger. Their pages, numbering usually 500 to 600 and often over 1,000, are in many cases illustrated in color with paintings by foremost artists; at other times with fine drawings and photographs.



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Bound in parchment-colored buckram; decorated with Persian floral arabesque in colors; printed on fine laid paper, with genuine gold top and special end-papers. Size 9½ x 7 inches, with slipcase.

Known as the Samarkand Edition, *this volume, written by Omar the Persian tentmaker, is representative of the craftsmanship associated with the artisans of this province-city of the Persia of ancient times.*

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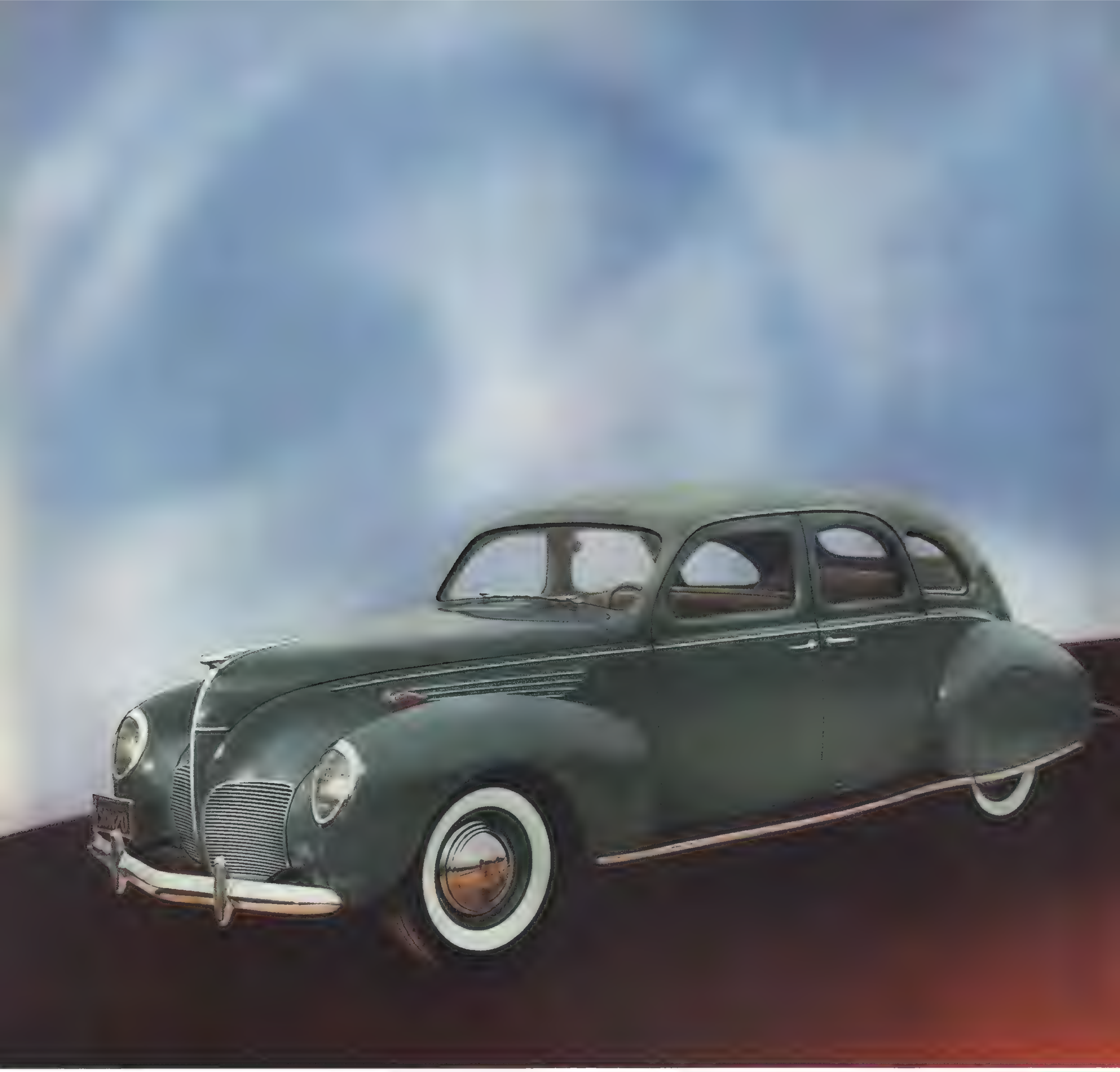

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Conversation Clinic

Don't try to slay your friends with facts, they'd rather curl up cozily with an encyclopedia

by LOREN CARROLL

• ARTICLE •

BLAH
BLAH
BLAH
BLAH
BLAH
BLAH

Do You

1. Study the wallpaper or your fingernails when others are talking?
2. Spatter your conversation with eccentric words or with foreign words or phrases?
3. Tell long anecdotes?
4. Say, "Oh, but I'm boring you!"?
5. Tell the plots of movies, books, plays?
6. Muscle in when others have the floor?

If you don't do any of these things, nor commit kindred faults, if your best friend has never leaped to his feet muttering, "Was that the phone?" during your story about Aunt Hortense and the naked burglar, if the hostess has never jumped in on one of your commas with, "Oh, *do* have another mutton chop!"—then this article is not for you. You are probably a brilliant conversationalist and reading this will only make you self-conscious about your virtues.

But if, on the other hand, some of your best stories fall flat, if you wonder why the Joneses didn't telephone, if you take ten minutes to say good-bye, if you punctuate your talk and the talk of others with "Oh, that reminds me . . ."—then this is for you. No harm will come to you if you stay on to the end of this conversation clinic.

At first glance it would seem that a conversation clinic's chief customers would be the uneducated, the inarticulate, the socially delinquent. But this is not the case. The humbler breeds of mankind often acquit themselves admirably in conversation. Their speech fits their personalities. It is the educated, the clever, the intelligent who make a mess of conversation.

The reason is not far to seek. The simple man with simple ideas and prejudices, with an uncomplicated personality, expresses himself with a minimum of difficulties. The superior man with richer thoughts, a more richly inflected personality, finds self-expression no easy problem. What's more, he rarely faces the fact that conversation *is* a problem.

Curious when we come to think of it how the whole subject of conversation has never been adequately explored. Most of us give more time to it than any other activity. It brings us more pleasure than dancing, playing tennis, buying bonds, eating mango salad. It is the greatest single weapon we possess in our skirmish with the world. By our speech we attract others or repel them. We buy and sell, woo and win, cajole others to do our bidding and yet we pay as much attention to it as to archery or Greek verbs.

Our conversation is more important than our looks, our clothes, the size of our muscles, our sex appeal. We do all sorts of things about our looks even unto plastic surgery. We select our clothes with care (whether we own up or not), we exercise our muscles hoping to look like Sandow, we . . . but never mind what we do about our sex appeal. The main thing is we do nothing about our conversation. Unless, of course, we have a spasm of ambition, buy a book about Chinese art or Nazi etiquette and then proceed to spray dinner tables with our erudition. Most of us merely open the mouth and think the matter will take care of itself.

It doesn't. That is why dinner tables are swarming with bores, why corporations save money by installing dictaphones, why bridge was invented, why the most careful of us sometimes see our friends looking like dying gladiators. To think we understand conversation just because we possess the gift of speech is as silly as to think we could write an epic poem because we can write letters or we could play Brahms' *Waltz in A major* because Uncle Abel left us a violin.

Perhaps it would be better for all of us before going into the P's and Q's of the matter, to admit that conversation is an explosion of the ego. Stevenson said "All natural talk is a festival of ostentation; and by the laws of the game each accepts the vanity of the other." He offended the idealists but he had the right idea. Better scrutinize the wall before putting on the decoration. For most of us, talk is the only means of self-expression. We are always in the market for good listeners; they are powerful tonics to our ego.

Our ego does not explode with the same force in conversation as it does, for instance, in committing a murder or falling in love. But whereas most of us go through life without committing a murder, and most of us fall in love at rarish intervals, we talk every chance we get. It's a perfectly natural impulse, a perfectly legitimate way to keep the ego properly inflated. But to get the full good out of it, it should be done properly. If we are going to snare others into listening to us, we ought to give them a good time, too. Unlike diplomacy or deer hunting, it's a game where fair play pays good dividends.

The technique of conversation has been neglected but the average man has heard one thing about it and likes to repeat it on the slightest provocation. It is this: "Conversation is a dead art."

This is nonsense, twaddle and balderdash. Men of all ages have damned their contemporaries and glorified the conversation of another age. The Greeks envied the Egyptians. Epictetus thought conversation went to the dogs in the age of Nero, which was, of course, his own age. Swift thought he had fallen into a barren era and he liked to think of the days of Charles I. French royalists were certain that the Revolution destroyed the art of conversation.

But looking back today we can ask ourselves: if conversation is dead, when was it alive? The Greeks? Look at the records of Socrates' conversations and groan. The French salons? Read the records and you will not only thank God you escaped that era but you will threaten to exterminate the first woman who chirps about forming a salon in New York, Chicago or San Francisco.

The salons knew conversation as a series of arranged monologues. One customer stood the torments of the damned from another because he knew that by the rules of the game his turn would come.

In that age the world was attuned to discomfort. Clothes, furniture, sanitary arrangements, heating equipment, habits of social

Continued on page 179

RODNEY deSARRO

Never Come Monday

**"Oh, it's very, very nice, Yes it's very,
very nice, To get your breakfast in
your bed on Sunday mo-o-o-o-orning"**

by ERIC KNIGHT

▪ FICTION ▪

THE first one to notice it was old Capper Wambley. And Capper was a very important man. He was the knocker-up in the village of Allerby Brig—that is to say, he got up early every morning and went round with his pole, tapping on the bedroom windows and waking up the people in time for them to get to work. And this particular morning old Capper knew there was something wrong.

He felt it first as he stepped outside his cottage and coughed in the dark to clear his lungs, and looked up at the sky to see what kind of weather it was. He felt that there was something wrong with the day, and then he decided what it was. It was still Sunday.

For a moment or two he felt fair flabbergasted at this, for he remembered that the day before had been Sunday, too.

"Ba gum," Capper said to himself. "This is a champion do, it is an' all. No doubt summat should be done."

Now old Capper Wambley was very old, so he sat down on the edge of the curb, and after a while he came to the conclusion that what ought to be done was to think about it. So he began thinking about the very strange event.

"Now," he said to himself, "it don't seem reasonable and proper that we should hev two Sundays in a row. Let us see if we can get it sorted out. Now the thing for a chap to do to prove it, is to decide what is the difference between a Sunday morning and a weekday morning."

Old Capper thought and thought, and he saw that the only difference between the two was that on a weekday morning he wakened the people up, and on a Sunday morning he didn't.

"So, if Ah doan't wakken the village up this morning, it IS a Sunday morning," he said to himself.

Of course, it took old Capper a long time to figure this out, because you can see it was no light matter. Here was one man, as you might say, who was holding the calendar in his hands. It was a very important decision. But once Capper had decided, he knew he must be right, for he was a Yorkshireman.

"Because Ah'm net wakkening onybody, it maun be a Sunday morning. And because it's a Sunday morning, Ah maun't wakken onybody up. So no matter which way a lad looks at it, the answer cooms out that it's Sunday."

But now he had decided it was Sunday, Capper saw that not wakening people up might not be sufficient. "Some of them may wake up of their own accord," he thought, "and not knowing this is the second Sunday in a row, will go walking down to the mill. And God knows they have to get up early often enough, and it would be a tarrible shame not to let them have this extra piece of rest that is so miraculously sent."

So old Capper got up slowly from the curb, and went stomping down the street, and stopped at his first call, which was the home of John Willie Braithwaite, who was the fireman at the mill. Old Capper got his long pole with the trident of wire at the end and lifting it so that the wire rested against the upstairs window pane, began twirling and twisting the pole in the palms of his hands so that the wire clacked and chattered fit to wake the soundest sleeper.

Soon the window went up, and John Willie Braithwaite's head popped out of the window.

"Ah'm wakkened," John Willie said. "Whet time is't?"

Now old Capper could see that John Willie wasn't awake, but was just moving in his sleep the way men did from their tiredness and weariness of getting up before dawn. But he knew it didn't matter this morning.

"Ah just wakkened ye to tell ye it's another Sunday morning," old Capper said. "Soa tha c'n goa on back to bed an' sleep i' peace."

At this John Willie Braithwaite closed the window and went back to bed and got in beside his wife without ever having really wakened up. Meanwhile old Capper was on his rounds, busily going up and down the village in the not-yet-dawn, rapping and tapping on all his customers' windows, and telling them they needn't get up because it was still Sunday.

Naturally, the news caused quite a little bit of a fuss. Some people gladly went back to sleep, but others woke up and got dressed, remembering that the day before had been Sunday. They packed their breakfasts and put on their clogs and their smocks and their shawls and went clacking up the streets until they got by the Green, and there they saw old Capper Wambley.

"Now lad," they said, "whet's t'idea o' telling us this is another Sunday?"

"Well, it is," Capper said.

"How does'ta know it is?" Golliker Dilkes asked him.

"Ah can't explain it, but Ah'm full sure summat varry wonderful has happened, and it is," old Capper told them.

Some people were inclined to believe Capper, and some were not.

"Now lewk here, Capper," Golliker said, "Ah doan't but admit that it does seem Sundayish, like, but how are we off to be sure?"

Old Capper thought a while. Then he saw the answer.

"Well, here's the way us can tell," he said. "Now if this be a weekday, the mill whistle'll blaw the fifteen minutes, wean't it?"

"Aye," they agreed.

"But if it be a Sunday, like Ah say, the mill whistle wean't blaw the fifteen minutes, will it?"

They all agreed that was true. So they stood round old Capper, who had one of the few watches in the village, and they waited. They all looked at his watch and saw it said twenty to six, then nineteen to six, then eighteen and seventeen and sixteen. And the second hand went round and finally it said quarter to six. But no whistle blew—largely because John Willie Braithwaite who was supposed to be there at 5:30 and get up steam and pull the whistle cord, was still home and sleeping warmly beside his wife.

"Well," old Capper says. "That shows it maun be a Sunday again, and now ye can all away hoam and get another hour's sleep."

So they all went home, glad to get another hour's sleep, and full of praises for old Capper because he had had the sense to perceive that it was another Sunday instead of a Monday morning.

Old Capper went off home himself, and was just making himself a little bit of breakfast, when Rowlie Helliwell came in.

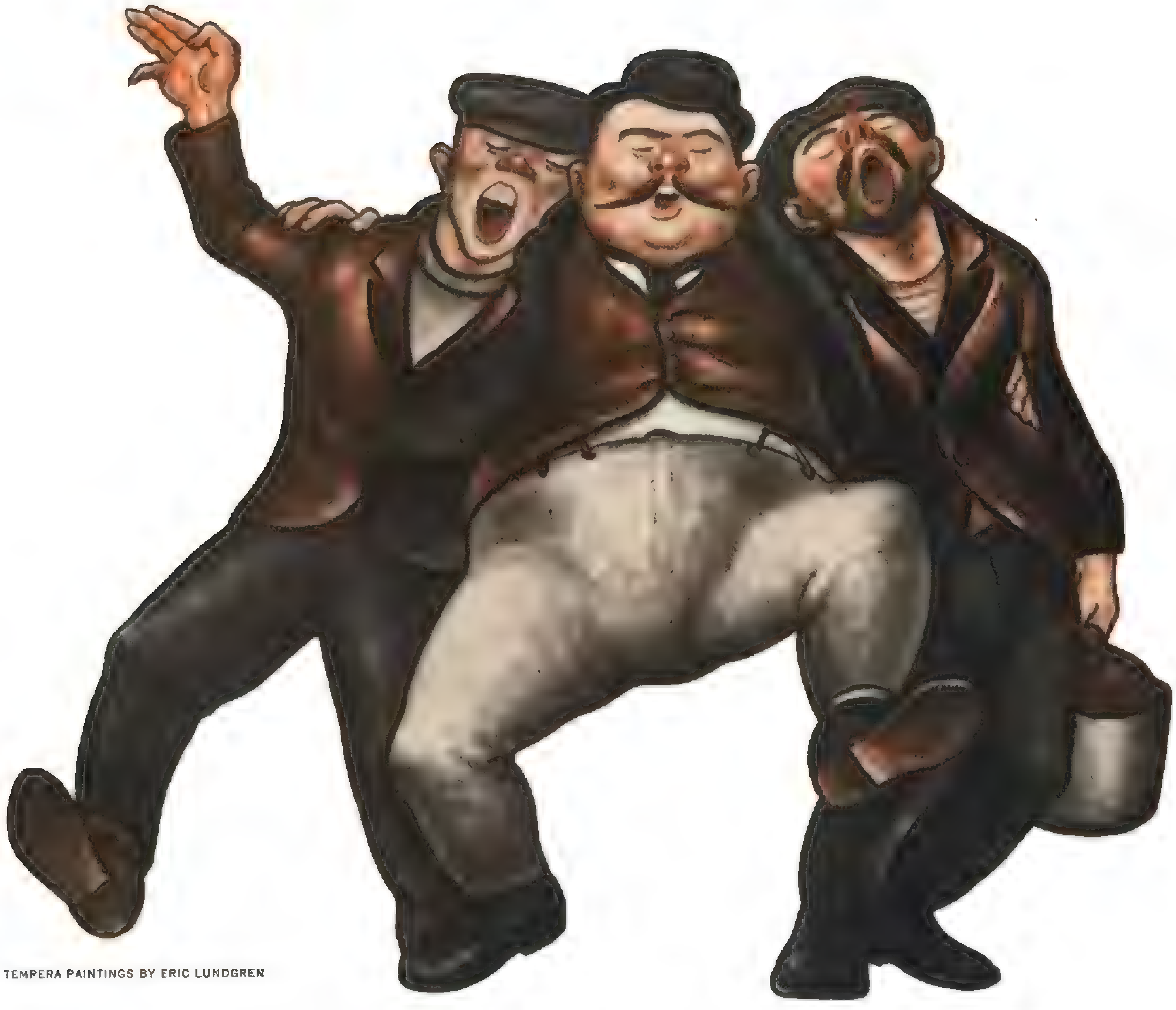
"Capper," Rowlie said, "Ah hear that tha discovered this is another Sunday."

"Aye, that's soa," Capper replied.

"Well," Rowlie went on, "isn't heving two Sundays in a row just a varry little bit irregular, as tha maught say?"

"It is that, lad," Capper told him. "But tha maun remember us is living in varry unusual times."

"We are that," Rowlie



TEMPERA PAINTINGS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

agreed. "And Ah'm glad tha discovered it in time. For if tha hedn't, Ah would ha' gone and rung the school bell like a gert lummox, thinking it were a Monday. But now Ah know it's a Sunday, Ah maun goa and ring the church bell."

"Ah should say that all sounds right and proper to me," old Capper agreed.

"Me too," Rowlie said. "And Ah thank thee for saving me from a gert mistake."

"Eigh, it's nowt, lad," old Capper said modestly.

So away went Rowlie, and Capper settled down to his breakfast, but he was soon interrupted again. Some of the villagers, all dressed in their Sunday clothes, came up and told him that people from other villages who worked at the Allerby Brig mill were at the mill-gates insisting it was Monday. So Capper picked up a bit of bloater to eat on the way and went down there and told the people it was Sunday.

"But if it's Sunday in Allerby Brig, what day is it i' Wuxley Green?" someone asked.

"Aye, and i' Rombeck an' Tannerley?" someone else added.

"Well, happen it's Sunday theer, too," Capper told them. "Only you didn't notice it. When two Sundays come in a row ye could hardly blame a chap for mistaking the second one for Monday. Soa Ah advise ye to goa back and enjoy Sunday."

"Well," said Tich Mothersole, "Ah'm reight glad to hev another day o' rest; but Ah wish Ah'd known it afore Ah started, because ma Mary Alice allus brings me ma breakfast to bed o' Sunday morning."

"Nay, if tha hurries tha's still time enow to gate hoam and pop back into bed," the Capper pointed out. "Then the minute thy wife sees thee theer she'll knaw it's a Sunday and she'll up and hev a bit o' bacon o't' fire i' noa time."

They were just ready to move away when Mr. Bloggs arrived. Mr. Bloggs was late, but then that didn't matter, because he lived in another town, and Mr. Bloggs owned the mill.

"'Ere, 'ere, 'ere, my good men," he said. "What's all this, 'ey? What's the idea you aren't all in the mill?"

So they explained to him that a second Sunday had arrived.

"Why, what nonsense," he said. "When I left 'ome it was a Monday. 'Ow can it be Sunday 'ere when it was a Monday in Puttersleigh?"

"Ah doan't knaw," old Capper said. "Unless," he added slowly, "it happens to be Sunday in Puttersleigh, too, and tha didn't realize it."

"It's Monday, I tell you. Come on in to work," Mr. Bloggs shouted. "How can it be two Sundays in a row?"

"It's Sunday," they said.

"It's not. It's Monday. And any man 'oo ain't in this mill in five minutes, is discharged."

"It's Sunday," they said.

"How can it be Sunday?" he shouted, "it's impossible."

He stared at them, and just then they heard the boom—boom—boom, of the church bell ringing for Matins.

"That proves," they said, "it's a Sunday, and it'd be a sin to work on Sunday."

So they all turned round and went back to their homes, leaving Mr. Bloggs alone by his mill gates. He stood there, shaking his head, and finally he clumped upstairs and opened the office himself and sat down all alone at his desk to think the whole matter out.

Meanwhile in the homes of the village the people knew that since it was a Sunday, they would have to do all the things that one does on a Sunday. The men rested at home in comfortable chairs, and the women started mixing Yorkshire puddings for the big noontime dinner. The children were dressed in their nicest clothes and instead of going to school, they went up to the church for Sunday School. Ethel Newligate, who taught the Sunday School, went with them. Mr. Sims, the schoolteacher, hearing the church bell, knew it must be Sunday and off he went to play the organ. Rowlie Helliwell was already there to pump the bellows. The church folk went up and stood in the pews. So the old Reverend Mr. Stoninghorn put on his cassock and surplice. He was a little puzzled as to whether it should be now the Fifth Sunday before Epiphany or the Fourth, but he compromised by giving the same service as he had done the day before, and preaching the same sermon. And many of the church folk said the sermon sounded a right lot nicer the second time than the first, because you could see just where it was going, in a manner of speaking.

All this time, of course, the mill was closed, but Mr. Bloggs wasn't idle. He picked up his telephone, which was the only one in the village, and asked the operator to get him the Greenwich Observatory. Mr. Bloggs always liked to be exact. When he got them he asked them what day it was, and they told him that it was Monday.

Armed with this fact, Mr. Bloggs went out and met the people just as they were coming out of church.

"Now see here," he said. "It's no use pretending. This is a Monday."

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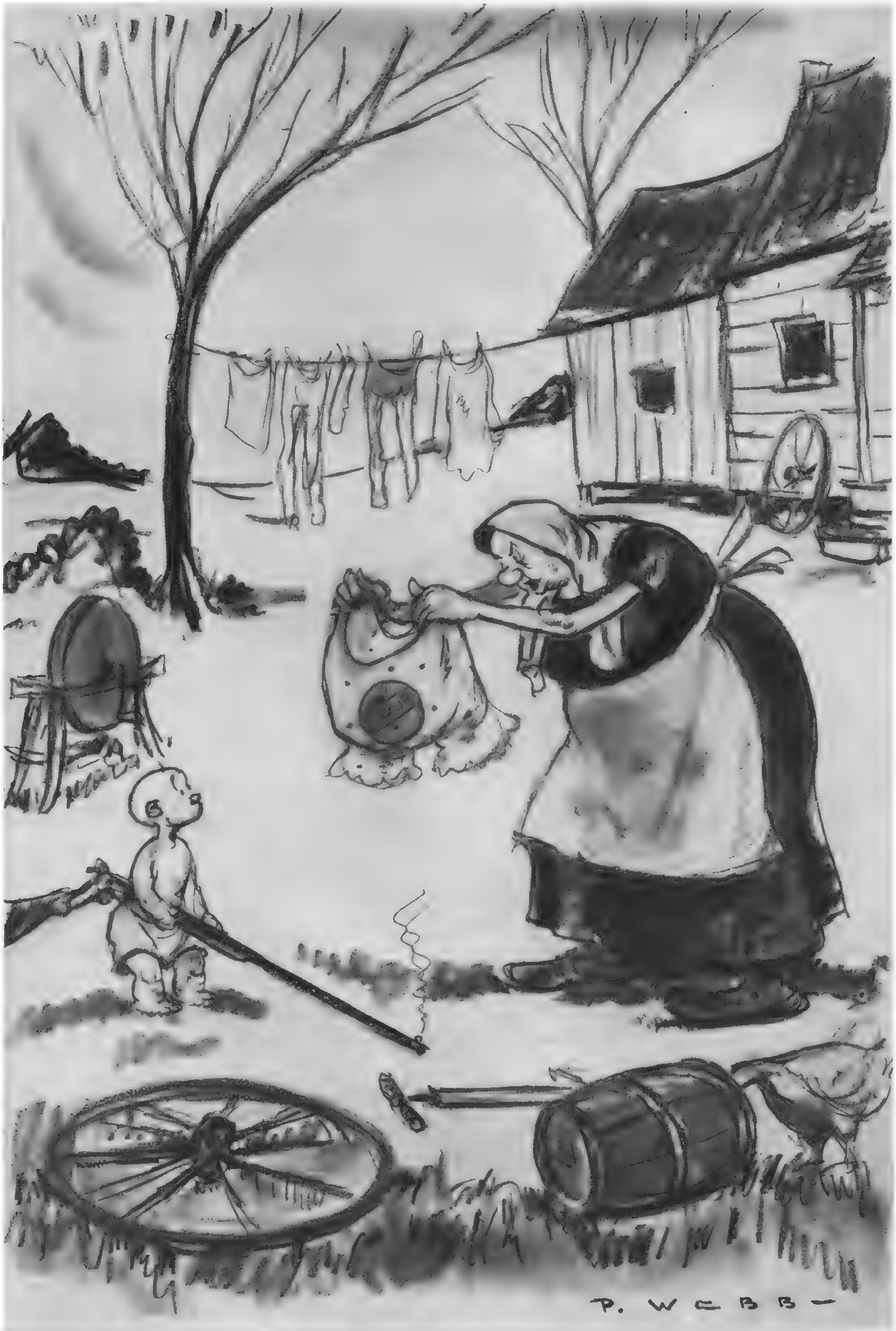


"Dangnation, Oncle Rafe—you been usin' mah pretties fer target practice?"

Pinch as Pinch Can

Coming from a crude, raw country we can not fully understand this impersonal chivalry of the Latins

by CREIGHTON PEET

• SATIRE •

For years and years—ever since women found out about ocean voyages—they have been debarking on the home shores full of windy conversation about those wonderful foreign men. You see, they understand women. They are not just interested in sex. They realize that there can be such a thing as a fine spiritual relationship. Moreover, they have the grand manner. In fact, they are all born with it! They kiss the hand. They click the heels. They bow from the waist. They close the eyes to show moments of supreme spiritual exaltation the moment you come in the room. They pick up the handkerchief (and the girl) so that she feels like a countess or a queen. They have finesse, subtlety, soul! They understand clothes. They tell you you are the most beautiful woman on earth, and make you believe it, too.

But it is the little things that count. The courtly gesture, the never-failing gallantry and consideration, the flowers, the tender sentiments, the perfect gifts, small (and cheap) but in such *ex*-quisite taste, my dear! Those suave Frenchmen, those dashing Italians, those Roumanians, those Czechs, those Greeks and, ah, those bronzed Argentinians fresh from the pampas! Why, they have made a life study of woman's slightest desires and whims! As for you Americans, all you think of is money, money, money . . .

Being one of those coarse and ill-mannered Americans mentioned so frequently in song and story, I have made arrangements for a brief investigation into the experiences of a few young women recently returned from foreign parts. In order to hide their pretty blushes we put up a big screen at the right, and asked our case histories to step up one by one and answer a few frank questions. The stenographic report was as follows:

Q. Miss Millie, will you please take the stand?

A. Certainly, but I won't tell you any names!

Q. That's all right; you wouldn't be able to.

A. Did I come all the way from Iowa just to be insulted?

Q. Not at all. Now Miss Millie, will you please be perfectly honest and aboveboard in your answers? All we want to know is whether you were pinched while you were in Europe?

A. Why, I don't know . . . what do you mean . . . where . . .?

Q. On the rump or buttock, Miss Millie. Does this detail refresh your memory?

A. Oh yes, now I think I know what you mean. Yes, mostly that was in Paris.

Q. Miss Millie, will you please tell us what you did to attract this kind of attention?

A. Why nothing at all, you nasty fellow! I would just be walking along the street minding my own business, and then I'd feel somebody pinch me . . .

Q. Please be more specific, Miss Millie. *Who* pinched you—and did this person speak to you afterwards?

A. Why, no, that was the funny part of it. I never could see who these men were. As soon as I would turn round they would vanish.

Q. Were you mad?

A. Of course I was furious! Why, if I had ever caught one of those fresh French mashers I would have called a gendarme so fast!

Q. Were any of your girl friends similarly annoyed?

A. Oh yes! Why, all the girls in our party were insulted in just the same way, and in just the same place, too!

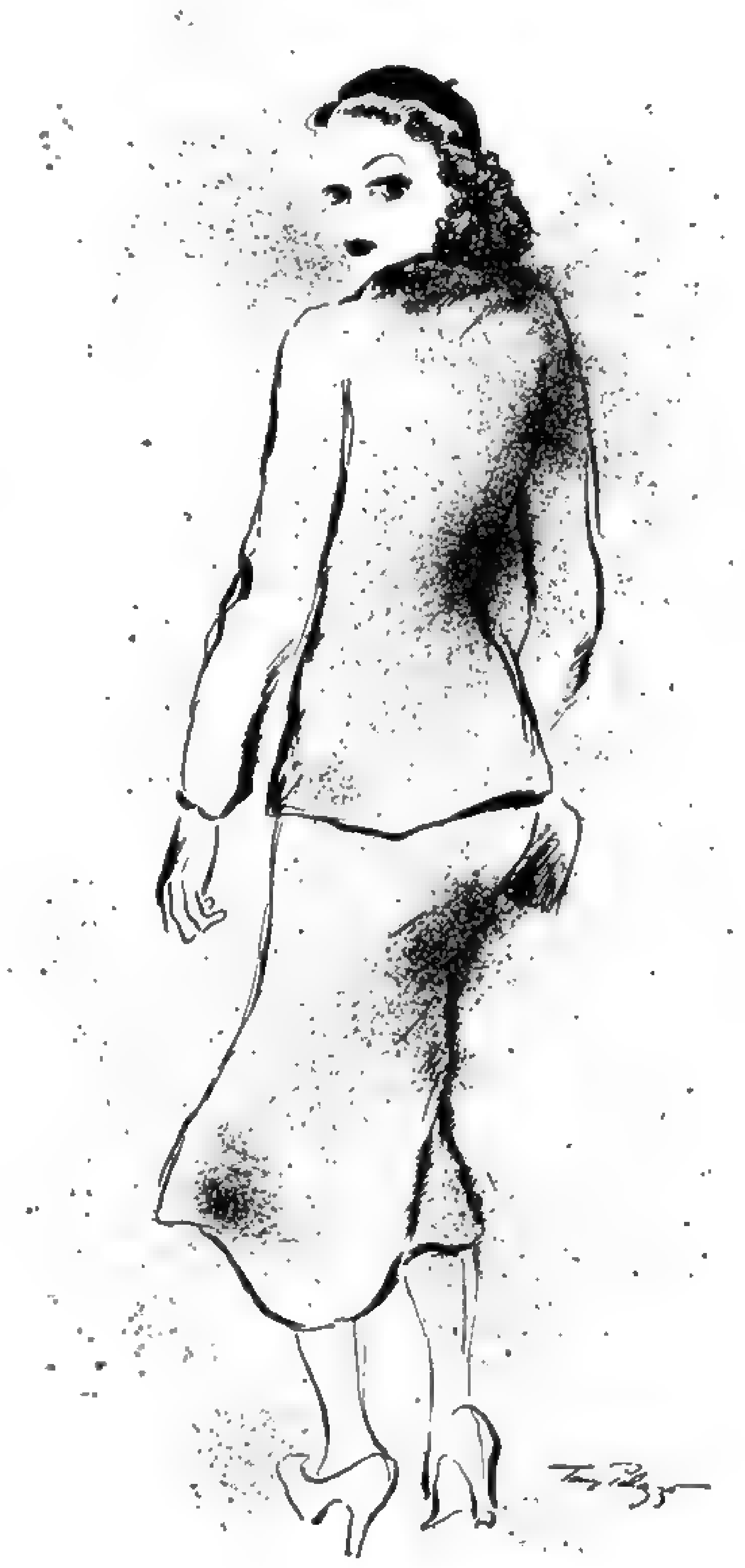
Q. My goodness, that's terrible, Miss Millie! Did you complain to anybody?

A. Well, no, of course we couldn't, exactly. I mean, you can't go to the American Express or the man at Cook's and say you were insulted.

Q. Then you definitely consider a pinch on the posterior to be insulting?

A. Why of course! What a question! No nice girl allows strange men to put their hands on her.

Q. Well, Miss Millie, we can see you have been through a terrible ordeal. And now if you will step down we will hear from Monsieur Dubois. By way of explanation I might say that M. Dubois has been selected by a Committee of French Mayors as the Average Respectable young Frenchman. He is, say his credentials, *un jeune homme serieux*, and no bum. M. Dubois, will you please tell us why your countrymen go about the streets pinching pretty women?



A. Because they like it! It makes them happy! But it means nothing. It is merely a gallant gesture—a sort of compliment.

Q. Then you wouldn't say that individuals who do this pinching are in any way abnormal . . . would you call them degenerate?

A. Oh, but certainly not! There is nothing personal in a pleasant little pinch! It is merely a gesture of good will. In the case of the charming Miss Millie I would even say *international* good will! But all young men with any spirit pinch pretty girls! It is gallant!

Q. Thank you very much M. Dubois. Now if you will step down we will hear from Mr. Smith, 100 per cent, solid oak, guaranteed all-wool American. He is absolutely standard in all respects; played football in college, and has a car, radio, wife and lodge cards. Mr. Smith, could you please tell us what you think of men who pinch girls on the street?

A. Not with ladies present.

Q. May we assume you think poorly of public pinchers?

A. If anybody pinched a girl near me I'd knock him into the middle of next week!

Q. Your enthusiasm denotes a commendable blood count, Mr. Smith. And what do you think should be done with those persons after you have given them the works?

A. They should be locked up in a psychopathic ward . . .

M. Dubois: (*Interrupting*) But my dear fellow, you do not understand. What harm is there in a friendly little pinch? I notice that in America the boys on the street corner call out "Hi babe" when a pretty girl goes by. It is the same as pinching.

Mr. Smith: I think maybe you need a good sock on the nose—insulting American womanhood that way.

Q. Thank you gentlemen, thank you! And now if you will both step out into the alley to knock out each other's teeth, we will hear from Mlle. Dactylo who lives in Paris and is a secretary-stenographer. Mlle. Dactylo, have you ever been pinched as you walked along the boulevards?

A. Oh my, yes, many times every morning on the way to work, and later, on the way home.

Q. Do you feel that you have been insulted?

A. Not at all. On the contrary . . . well . . . you see some of the girls in the office never get pinched at all!

Q. Would you go so far as to say it was a compliment?

A. Not exactly—but it just shows the boys are still interested.

Q. Now tell us perfectly frankly, Mlle. Dactylo, do you ever speak to these pinchers?

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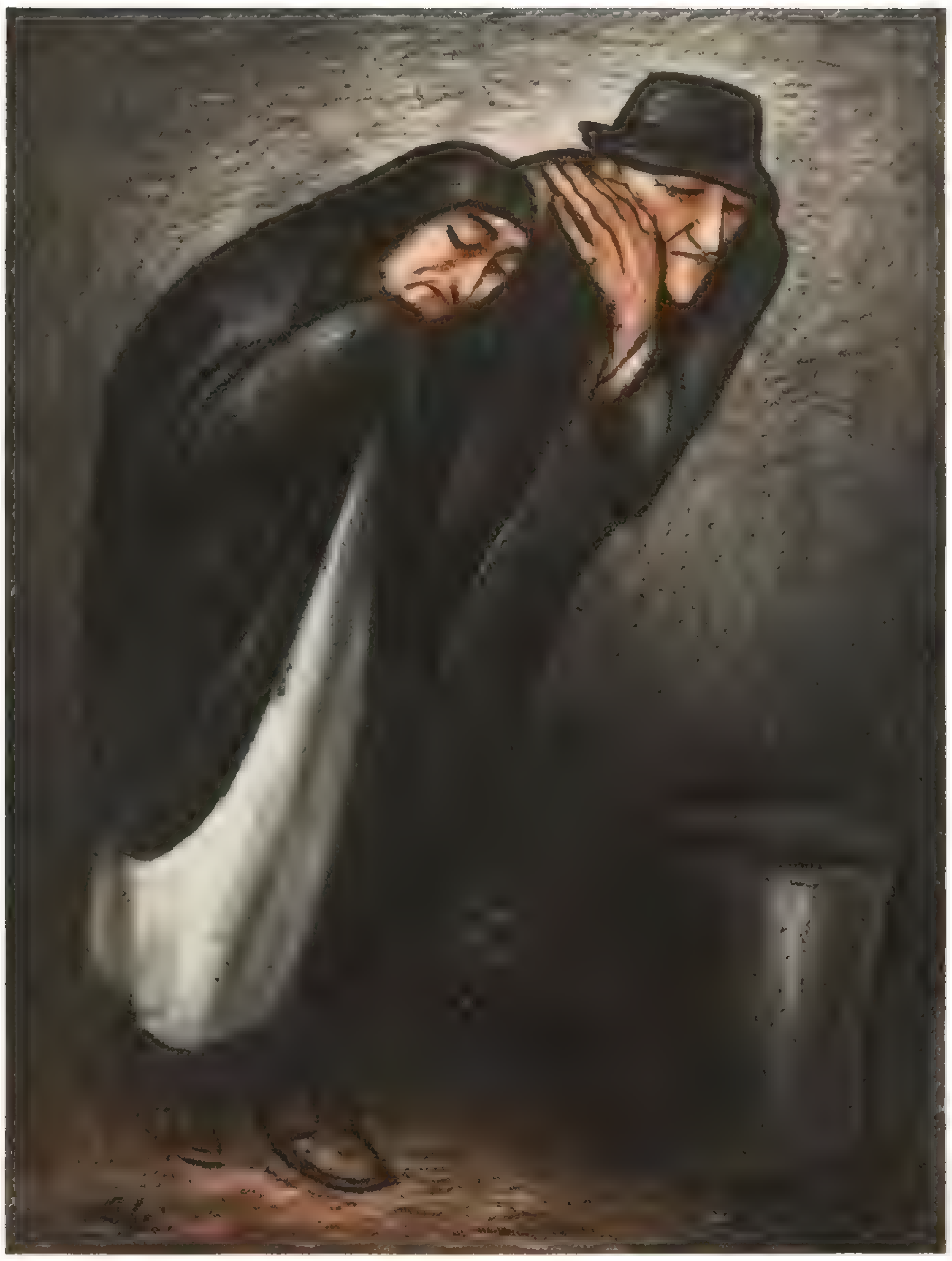


Four Poems

by GEORGE SLOCOMBE

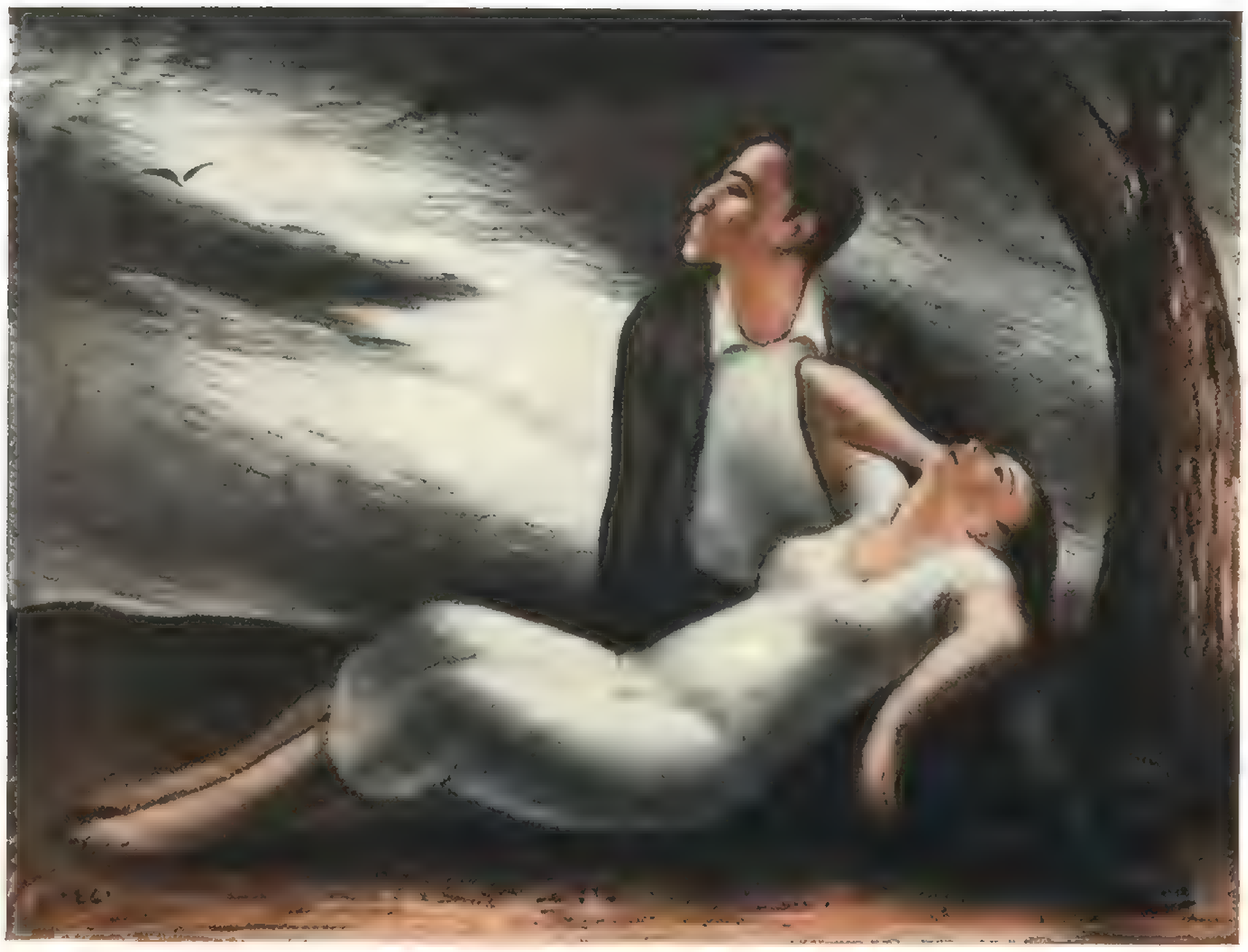
DRAWINGS *by* ERIC LUNDGREN

HIGH TIDE

We are young no longer; we have passed the springing
Season, and all the wild brilliance of the year.
We are young no longer, and the blood runs singing
Less stridently in heart and throat and ear.

Springtime is past, but all the months of summer
Promise the heat and languor of the sun.
The drums of desire are muffled and the drummer,
Replete, resplendent, dreams his course is run.

Not yet the ebbing tide, if not the flowing,
The sea beats high and loud upon the shore.
Deepest in hue the day before the going
Down of the sun. Then dusk, and day no more!



THE LARK IN APRIL

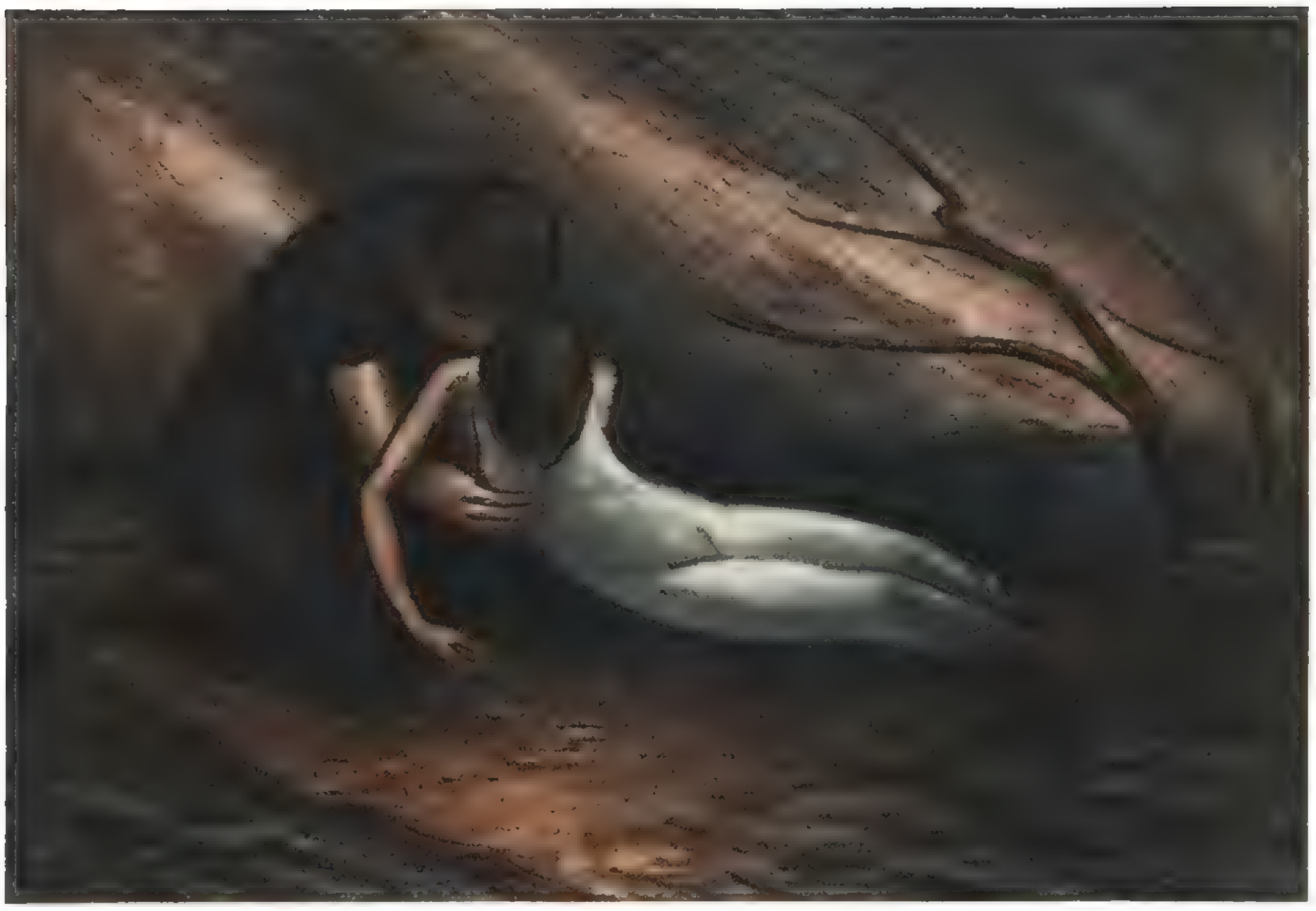
All night the crickets in the marsh
Made their maddening music, like
the jangling
Of little bells. All night the harsh
Croak of the frogs,
Filling the room with a waking
world's alarms,
Silenced our wrangling.
And we lay and stared into the
murmurous night
And listened to the bark,
Remote, reproachful, upon heedless
farms,
Of kenneled dogs.

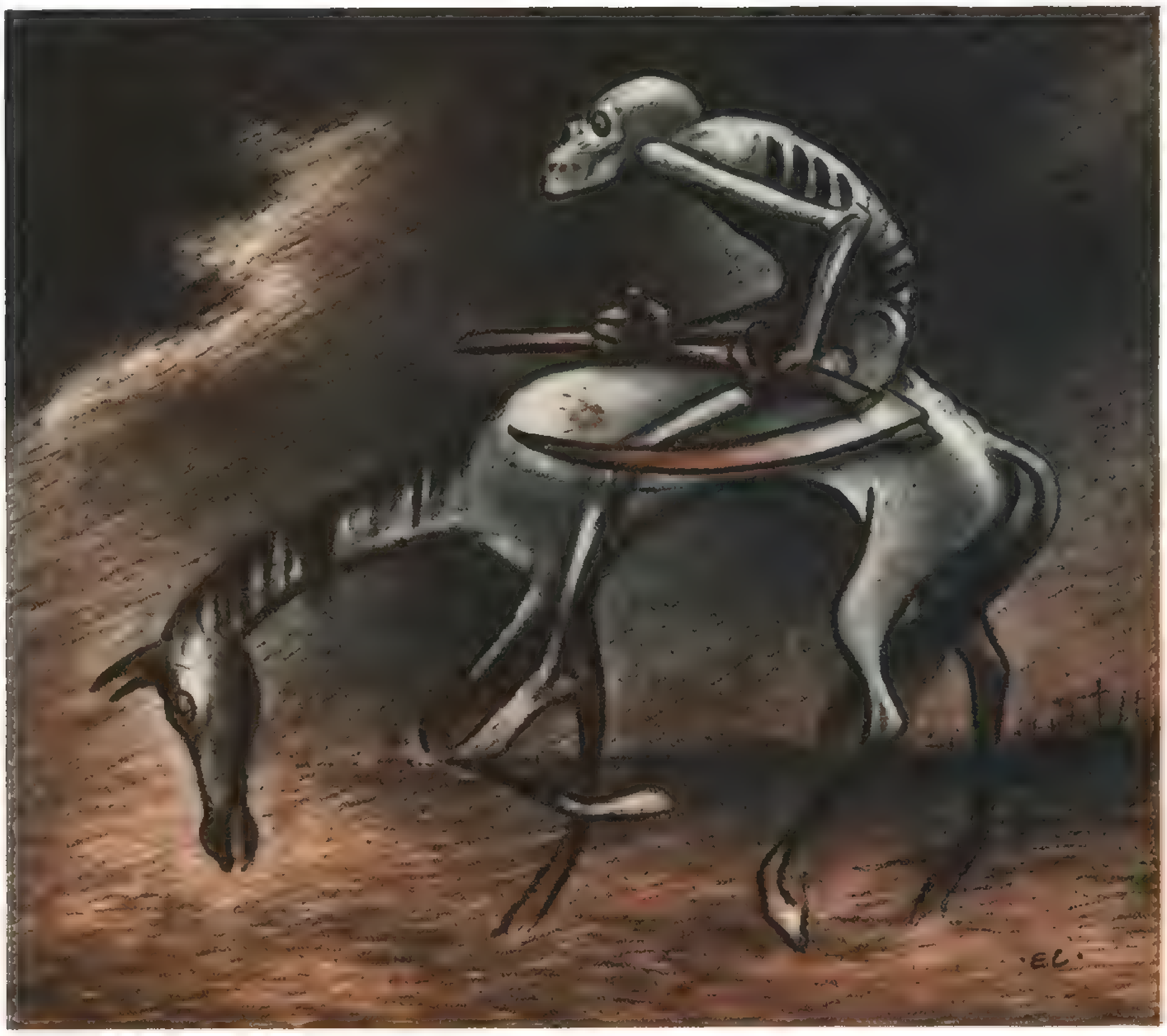
In the morning the world was filled with sudden light.
The road stretched out before us, white
And dustless after the April rain.
The night's bitterness was forgotten and healed
And then a lark
Sprang
From the dewy field,
Rose in the thin air and sang
As never again.
And at the sound
You, weeping for too great joy, cried, "Hark!"
And lay flat upon the ground,
And cupping your young eyes watched the bird
Wing upwards and out of sight, and never stirred
Until the singer was gone and his song could no
longer be heard.

OHIO RIVER

Deep and still lie the waters of Lethe.
No murmurs rise
From the windless tops of the willows along the hidden shore.
Soundless the oarsmen; the bark glides on; the lone swimmer cries
Vainly his anguish; his lips are wordless; he struggles no more.

Turgid and yellow the flood, and moving upon the waters
Driftwood from the drowned cities: a torrent become a plain
Silent and wide as death, and secret-eyed as the daughters
Of Sisera. Ohio, the beautiful, has burst her banks again.





THE LOST GENERATION

You cannot escape us. We are the ten million
Numbered but nameless: the disinherited,
Doomed generation. We are the battalion
Lost but invincible. We are the dead!

Carve neither stone for us nor lying epitaph!
Let mass nor music echo in the nave!
The world that died with us is our memorial:
We lie together in a common grave.

By reddened rivers and by blackened forests,
On thundering parapet and reeking mire,
We ringed the earth with flame, we heaped its altars,
Our blood poured on the sacrificial pyre.

We have known passion and the love of woman
In our due season. We have known peace and war.
And now we lie in likeness less than human:
We lie triumphant, hate and love no more!

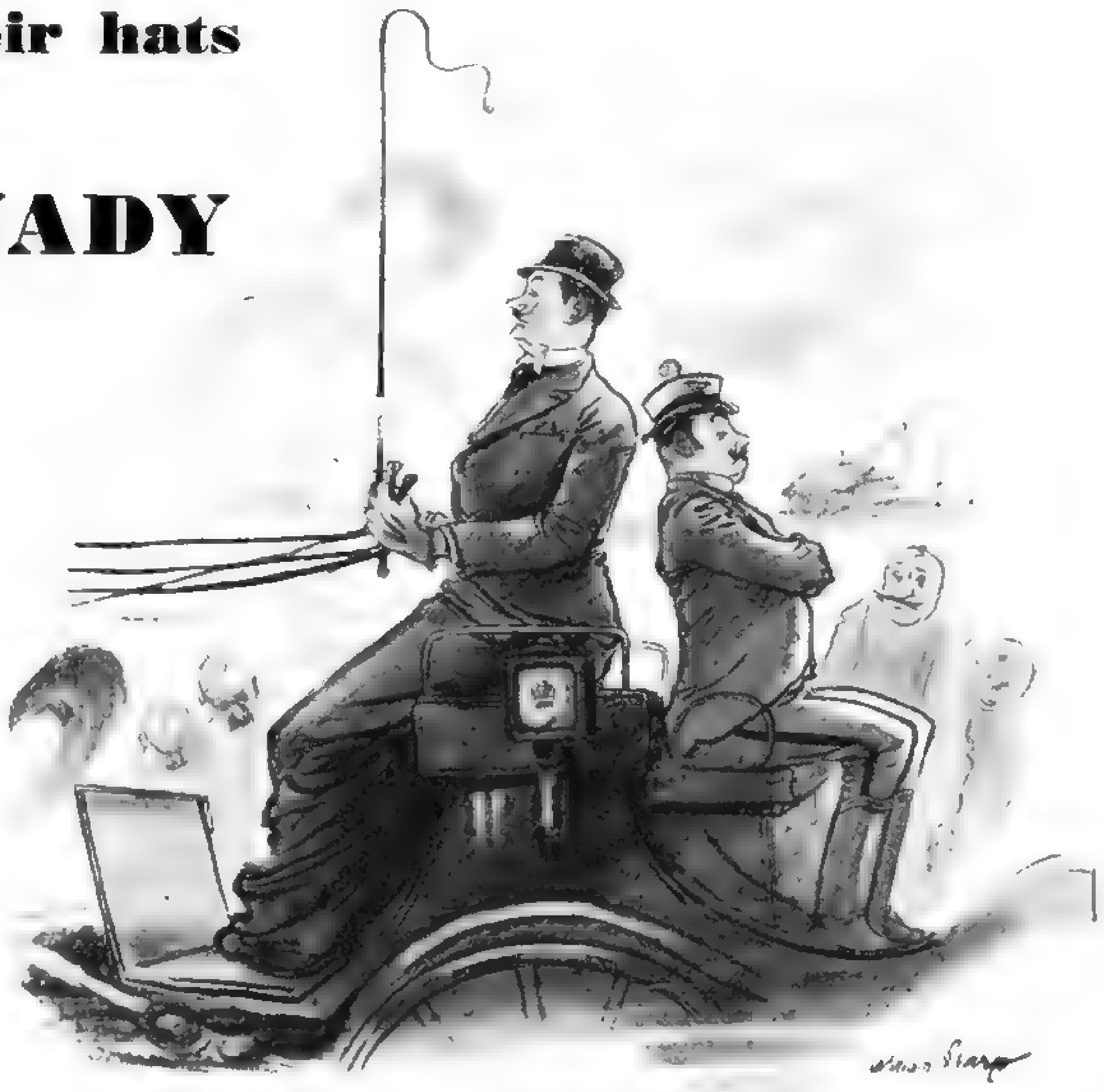
We are the victors. We have bridged the chasm
Between the living and the lost. We are no longer
Your fleshly buckler, braving for a spasm
The steely avalanche. We are the stronger!

Pomp and Its Circumstances

When His Excellency swept by with his coach-and-four the god-fearing people hastened to doff their hats

by SÁNDOR HUNYADY

• FICTION •



It was past five o'clock. The sun was still shining bright, but the warmth of the May day had already lost its intensity.

His Excellency, dressed for the village, but still very elegantly, was smoking on the terrace of his castle. Two thousand and four hundred *holds* belonged to his castle; the park behind it was a veritable little forest. In the front an English garden; ivy on the walls; an ornate coat-of-arms above the gate. Everything breathed the opulence of the landed aristocracy. Even the butler's bone-buttoned hunting livery, with the silver acorns sewn on the green upright collar.

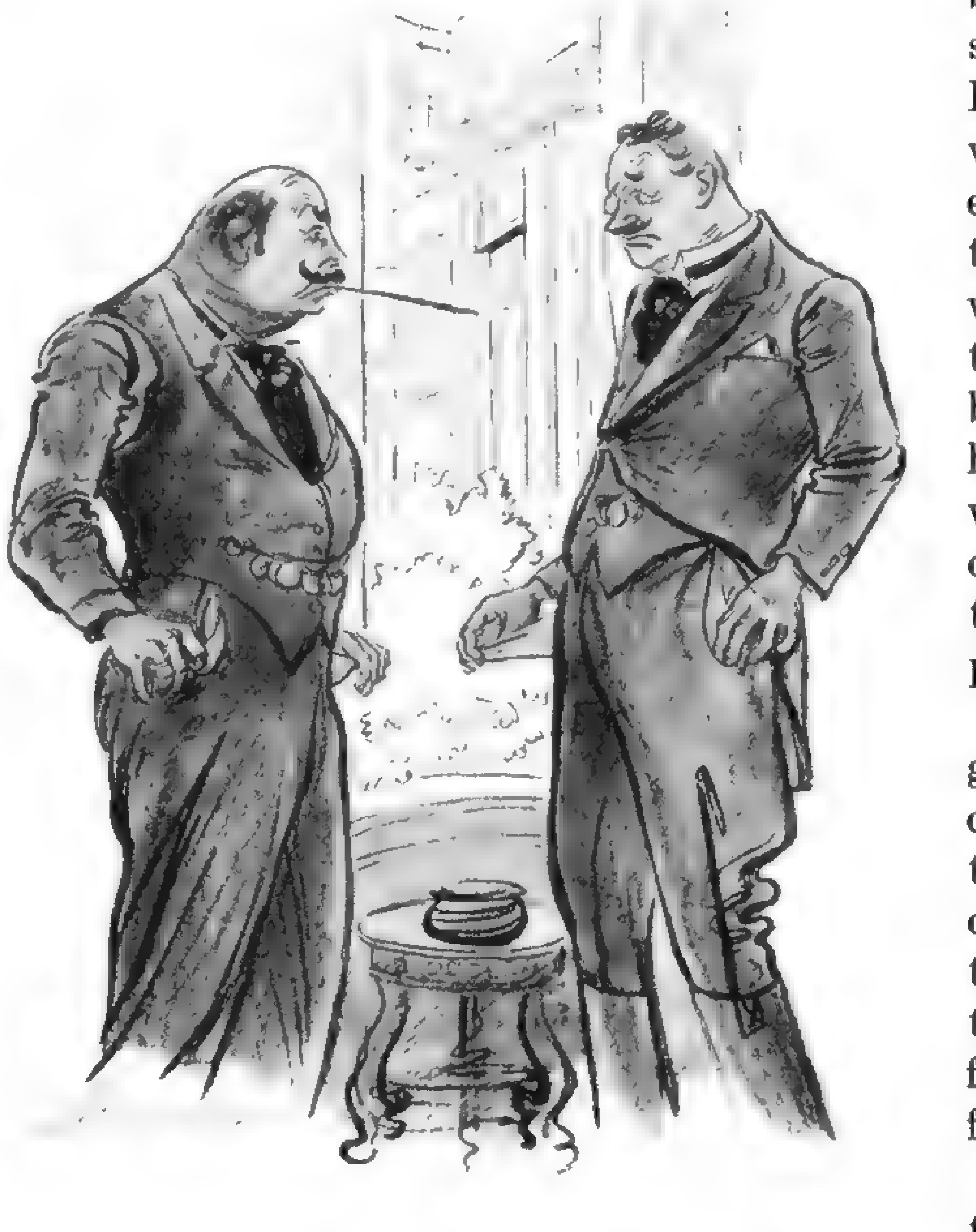
"Let Jancsi harness!" His Excellency ordered.

"Yes, sir! Which horses? What carriage?" the butler asked, standing at stiff attention, his white-cotton-gloved hands on the green braid of his trousers, in the military manner.

His Excellency let out two pondering smoke rings through his nose. He thought. Then his palms began tingling for the reins. It wasn't being done nowadays, perhaps it wasn't even proper to drive down the highway like that, but he felt like trying out his coach-and-four. Finally he made up his mind:

"The four dappled grays to the rubber-tired equipage!"

The shining-black, firmly built *Kölber* was rolled out from the coach house. From the stables they led forth the four dappled horses. A half-hour later the team was standing ready; the hair of the horses shone brilliantly. The silver initials were gleaming on the ornate harness. The big-moustached, gorgeous coachman climbed back into the flunkey's seat in his black-braided, plum-colored livery when he saw the thick English gloves on his master's hands. His Excellency wished to drive himself.



It had been a long time since it rained, and the bright dust rising from under the hoofs of the prancing horses, enveloped the equipage in a fine, dreamlike veil. His Excellency whistled softly to the four horses, whose leader seemed to be dancing, he was raising his hoofs so daintily. The coachman leaned out a little on the side to watch the gait of the horses:

"Csillag ought to be harnessed behind beside the thill, so that he could feel the weight of the coach a little more!" he advised solemnly.

His Excellency didn't answer, but he pondered over this advice. How would it be better? This or that way? Perhaps Jancsi was right. But this way the team showed up more beautifully. Csillag was somewhat smaller and lighter than the other three; he wouldn't cut a good figure in the back beside the thill.

The equipage rolled on amidst such worries. The expanding muscles of His Excellency's waist and lower arms were drawn pleasantly tight by the strong mouths of the four thoroughbreds. He looked at the fields on both sides. Yes, there would be a poor crop all over the country this year on account of the drought. His rye might as well be fed to the hogs, but his wheat and corn looked rather good. This was a blessed soil; even the dew was more intense on it. The fields had not been baked dry by the sun. Mentally His Excellency returned with a wink of his eye the greetings of the old herdsman who stood deep in the fields surrounded by splendid, big-horned cattle, and who respectfully took off his greasy hat as the equipage drove past.

His Excellency was going to make a call on Count Szentirmay, the neighbor landowner, whose four thousand *holds* and three villages began fifteen kilometers from his own estate.

He was already at the count's seat, in Puszta-Csüly. In the pious, god-fearing Catholic village the people took their hats off with ante-bellum humility as the equipage rolled down the main street. The team turned into the straight row of poplars which led up to the castle. Among the trees, far away, one could see the façade of the structure above the colonnade of the flower-bedecked terrace on which huge, red umbrellas shielded the chairs from the sun.

His Excellency was wondering: would he find Elluska at home? She was the younger, twenty-year-old daughter of his friend. Not as if he were in love with her. No matter what plans he might have had, he felt like an inveterate bachelor, with his war-worn forty-four years. But he was not the man to reject a little ebullient effervescence when it was there for the taking. One did not have to have evil intentions. There are such aimless joys in life.

The gravel screeched under the wheels on the drive in front of the terrace. His Excellency leaped from the box. The plum-colored, black-braided flunkey took the reins from him, and led the four foamy-mouthed, sweating thoroughbreds slowly toward the stables.

The whole family was together on the terrace. Their guest-spying eyes had been watching the team from far away. They had recognized it and waited for it.

Elluska laughed:

"What an aristocratic appearance! Driving a coach and four! And poor little me running around a barefoot girl!"

She had no stockings on her legs. Just a pair of old white tennis shoes on her bare feet. Her downy young legs exuded spring with their red mosquito-bites and freckles.

Her mother looked at the guest apologetically:

"This child is so lazy! Never wants to get dressed. Now she got what was coming to her!"

His Excellency said with the complete sincerity of his soul:

"Oh, on my account? I like her even this way!" and glanced at the bare, mosquito-bitten legs of the girl.

Rózsa, the elder daughter, interrupted coldly:

"Not on account of strangers, but just for her own self-respect she shouldn't be running around like this! Just like a Gypsy woman!"

Poor Rózsa was a little hunchbacked. When she spoke, the long, thin cords moved in her neck. She was dressed with great care; the way one dresses for a walk on the Danube

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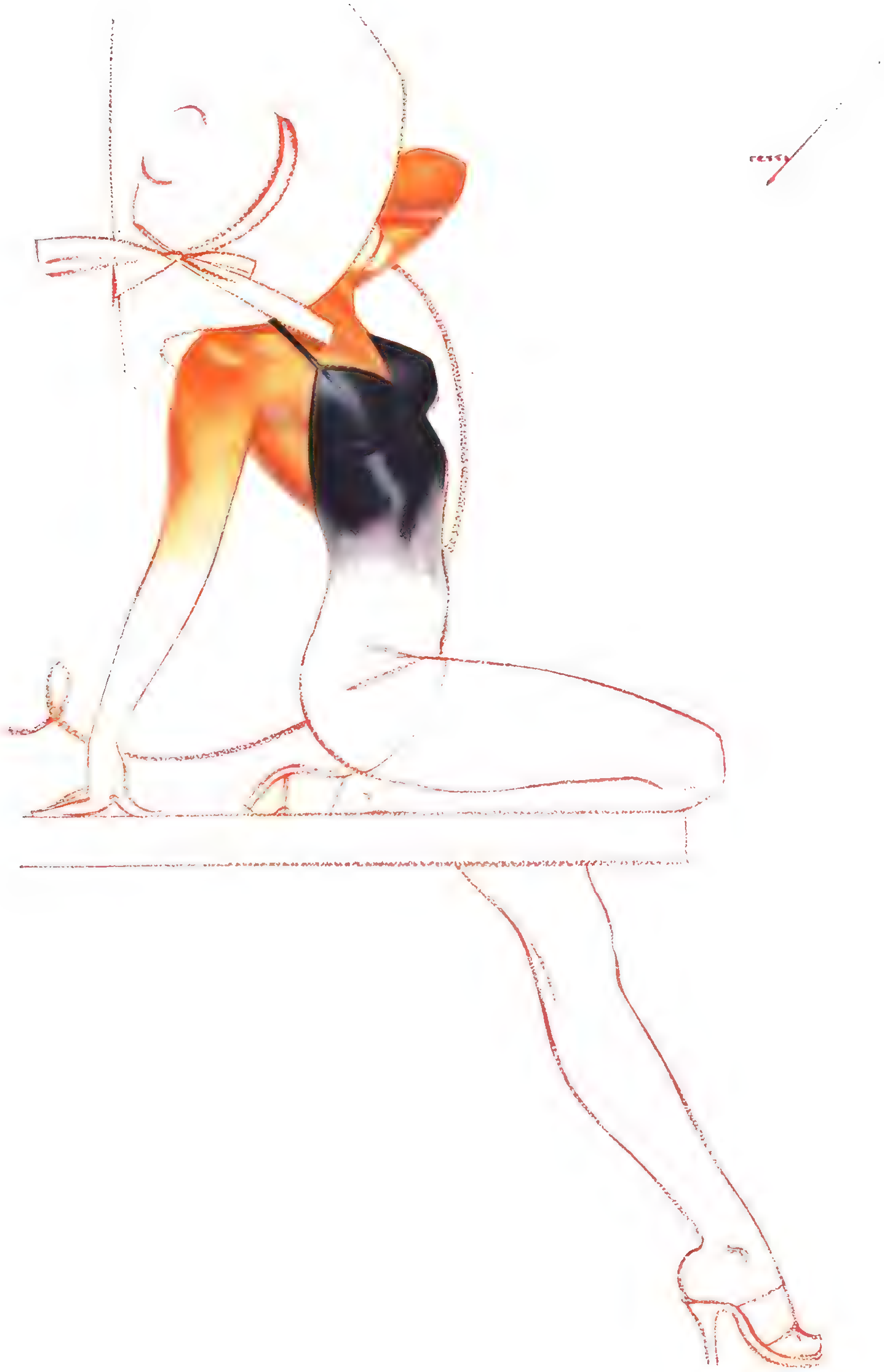
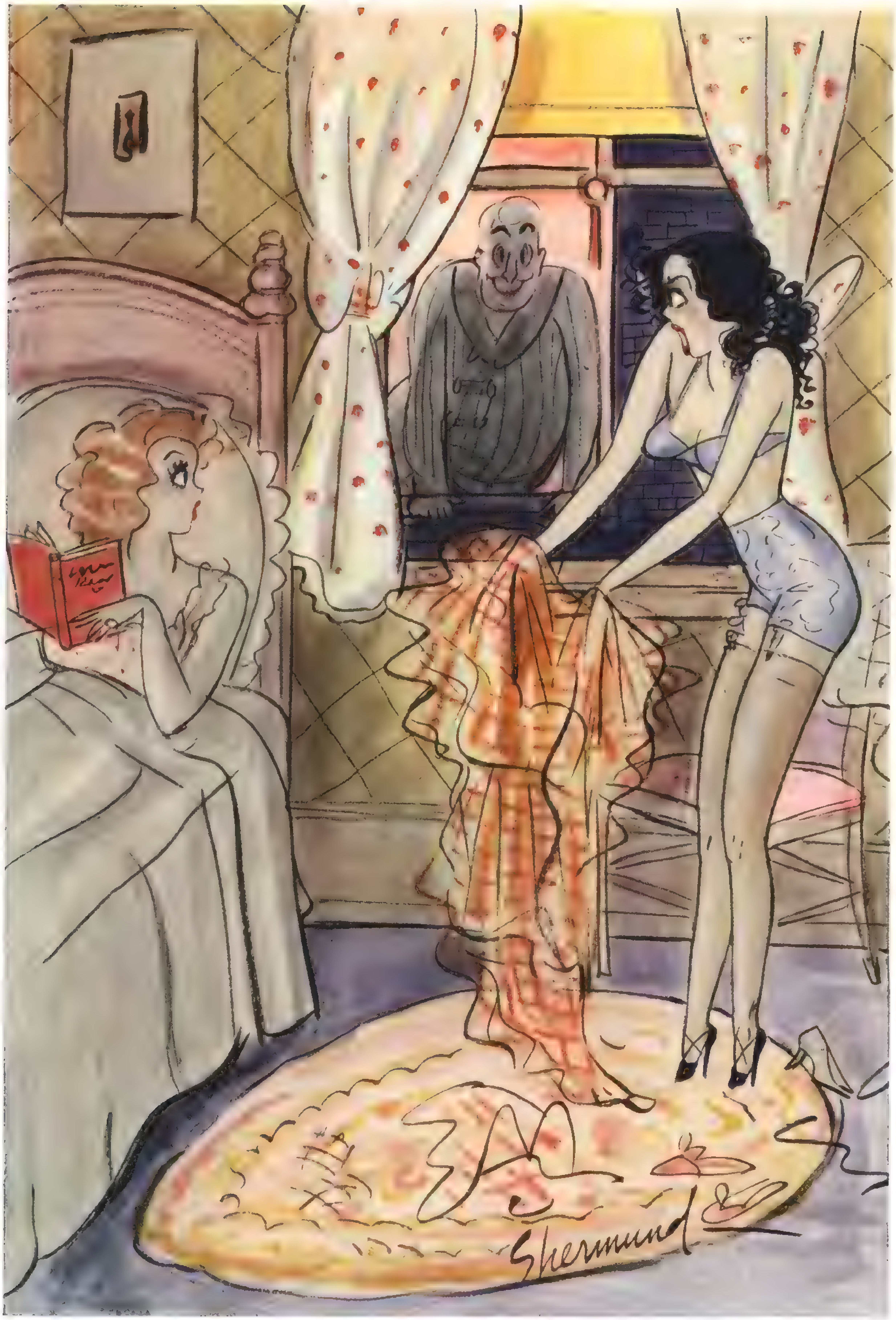


"Well, when I slapped him he had the nerve to say 'nothing ventured nothing gained'"



"Gaping again! Someday I'm going to get mad and pull down the shade"

One Nation on the Window Sill

The guy who talks to himself
is the only person who's sure
to have an attentive listener

by LAWRENCE MARTIN

▪ ARTICLE ▪

A YOUNG woman went about among her friends and acquaintances at every tea, reception and water-cooler conference she could crash. In the midst of the hello's, the how are you's, the well-well-Gretchens, Gretchen would say, in a flat, matter-of-fact tone: "Fine. I just killed my grandmother today."

The friends and the acquaintances took this monstrous confession in their stride. "Why, how nice." "Feeling a bit low myself." "Is that so? And how is Dick?"

The young woman had not, as a matter of fact, done a thing to her dear old granny. She was simply at a job of research in psychology, working on the hunch that a good deal of the time we don't hear what people say to us, or at us. She proved it. Only a few listened with more than a fraction of one ear and caught her off base.

The human mind is a sieve; it is, as a poetically-minded scientist of language once expressed it, a cobweb insecurely hung on twigs, trembling in every breeze, and sprinkled with dewdrops and dead flies. The dewdrops represent probably the more or less beautiful thoughts, and the dead flies are the Freudian things. Whatever is the right picture, the mind turns out, by every test, to be tricky and unreliable. It doesn't hear correctly; it doesn't see, and it fails to comprehend. By this time probably everyone except a few of the more backward Arkansas hill-billies has heard of the trick the psychologists play on themselves at their conventions. A mock murder or brawl is staged, after which the scientists are asked to write down what happened. They never get it straight; even those mind-experts seem to have minds like sieves and cobwebs. They fail to agree as to whether two shots or three were fired, who shot first, and whether he wore a bandanna kerchief or a derby hat. If you can't expect these choice intellects to work efficiently, you can't expect average minds to meet the test. Should you manage to stagger through this article you will probably have a different idea of its subject matter than the next Esquire reader; and if all Esquire readers could be polled on it, the result would be amazing and much more interesting than the article itself.

Seriously, we are all half-wits, in a manner of speaking, and the author of this humbly includes himself in the gang, only holding out for the higher brackets if possible.

II

It begins early in life, this human failure to grasp the fact. After years of reaching for the moon and Uncle Joe's whiskers, after years of handling rattles, kittens, and picture books, after years of listening to the cooings and scoldings of the elders, the child—that is, you and I back then—carries around with him a warped, distorted, and gibbous idea of the world, a lopsidedness which all the rest of life tries to remold and correct. The life of a child is lived in a kind of fog. Most things that go on around him he fails to understand. When he asks to be told he is shushed. Papa is tired. Mummy is busy. More often he muddles along, not thinking of asking.

Not to stray from the subject, which is the world of words, whose childhood has been so perfect in adaptation and understanding that he cannot recall strange aberrations, some not cleared up until only yesterday? In my neighborhood we had "lee" balls and "arrows." These terms gnawed at me through boyhood but it did not occur to me to go to an adult and get them cleared up. Not for many years did it dawn on me that the balls were "league" and the "arrows" were "errors."

Who hasn't, lingering in his childhood memory, at least one such case? Aunt Harriet, having asked Betty the usual silly questions—whose little girl are you, what is your name, where do you live—steps up the examination and inquires, "What is your country?" And Betty answers, "My country Tisanny." Howls from all the living room armchairs. The little angel has muffed the national anthem.

Another friend confides that into manhood he accepted the phrase, "the people next door," as being "the people next store," which as a kid bothered him frightfully when there was no store. Songs are a great source of muddle. "Admiral bold and daring" becomes "Admiral Bowman Dairy." The childhood of another friend was made less happy by the mishearing of "man disabled" in a Sunday school hymn for "mad gazabo." Another thought that "Nicodemus's slave was of African birth" made sense as "Nicodemus's slave was a fat-looking bird." Still another warped Schubert's song on Shakespeare's lyric from "Phoebus 'gins arise" to "feeble skins arise."

Patriotic societies which maintain that the country will go to pot if the kiddies fail to take their loyalty oath daily ought to look into this mental-sieve problem. One of my friends, who quite possibly will turn out to be a traitor in the war which is just around the corner, came out with "I pledge a legion to my flag," and out of "one nation indivisible" another wretch on my list of phone numbers built up "one nation on the window sill."

A few years ago a publisher made a ten-strike out of this febrile quality of the child mind breaking out in curious and ghastly boners, and in such popular esteem is this weakness of minds still held that newspaper syndicates keep on selling the stuff to lighten the more solemn boners of the editorial writers. "Queen Elizabeth was the Virgin Queen. As a queen she was a success." Some of these gargoyles bring us face to face with the fact that fools are often inspired and that out of the mouths of babes come the grimmest truths. "When we cross the Hudson river," says one cherub, "we get to the United States." "The conquest of Ireland began in 1170 and is still going on." "The courts of the United States are Superior, Nuptial and high courts."

A pupil who had probably never heard of insurgent senators opined that "The Constitution of the United States was adopted to secure domestic hostility." He might have been nearer right if he had gone further wrong and written it "adapted." Outspoken was the urchin who wrote in his exam: "Blockheads were the part cause of the war of 1812." One learns too what at first blush seems startling, that "Shavians were cruel barbarians. The Shavs were a Russian race with a Spartan sense of humor." There may be something in that.

The best example of how your mind and mine went haywire when we were oppressed children instead of oppressing adults comes out of Mark Twain's *English As She Is Spoke.* "Alfred the Great reigned 871 years and was noted for letting some cakes burn."

That long reign may be forgiven, but not the seriousness of the cake episode. Some-

Continued on page 121

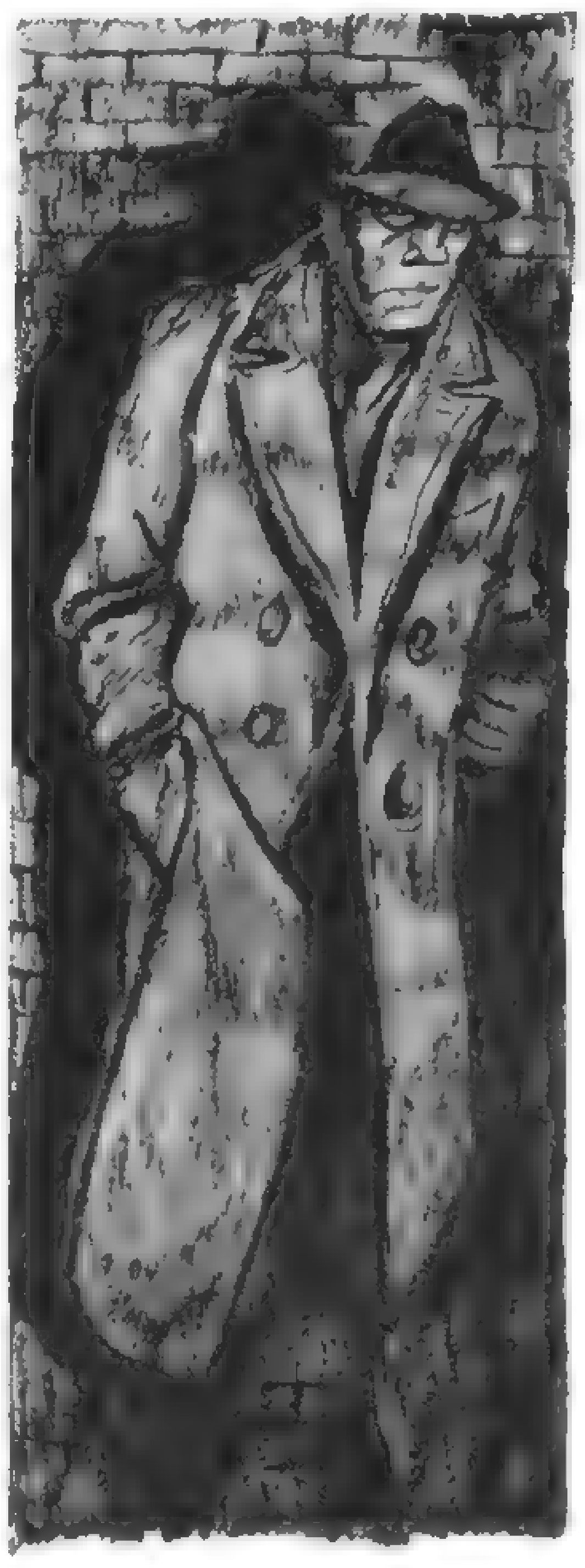
"You Do Solemnly Swear..."

Wally told what had happened just as he saw it, and then it was up to the twelve good men and true

by STERLING BRANDT

• FICTION •

WHEN you swing a car off of Green Way onto Cordell Place, your headlights will cut right across the front of the Superior Dairy. If anyone happened to be back in the shadows of the recessed doorway, the headlights would show him up clearly like a picture in a frame. That's just what Wally saw there when he drove into the Place at four in the morning. He didn't turn on past. He held the lights straight on the doorway and jammed on the brakes.



Wally got a good look at the man's face. As he told his boss later, he could see it in his sleep—first scared and startled, then it seemed to crinkle up, mean and defiant. He could see the black felt hat, dark blazer and new denim pants, with the cuffs turned up high.

The man broke out of the doorway and ran out of the lights into the vacant lot beside the dairy. Wally whirled his wheel and blasted the car over the curb, spotting the man again near the middle of the lot. There was soft sand out there where the kids played and the man went down on his hands and knees when he hit it. That's where he dropped the tin box with the money in it. Wally drove almost on him by the time he got his feet working again, but he got clear and was on the go when the car bogged down in the sand.

Wally jumped out and started through the sand after him but the fellow turned, one hand inside his blazer. He said "Get the hell out of here or I'll let you have it, you son of a bitch."

Wally ducked back to the car and the man disappeared in the black shadows between a couple of houses. Wally waited for a few moments, pulled the keys out of the car and ran back across the lot and across the street from the dairy to the bakery building. He was shaking some and had a little trouble with the key. When he got the door open and the lights on and tried to dial the police he was quivering all over.

He tried to get the ovens going and the bread in, but he kept getting the wrong switches and the pans didn't go in right. He decided to wait a while until his nerves steadied so he wouldn't make any mistakes. Besides, the oven doors were under bright lights and right in line with the front windows. It seemed smarter to keep the big steel ovens between him and the windows, just in case.

The cops came quickly and worked with routine precision. One car-load wheeled away again to prowl for the man, while the other crew checked over the dairy and the blasted safe and got the money box out of the sand. After looking in the box, the sergeant said, "Well, kid, you saved the dairy about twelve hundred bucks this morning."

Inside of a half-hour they had covered the ground and taken Wally into headquarters to look at pictures. A grey-headed man handed him a dozen or so photographs of different men, front and side views.

"See if he's in this bunch," he said.

Wally looked at a couple. The third one he recognized. He ran through the rest of them, but there was no doubt about it, the man in the third picture had the same eyes, the same broad nose and the same defiant look. He handed the picture to the older man, saying nothing. The man took it.

"That him?"

"That's the man."

"Get a good look?"

"My lights were square on him twice. He wasn't more than thirty feet away either time. He had to come straight for me to get out of the doorway, and he looked right at me out in the lot."

"He say anything?"

"All he said was to get the hell out of there or he'd plug me."

"He have a gun?"

"I didn't wait to see. I jumped back of my car."

"You're lucky, kid. Murphy . . . Murphy . . . Where the hell's Murphy? . . . Oh, there you are. Murphy, send out a pick-up for Blackie Meeves. Kid, you're damn lucky."

They drove Wally back through the grey dawn. He sat there wondering about the old man's last remark. Did he mean the guy might have plugged him? He wished that the bluecoat beside him wasn't so talkative. He wanted to do a little thinking, but this cop kept jawing about something. Fishing, maybe. Who in hell was interested in fishing, anyway?

". . . and so my partner pays her out and lets him sound 'til he gets about a hundred feet of line out and I says, 'Listen, Joe, you better start bringin' him up . . .' "

Wally saw a pair of dark eyes and a broad nose under a black hat. "Get the hell out of here or I'll let you have it, you son of a bitch." "Call me a son of a bitch, a guy like that," Wally was thinking. "The dirty rat. Said he'd plug me."

". . . an he come up like a fountain. He cleared the water four feet if he cleared it an inch when he broke. An' here's Joe with a hundred feet of slack line . . ."

Who was this Blackie Meeves? The police moved surely and casually. Wally felt ashamed he had run back to the car. If he'd brought the man down he would have been on every front page in town. *If* he'd brought him down. What was that crack about being a dead hero? Maybe he wasn't so dumb to have ducked back after all. Kid, you're damn lucky. That didn't sound so hot.

". . . an I says to Joe, 'It's your own damn fault. That fish weighed thirty pounds if he weighed an ounce. Why didn't you. . .' What'd you say, kid?"

"Who's this guy, Blackie Meeves?"

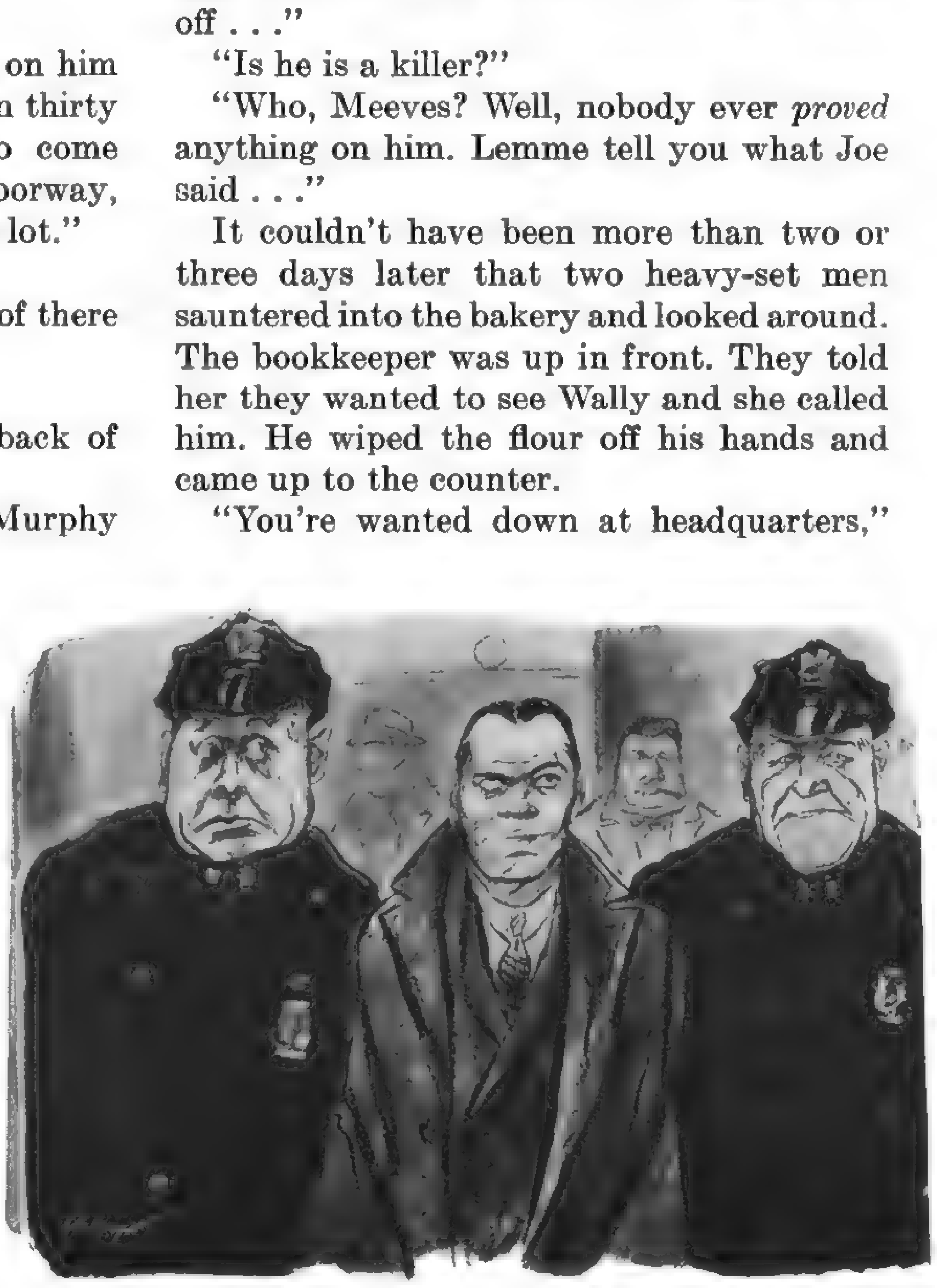
"Who, Meeves? Did he do that dairy job? Oh, he's an old timer, kid. He's got a record longer than a pedigree bull's. They'll pick him up in a day or so. Then Joe starts arguin' about why didn't I cut the motor off . . ."

"Is he is a killer?"

"Who, Meeves? Well, nobody ever *proved* anything on him. Lemme tell you what Joe said . . ."

It couldn't have been more than two or three days later that two heavy-set men sauntered into the bakery and looked around. The bookkeeper was up in front. They told her they wanted to see Wally and she called him. He wiped the flour off his hands and came up to the counter.

"You're wanted down at headquarters,"



one of them said. Wally had a low-down feeling, like he had when he was a kid and they led him into a big, glittery white room to take his tonsils out.

"What's this about?" he asked. The man turned back his coat and showed a badge.

"There's a guy down there they want you to look at."

"O. K."

Wally found that he had been tense. He loosened up, then stiffened again. How did he know these guys were cops? Anybody could get hold of a phony badge. Oh, hell, that was story book stuff. If they were cops he didn't want to make a fool of himself. He went along, but relaxed only when he saw the official license plates on their car.

During the line-up, he sat between the sergeant and one of the plain-clothes men.

"Tell us if you see your man."

He spoke up on the sixth man.

"That's him."

"It's Meeves, all right."

Some time later a slim fellow in a smart overcoat asked for Wally at the counter.

"Busy?" he asked, very softly.

"Yes, pretty busy," Wally said.

"I've got to talk to you a minute."

The man had a funny way of talking, with his chin down on his necktie and his lips curled around different ways. With his head down like that he had to roll his eyes up to look at Wally so the whites showed at the bottom.

"What about?"

"I can't talk to you here. There's too much noise. Come out in the car a minute."

"I can't. I'm just putting a batch in the oven and I can't leave."

"How long will it take you?"

Wally looked at the clock. It was like being down in a fight. You waited for nine to get your wind.

"It'll take me better than an hour. Then I've got to load the trucks. I'll be busy all day."

"What time do you quit? I can wait."

"What do you want to see me about?"

"What time do you quit?"

"I don't see that's any of your business."

"Maybe not. Maybe so. See anybody you know in that car outside?"

Wally glanced out the window. In the front seat, looking at him from under a black hat, was a face with a pair of dark eyes and a broad nose. Wally felt his spine creep.

"I thought . . ." He checked himself. The man in the smart coat clipped out the answer to the unasked question.

"On bail. I'll be back at noon. I'll wait out in front in the car. Think it over. I believe you'll decide you ought to have a little talk with me."

Wally talked it over with his boss. His boss took a gun from the cash drawer, broke it to check the load and handed it to him.

"Don't go out unless he's alone. Keep your hands in your pockets and keep this on him. Then see what he has to say. I'll keep my eyes open."

Just at twelve the car drifted up to the curb. Wally walked out and the door opened. The man was alone.

"Sit down here. It's more comfortable. Come on, get in. I'm not going to bite you. Have a smoke?"

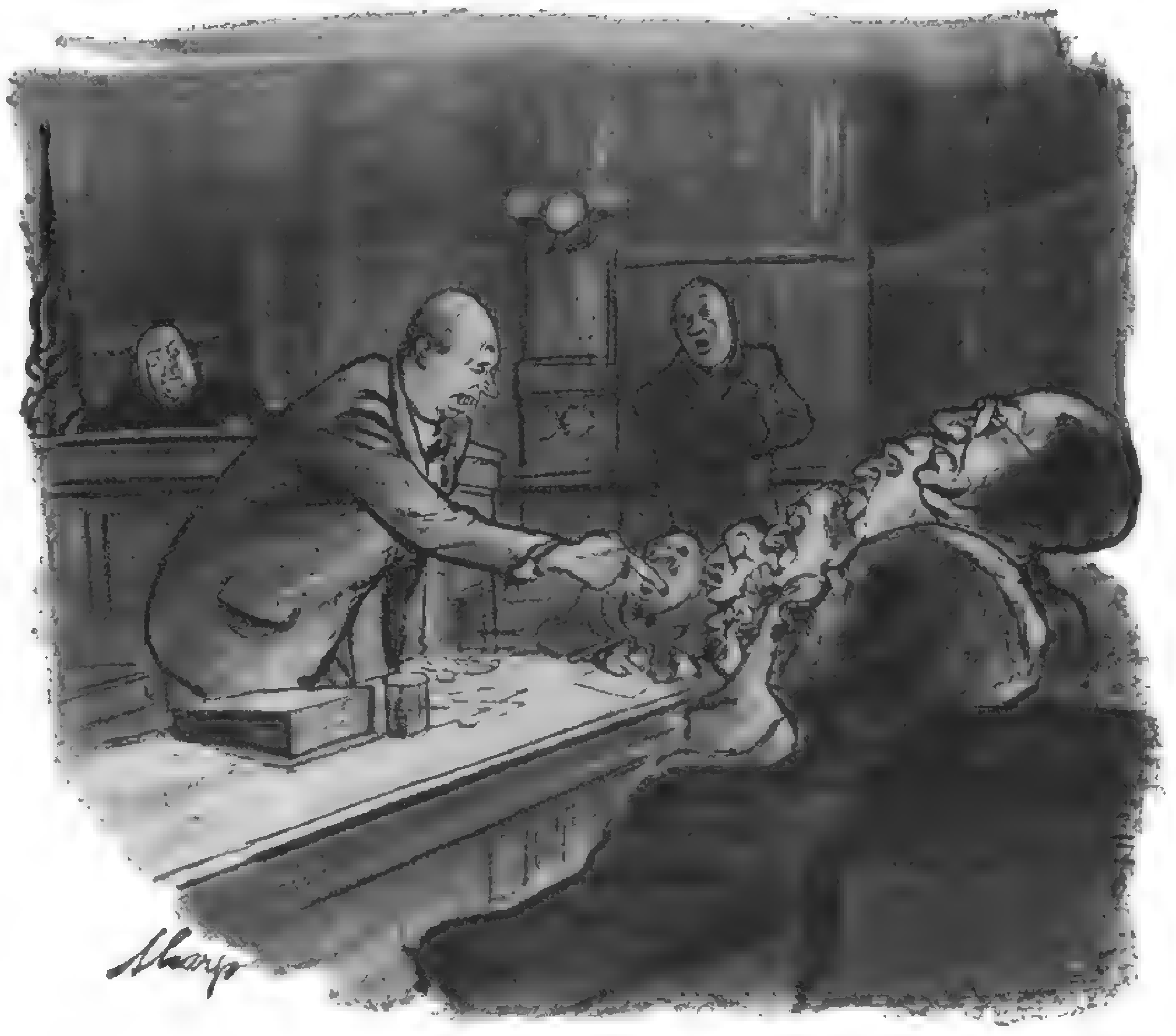
Wally shook his head. The man glanced at Wallie's hands, deep in his coat pockets. He grinned.

"Got me covered, eh? Well, don't worry, kid, you won't have to use it on me."

Wally felt his neck get red, but he kept a firm hold on the hard rubber grip in his hand. He could feel his hand sweat against it.

"Listen, Moffatt . . . your name's Moffatt, isn't it? I thought so. Well, listen. My name is Calvin, James Calvin. I'm a lawyer. A client of mine named Meeves is in a kind of a jam. They're trying to hang this dairy job on him. You look like a square shooter, Moffatt, and I've asked around about you and everybody says you're a square shooter. I figured I'd better come straight to you and put my cards on the table. You wouldn't want to see an innocent man take a rap, would you, Moffatt?"

Wally said nothing. He was looking at the dials and things on the dashboard, but they were kind of hazy and he felt hot and stuffy inside. "You wouldn't want to see an innocent man go to the pen, would you?"



Wally stirred uneasily. The man seemed determined to make him answer. Wally didn't want to say anything. Just let the guy talk.

"Well, would you?"

"I don't suppose anybody would," Wally answered slowly.

"I didn't think you would," said Calvin. "You're married and have a couple of kids, haven't you?"

Wally nodded.

"This fellow that was in my car this morning, you picked him out of the line-up, didn't you?"

Wally didn't reply.

"You never saw him before that, did you?"

Wally looked at him in surprise.

"This client of mine was clear over on the west side when that joint was sprung, playing cards and having a few drinks. He wasn't anywhere near this dairy. He's not the guy you saw in the lot."

Wally wanted to say, "Like hell he isn't," but he sat tight.

"This boy of mine is in a tough spot, Moffatt. He's got a record. That's why they're out to hang this on him. He's a two-time loser and they figure if they put this on him they'll put him away for good.

"He's not a bad guy, Moffatt. He's made a couple of little mistakes, but he's got a wife and a kid and he's been straight as a die since he got out last time. Now look, just supposing you weren't as right as you think you are and this boy went up to the big house for life, all on your say so, what about his wife and kid? Would you want somebody to do that to your wife and kids? That was a pretty dark night, you know. Anybody could have made a mistake easily enough."

Wally thought, "Mistake, God, all I've seen ever since is that face." He could see it then, sort of in among the instruments on the dash.

". . . Anybody makes a mistake sometimes. But anybody that's a square shooter admits it when he finds out he's wrong. Besides, it's just your word against his wife and another couple he was playing cards with. You can't be right and all these other people be wrong. They're all respectable people like you and besides . . ."

The face was saying, "I'll let you have it, you . . ."

". . . so why don't you just come out and admit you made a mistake and shake hands all around and forget about it. Say, do you need a new suit of clothes?"

Wally jolted back to the conversation.

"Why?"

"I thought maybe you ought to see my tailor. How do you like this suit I've got on?"

It was a nice suit. It looked like money. Wally looked at it when Calvin pulled back his overcoat and spread out the cloth on his trouser leg.

"You can't get a suit like that for a hundred bucks any place. I know this fellow who makes them. I get them for twenty bucks and if you need a new suit you ought to go and see him. He's a good friend of mine and I can get you in on it. There's no reason why you and I can't get along. You go up to this place . . ."

He took out a card and wrote an address.

". . . and tell him I sent you. You pick out any suit—pick out any four suits that look good to you. He'll let you have them. You don't need to worry about the bill. I'll take care of that."

Wally said: "I'm not figuring on a new suit this year."

The man raised his eyebrows some.

"I wasn't trying to offend you. I know you work hard for what you get. You make what, about ninety-five a month? That's what you make, isn't it?"

"If you know so much about me I don't have to tell you," Wally countered.

"Ninety-five a month isn't much with a wife and a couple of kids. Where would they be if anything happened to you?"

Wally felt like laughing. This sounded like insurance talk. He wanted to laugh loud and hard. But it wasn't so damn funny at that. Calvin made him jittery, just sitting there by him. Calvin was silent a moment. When he spoke again his voice was flat and he let the corner of his mouth drop.

"Listen, Moffatt, don't be a damned fool.

Continued on page 163

His Majesty's Secret Service

"You do not have to suspect the enemeh, as you know he is out to do you—suspect your friends"

by LOUIS PAUL

• SATIRE •

"THE most eerie expiddience of my entah career," Major (now Sir Robert) Mawkley, KCB, DM, volunteered.

Ransome, an Epsom Downs bookie, Peterson-Jones, Lord Broadknoll—the young fifth Earl of Chisham, that would be—and myself were tossing down a few at the Gentlemen's Club in Twiddenham one afternoon. Sir Robert had got started on his adventures as an agent in His Majesty's Secret Service, and there was quite nothing one could do about it. We all ordered another bottle apiece and sat back to listen.

"The most eerie expiddience of my entah career," Mawkley repeated, spraying the surface of his Scotch with a thin mist of soda. "It was deurin' the thud yeah of the woah. Foch had drawn up his salient for the second Marne. The Amedicans were muddlin' about Brest. The Boche were counteractin' our Allied flank withdrawals on the Western Front by thrustin' their Fourth Field Armeh at the Soissons sector for a push. Major-General Sir William Beastley, commahndin' our own Seventh Corps, reported evidence of a siddious leak of vital information. The enemeh were being apprised of Sir William's movements almost befoah Sir William had issued the odors. This was the situation when Colonel (later Sir Wilbert) Eddington-Brookings put through a message to me, as chief espionage officer of the Northeast Area.

"I rahther regretted bein' cold away from my operations," Sir Robert planted himself stanchly on his two feet and continued, "for I had just succeeded in establishin' friendly, veddy friendly, relations with one Madame Montrossa, a beautiful young Russian gul whom I suspected of bein' an Italian in the pay of the German Secret Service. Even if my suspicions were entahly unfounded it might have proved a jolly interlude, what? But one's countreh in time of woah comes first, of course. Our mutto in the Service was ever, Do a thing and do it well, and all that. As I say, Sir Wilbert's message was impeditive. It did not even requah decodin'. The Austrians, some time previousleh havin' got on to our symbols, had bean directin' instructions to us ostensibly from our own Woah Office, much to our momentary confusion. We'd overcome this by substitutin' a code which could not be decoded even by ourselves, much less the enemeh, but this we found something of a disadvahntidge, also. At lahst I myself hit upon a most brilliant solution. I suggested to Sir Wilbert that we communicate directly in ordinry language. Surely the enemeh would never suspect that we meant precisely what we were sayin'! This method Sir Wilbert adopted, and for many months we had the enemeh puzzled no end. Therefore, when Sir Wilbert's message came to me, its uggency left me without choice but to bid a regretful farewell to Madame Montrossa, spy though she might conceivably be, and junny forthwith to Paddis, where our Secondary Defense Bureau was established under the direction of Sir Wilbert Eddington-Brookings (or Colonel Eddington-Brookings, as he then was).

"I might mention in pahssin'—" and Sir Robert tossed off a stiff one before telling us what he intended to mention in passing. "Ah, that's bettah," he smacked his lips appreciatively. "Where was I, gentlemen?"

No one seemed willing to tell Sir Robert where he was, so he went on anyway. "I might mention in pahssin' that at the time of which I speak I had not the faintest ideah of the identity of Sir Wilbert, nor had Sir Wilbert a suspicion of my own. To each otheh we were marely numbahs. The principle of espionage is deucedly simple, you know. There is a sayin' in the Service which puts it veddy cleverly: 'You do not have to suspect the enemeh, as you know he is out to do you; suspect your friends.' We therefore operated in the most anonymous sort of secreceh. This secreceh served a futher purpose, I might add. If, let us suppose, Sir Wilbert Eddington-Brookings had taken it into his head to sell out to the enemeh, and was subsequently discovahed, it would appeah less disconcertin' to the populace to read that Numbah Twenteh-four had bean executed for counter-espionage than to learn that the respected Sir Wilbert Eddington-Brookings had sold England and the Empah for a few triflin' German marks. Eh, what?"

"Rather," drawled Lord Broadknoll as he introspectively surveyed the empty bottle of Scotch before him. "Ah, I say, Mawkley. Did they rully shoot Sir Wilbert deurin' the woah, now? I thought I'd bean seein' 'im about."

"I had bean marely supposin', Broadknoll. Just supposin', sir," said the Major, annoyed at the interruption. Sir Robert didn't get the opportunity to speak about his Secret Service experiences every day in the week.

Ransome, who had not quite fallen asleep yet, murmured, "Yes, milors. A damned eerie expiddience, what!"

"I haven't come to that part of it yet," the Major said chidingly.

"Oh," Ransome nodded. Someone handed him another drink.

"As I was sayin'," continued the Major, having weathered this little flurry, "I'd no ideah whateveh of the identity of Sir Wilbert at that time. I cold at the Bureau and we exchanged mutual glahnces at the little silver identification tags which we invadibly caddied on our parsons. Sir Wilbert outlined the situation to me as it then existed. He told me how Foch had drawn up his salient and how the Amedicans were fussin' about Brest and whatnot, and I told him about Madame Montrossa, though I spoke of her as Signor Montrossa: we secret agents employed the utmist precautions, even toward those in whom we had reason to place the highest confidence. Quite necessady, quite.

"Sir Wilbert then told me, 'Old chap, it appeahs that Sir William Beastley, who commahnds our own Seventh Corps, has informed the Woah Office that there is evidence of a veddy siddious leak of vital information. As you undoubtedly know,' Sir Wilbert went on, 'the Seventh Corps is defendin' the centre sector at Nueilly. I need hahdly add that the centre sector at Nueilly is the veddy focal

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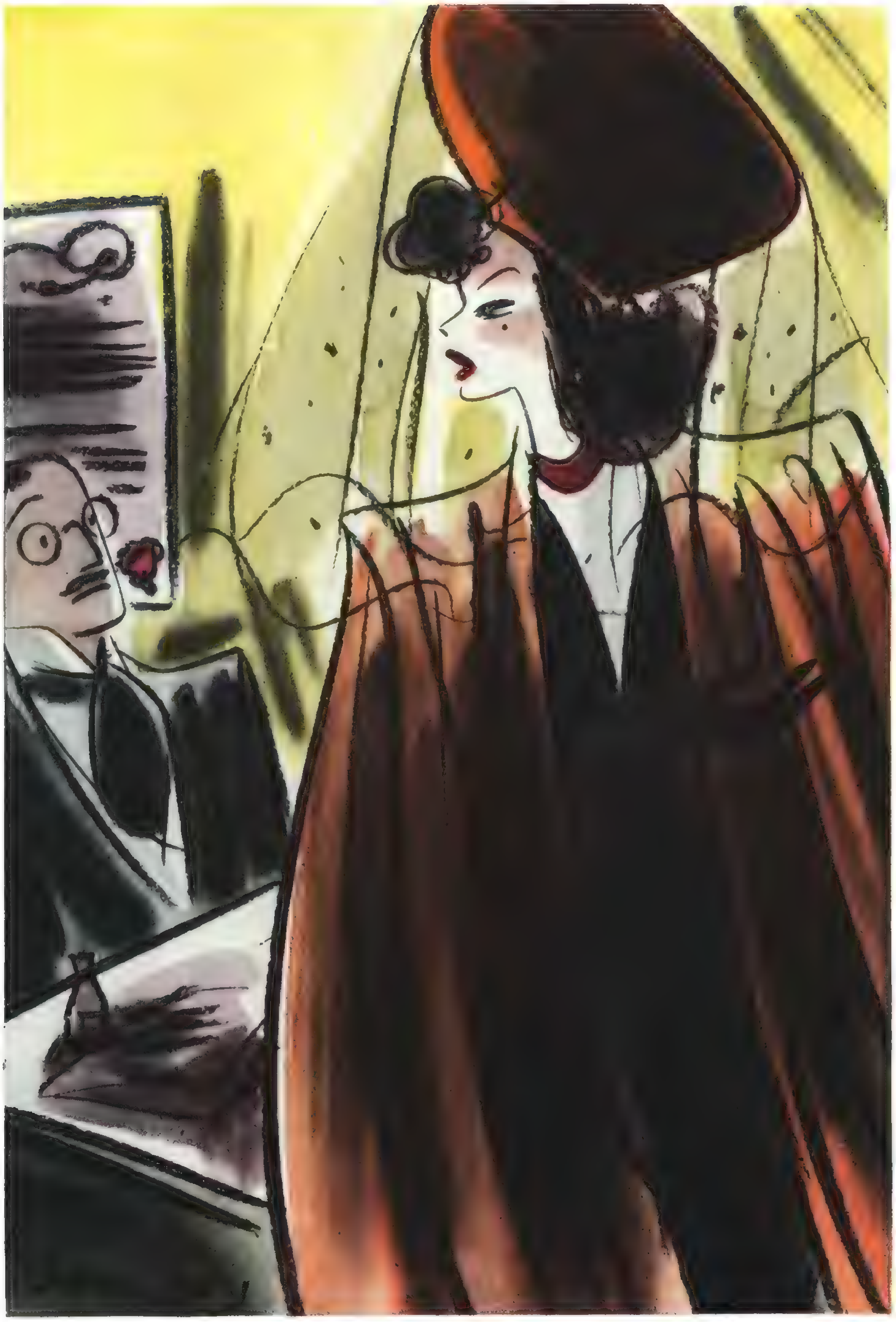
Tony Palazzo



"You mean the stork is going to bring me a baby?"

The Initiation of a Pythoness

Ramini seemed to glide over the ground toward the ravine, with arms stretched rigid before her

by COMDR. ATTILIO GATTI

• ARTICLE •

THE most interesting personality I ever met in Africa is a woman who lives in a hut with a twenty-foot python in the mountains of Northern Zululand. She is a black sorceress, and her mode of life, her extraordinary accomplishments of "magic," healing and clairvoyance seem to be an exact replica of the pythonesses of ancient Crete, translated into the primitive terms of the African native.

I first met Tuadekili, as she is called, when I went to the Enyati Mountains to make some researches in native witchcraft several years before the time of the happenings I am about to relate. And my acquaintance with her through several subsequent stays in Zululand had ripened into a sound friendship, a real respect and an intense curiosity regarding her cult and her powers.

She lived in a kraal situated far from any neighbor, and to her came men and women from all parts of Zululand in search of health and peace. Invalids that no other witch doctor had been able to heal; souls in pain who wanted a sure forecast of their future; chiefs worried by grave problems of government, all came to the great pythoness, many of them making long days of hard march, each one full of faith and trust, certain that he would be healed in mind and body.

And the pythoness healed them all.

Tall, imposing, her hair falling about her face in the innumerable little braids that characterize the hairdress of her profession, her long, almond-shaped eyes seemingly fixed on an invisible world, the pythoness would invoke Umkulum Kulu, the supreme god, and fall into a state of catalepsy. Then she would seek inspiration to deal with the cases submitted to her, appealing to a leopard's phalanxes which she always carried with her in a bag. If the patient had come to her under the nightmare fear of some impending calamity, she gave him wise counsel from her study of the phalanxes and sent him away relieved and rejoicing, perhaps with a magic feather in his hair or a doctored horn or root possessing extraordinary power to protect him from any dangers. For others she read with the bones their future, or disclosed to them the evil purposes of some enemy.

If the case were more serious she would appeal to the spirit of the "old wise wise man" whose body had been buried many years before in the center of her large hut; or in the gravest circumstances to the gigantic python that lived in the hut with her.

The python, who according to Tuadekili knew all the wisdom of the centuries, would then come out from his nest in a corner of the hut, rear himself in front of the woman, lock his gaze in hers and impart to her the right inspiration, the wise suggestion. Then the pythoness uttered her prophecy or exerted her powers to heal a sufferer. Sometimes the patient was restored in a few minutes. Others had to remain at the kraal, in one of the huts especially prepared for the purpose, for a few days, sometimes even several weeks. But when the pythoness dismissed them, they were healed.

As they departed, Tuadekili would lift up her hand to the sky thanking Umkulum Kulu who had accomplished through her a new healing.

The apparently miraculous quality of the many accomplishments of the pythoness I had been able to witness gradually absorbed my interest to such a point that I devoted the best part of my time and efforts to the study of this fascinating problem from various angles.

To begin with, the question of her co-habitation with the python, how she had procured it and by what means she had reduced it to the state of an obedient puppy, presented a puzzle which I could not explain in any way.

To all my questions on this matter, Tuadekili always answered simply, "Umkulum Kulu," pointing to the sky and avoiding any other explanation. But one day after I had caught a glimpse of a young virgin in the kraal and expressed my surprise that the girl was wearing the pythoness hairdress, she began to give me some information that put me on the right track.

Although after that I insisted day by day on asking question after question, I should probably never have succeeded in discovering the whole story of the mysterious girl if it had not been for a lucky chance.

One day in a kraal I watched the magic dance of a witch doctor which he was making around the cattle enclosure in order to heal the animals of a severe sickness. In spite of his advanced age, this witch doctor was a wonderful specimen of Zulu, straight and statuesque. His head was covered by an elaborate headdress made from the pelt of a hyena and his breast ornamented with a python skin bandolier and a quantity of horns, tusks and gourds of every kind containing the medicines and powders of his "portable pharmacy."

I liked the old man at once, but I liked him even more when upon having asked him why he was called "The Father of Ramini," he explained to me that his daughter Ramini was the disciple of Tuadekili, the only one that the great pythoness would have in all her life.

This was enough for me to try immediately to become a good friend of the witch doctor. And little by little, by making him some small presents and particularly by tickling his paternal pride, I finally succeeded in having enough information, pieced together with what I had learned from Tuadekili, to reconstruct in every detail the life of Ramini.

Some twenty-three years before, on the day when the girl was to be born, it seems that Tuadekili, inspired by the spirit of the "old wise wise man," had gone to the hut of the expectant mother, the youngest and most beautiful wife of the witch doctor.

Her arrival put an abrupt stop to the cries of the women who continually shout before the hut of a woman in labor so that the spirits may not hear her lamentations. The sorceress of the birth at once went away as if before the intervention of a superior, murmuring with bowed head her own magic words. Everybody in the kraal retreated, gathering in silence around the head of the family, anxiously awaiting while Tuadekili entered the hut and remained there alone with the woman.

From the intervention of the pythoness everyone knew that the child soon to be born would be a girl, and that the mother would experience no pain. And, in fact, not a single cry issued from the hut.

Presently the pythoness came out, carrying in her outstretched arms a tiny black scrap of humanity which she handed to the father.

"This daughter of yours," she said solemnly, "Umkulum Kulu christens Ramini. And she will be a great pythoness. Bring her up with care. At the destined moment I will come for her."

And she went away amid a chorus of thanks and humble salutations from all the family and friends.

In the arms of her father, Ramini smiles, a thing extraordinary.

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Two Men on a Hatch

Each one desired the other's death, yet reason told Tait that two might succeed where one would surely fail

by THOMAS CALVERT McCLARY

▪ FICTION ▪

An indistinct blob floated low in the oily waters and ploughed the crests with a sucking plop. Sullenly, the Pacific heaved its dark swells. A strip of white glowed molten, ringing the undulating edge of the eternal vastness. In the pallid dawn the bleak waste was more terrible than the violence of the hurricane.

Tait rolled on one elbow and gasped with pain. He looked at the horizon and cursed. Across the sloshing hatch, Wolf Roeder, mate of the foundered grain ship *Good Hope*, lay buckled fast to another iron ring. His broad belt was looped through and around his waist. Tait's belt was narrow and weak. It locked his arm through his own ring, binding his wrist tight against his shoulder.

With numbed fingers, he unfastened the sodden leather. The muscles of his upper arm were congested black with blood. The flesh of his wrist lay open to the bone, his shoulder was dislocated, his wrist sprained. He bent his arm down with his other hand, drew it free of the ring and washed it gently with sea water.

Wolf Roeder watched, salt rimmed eyes firing with savage enjoyment at each pain-wracked breath of Tait's. "There's the whole damned Pacific for you to drown in and a whole crew to crawl aboard this hatch. But no, by God, I have to get stuck aboard with you!" he growled.

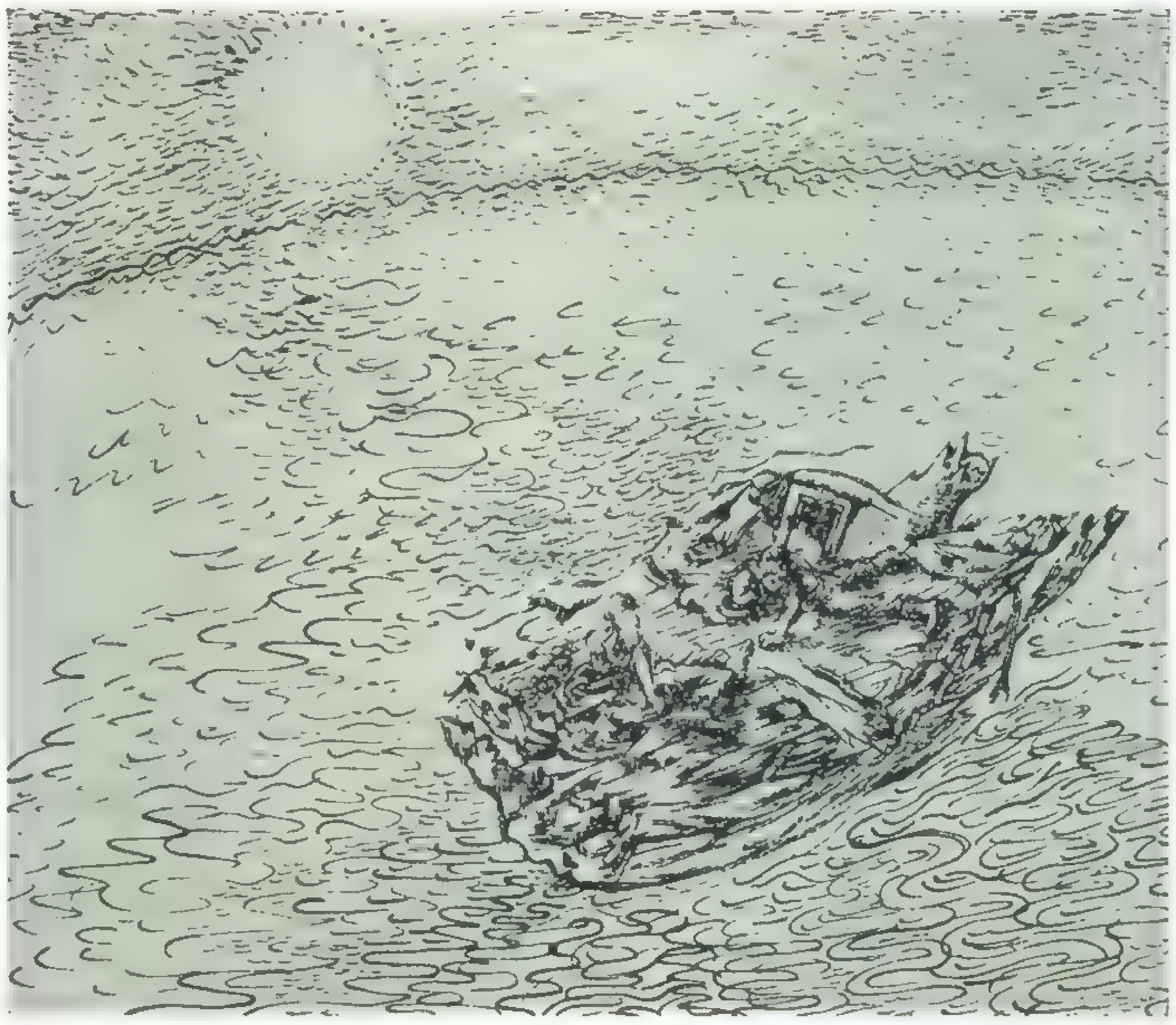
Tait's teeth clenched. He gave no other sign. He could murder Wolf Roeder right then—would have kicked him back into the belly of the hurricane earlier—except that he needed him. He needed his brawn and swimming power. Two men might succeed where one would fail. Roeder was dangerous. But Tait would handle him.

Roeder glared hatred at Tait's back. He unbuckled his belt, stretched, rubbed his legs and got to his feet. Wet clothes clung to his lean, knotted body. The rippling muscles of huge arms and shoulders stood out hard and powerful below a corded neck.

"You pulled me aboard this damned coffin!" he gritted. "But if you think that makes any difference between us—"

"I don't," said Tait evenly. "Give me a hand getting this arm in joint."

Roeder's blue lips twisted in his battered face. A dislocated arm can be painful. After a freezing night in a violent gale it can be hell. With days of blistering equatorial sun beating down a slow death it could be torture such as Roeder's brute brain could gloat over.



DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

Roeder did not move. He laughed gruffly, the twist of his lips an ugly leer. The animal hate in his eyes was met by the ice of Tait's. Tait rubbed his arm softly with brine.

"We're at least four hundred miles west of Galápagos, eight hundred off South America. There isn't a damn thing between us, Roeder."

"They're plenty of sharks," Roeder taunted. "Nice man-eaters, Tin Boy Tait! Your old man may own this hatch, but it don't make no difference to the sharks. And it don't make no difference to me."

"It will take two of us to make landfall," said Tait.

Roeder laughed with vicious contempt. "We won't make anything but a meal for the fishes, Tin Boy! But before I watch them rip those yellow guts of yours to pieces, I'll see you roast and boil!"

Not a muscle quivered in Tait's face. He hated the scum of filthy ports who signed aboard steam craft with a hate as cold as theirs was hot. Roeder had once snarled, "We're two different animals, Tait. And I don't like your smell." Well, that went for Tait too.

Roeder gave another grunt of contempt, walked over and jerked Tait's arm in socket. "So you'll live longer to fry," he said.

The sun came over the horizon blasting down the torrid heat of equatorial doldrums. The sea leveled to a brassy, molten, stirless space, a giant reflector of the sun's heat. Not a breath of air, not a current, moved the hatch.

"Maybe some of that high fallutin' navigating you were spouting about will sail this coffin?" Roeder gibed.

"Maybe it will," Tait mumbled. He sprawled with one foot looped through the iron ring, his damaged arm trailing in the water. Roeder was viciously amused now. It would be different after hours of thirst and fierce heat. Sun fever would inflame the sullen murder in his nature.

Heat bubbles pricked up on the heavy canvas covering the hatch. It would probably burn Tait's crippled arm until gangrene set in. He turned so that his body shadowed his arm.

"Hamburger." Roeder jerked at Tait's raw arm. "The fish like it toasted."

Tait took stock of his belongings. His belt had cracked with salt and heat. In his pockets were a piece of soggy chalk, a sodden pack of cigarettes, two damp packs of matches, and a bowie knife. His shirt, pants and sea boots with rawhide laces had dried on him. He had nothing else.

Roeder turned out his pocket and a money belt. He had a small pile of bills, some pieces of change, half a pack of cigarettes, a spool of fine copper wire, a blank metal disc the size of a half dollar and shiny as a mirror.

He saw Tait's drying matches. A crafty gleam came into his eyes. Tait jammed his good hand furtively into his pocket.

"You got a knife," Roeder said.

"With a five-inch blade," Tait agreed. "I intend to reach shore alive, Roeder."

Roeder's expression grew cunning. He respected a knife. He picked up the metal disc and glowered at it. He had been stuck with that once for a half dollar when drunk. Him, Wolf Roeder, stuck for a lousy half buck! He pulled back his arm to throw the disc into the sea.

"Wait," Tait shouted.

Roeder turned with surprise, grinned maliciously. "Want to powder your face in the mirror, Toots?"

"Maybe we can use that," said Tait with a dry throat. He did not know what for, but it might be useful.

Roeder stared. Then sneered.

He circled his hand with intentional slowness, enjoying Tait's concern.

"If it was an outboard motor, I'd chuck it because you want it!"

Tait watched Roeder getting ready to throw. Maybe their one chance of making shore! "Matches!" he yelled suddenly. "I'll trade you. Or by heaven, I'll throw them overboard!"

Roeder hesitated. His imagination could not quite grasp his own death. But it could grasp the idea of cigarettes without matches. He studied Tait's face, white beneath its ruddy burn.

"Both packs and the cigarettes," he growled.

"One pack of matches," Tait bargained.

Roeder flipped the disc into the air a couple of times carelessly. Tait's muscles went taut.

"Both," Roeder repeated.

Tait pushed over the cigarettes and one pack of matches. Roeder's eyes flicked like a snake's. He counted the cigarettes and matches with a scowl. Counting his own, there were six more cigarettes than matches. Reluctantly, he pushed over the disc. Tait tossed over the other matches.

The sun climbed higher, blistering through their clothes. Tait's lips cracked open, his throat burned from thirst. To protect his arm he had to lie on it. He groaned once. Roeder laughed contemptuously.

Minutes passed slowly on a brassy sea. Tait lay there with his throbbing, fevered arm. He felt Roeder thinking how he could torture him most. Tait did not care about that. He needed Roeder.

The heat rolled in unendurable waves. Tait took off his clothes, knotting them through the iron ring. He let one trouser leg hang over the side. Roeder watched with savage craft and cunning. Tait took out his knife and fastened it around his neck with a shoestring. Then he let himself over the side. He hung to the trouser leg, floating in the little shade beside the hatch. The hatch sides extended down thirty-six inches into the water, too deep to float with his body in the shadowed cool beneath.

Tait made no motions to waste strength. He would need every ounce. Once he pushed his way down the sides of the hatch and investigated the under side. The heavy planks were solidly joined and tightly caulked. The cover was air tight. He came back to the surface and climbed painfully aboard. His flesh was puckered and his strength lowered from the hours in the water. His arm was badly swollen.

The sun sank into a motionless sea as Roeder, sleek and refreshed, climbed back aboard. He squatted across the hatch, staring at Tait's arm, puffed and purple now, the shoulder blotched with burn and congested blood. His broken, twisted lips tightened in a vicious grin.

The sky hung low and bright and the cool of the night was balm to their blistered bodies. Tait studied the stars. What he would give for a compass and a sextant! Wolf Roeder lit a cigarette, its pungent odor floating heavily across the hatch. Tait thought he would give much for a cigarette. He laughed sharply, feverishly. A hatch cover is a small world to inhabit. Values are strange. He wondered if Roeder would kill him out of hate, or for the knife. Or if he would kill Roeder for that dwindling supply of cigarettes. It didn't seem to matter much with death breathing hotly on them both.

The worst pangs of thirst had passed. Tait wet his handkerchief and laid it across his lips. Evaporation cooled the moisture, at least. He slept fitfully, his mind full of Roeder and wondering how to conquer the brute without killing him. Five times that night Tait sat bolt upright, a sense of danger fuzzing the nerves along his back. Once, Roeder was smoking and watching, eyes glowing in the faint fire of his cigarette. The other four times he was standing on the corner of the hatch looking out at the moon-bathed reaches of dark water. He was standing that way when Tait awakened lethargically at dawn. Tait smiled icily. He had him cornered now. Roeder was terrified of one thing—the Pacific.

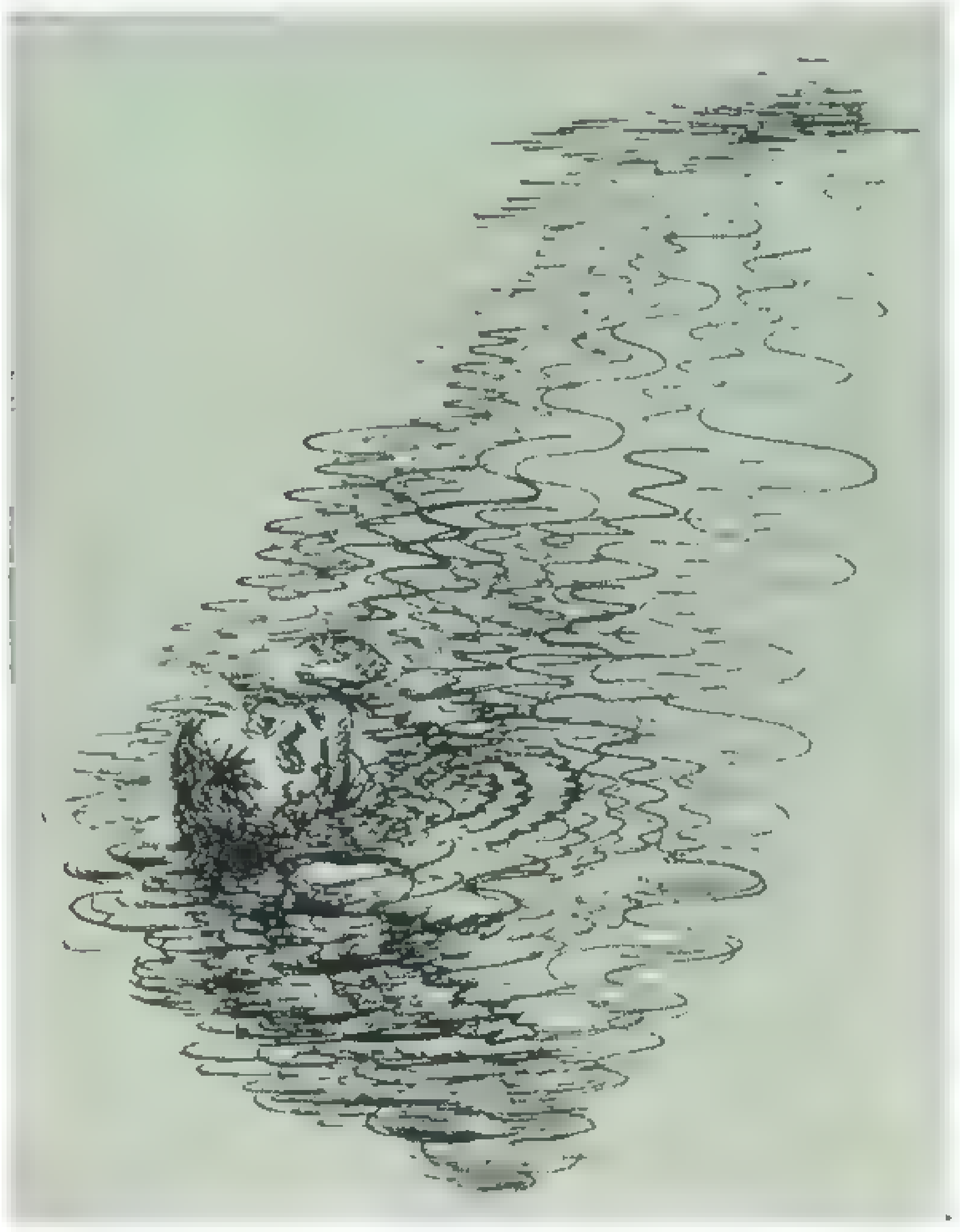
"Today will be tougher than yesterday," Tait said. "We haven't moved an inch."

Roeder swung around with lowered head, lips bared over yellow teeth. He said, "Tait, you're going to get so scared you'll jump overboard and swim away."

"Maybe," Tait muttered. "It'll be lonely."

"Huh?"

"For you," said Tait. "Dying out here alone with not a damned thing to look at but the flat water. Not even a gull. You'll feel how big this ocean is before you're finished, Roeder."



Roeder scowled. "Maybe you'll feel it even more away from the hatch, Tait!"

Tait laughed flatly. He put his good hand to his useless arm. "Another day of sun and water and this arm will be badly fevered, Roeder. By tomorrow, maybe tonight, I'll be delirious. My world will be filled with green grass and gushing streams while you're still cooking in the sun."

Roeder's face turned black. A moment he balanced on the balls of his feet. His eyes flicked to Tait's knife. He squatted abruptly and began counting his roll of dried money. A mirthless grin crooked Tait's puffed lips. It was too much effort to laugh.

All morning they sprawled on the hatch, bodies burning and cracking under the beating sun. Tait sucked on the hilt of his knife. It relieved his throat. He could put his tongue into a lip crack before noon. They went overboard as they had the day before.

Toward mid-afternoon, Tait's sleepy senses aroused. Small scratching noises and the slow thresh of water came to his ears. Roeder was beneath the hatch, investigating the underside. Tait's hand tightened upon his bowie knife. But Roeder did not come completely under the hatch.

Tait climbed back on the hatch shortly after. Roeder followed, shooting swift glances of hate and rage at Tait and the unbroken horizon. Vicious tension snapped explosively in the silence.

Something white floated on the brassy waters. Tait sat studying it for a long time. It had not been there the day before, yet it failed to move while he watched. There must be the barest current somewhere close by, that bit of flotsam carried on its most outward eddy.

Tait got to his feet and let himself over the side, clothed, except for his shoes. He saw Roeder's surprised glance of inquiry. Tait was taking no chance on Roeder throwing his clothes overboard.

"It's pretty deep, right here," Tait said from out in the water. In that liquid vastness his voice boomed, sepulchral. "You don't think so much about it while you're near the hatch. But out here a ways it's like the bottom was coming up to suck you down."

Roeder's dark scowl became peculiarly immobile. Once his glance flicked over Tait's head and lingered on a deep-blue-lined quarter of the horizon. His eyes jerked back to Tait swimming slowly with one arm. Tait came up to the white object, the bare remains of a vegetable crate held together by two light circular wire hoops. He nudged it toward the raft with his forehead.

Roeder made no effort to help him aboard. But his muscles quivered long after like the flanks of a frightened mare. Tait lay still for a long time. There was not much strength left in him. The fever in his arm was burning his energy faster than the sun and lack of drinking water.

He sat up finally and took the hoops and brads off the few bits of wood, carefully stretched out the thin staves beside the half bottom of the crate to dry. Then he slept, his bowie knife clasped in hand with a shoe thong looped around wrist and knife. He awakened in a violent rage. Across the hatch, Roeder's cigarette circled lazily in the falling dark. The odor of tobacco was tantalizing, a cigarette the last luxury a man could know in that lost world. Tait controlled himself with effort.

Slowly, the Big Dipper crawled overhead. Tait took out his piece of chalk and picked up the most rounded of the metal hoops. He drew a circle on deck and squared it with two flimsy staves. It occurred to him then that he could have drawn the circle the previous night with a stretch of ripped shirt or a shoestring, but he had not thought of the circle until he had found the crate hoops. He laughed sharply, a grating cackle ripped from a choked, dry throat.

Mashing two brads into V's, he fixed

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Shortcut to Skiing

Practice this easy exercise while you brush your teeth, shave, talk on the phone, or drink a cocktail

by CLARENCE K. STREIT

• SPORTS •

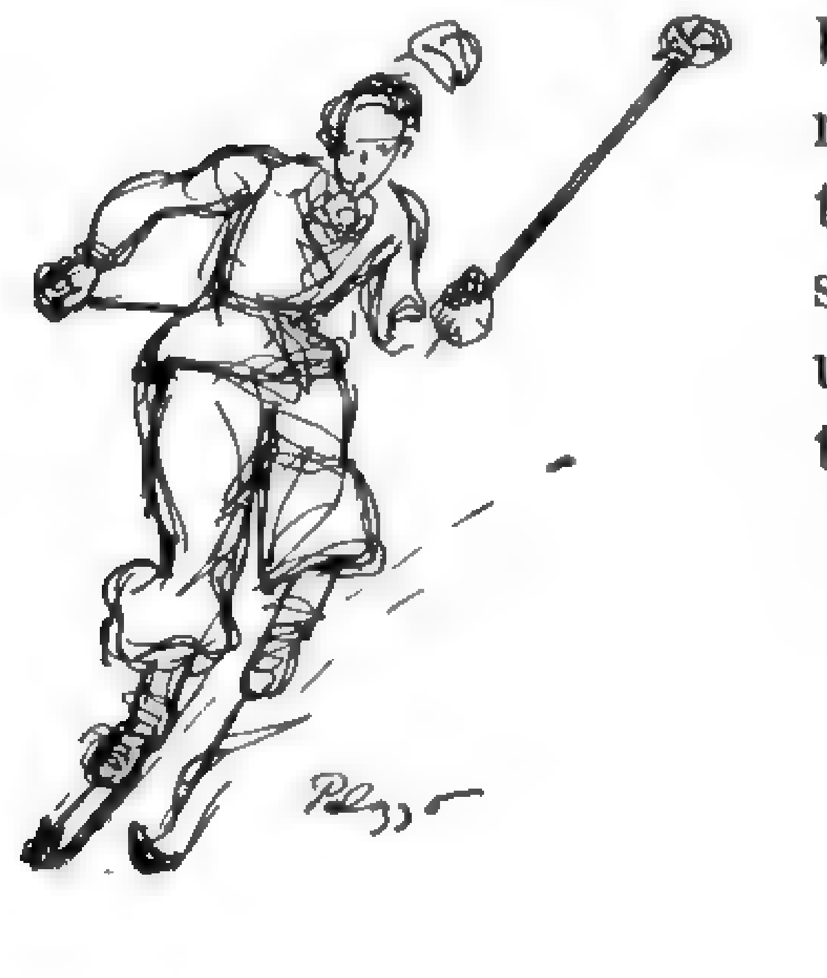
THE place to start learning to ski is on the bedroom, bathroom or office floor, with a turn perhaps on the stairway. The place for those who ski to avoid wasting time getting broken in or broken bones is the same. It is also for them a place to improve their skiing. A few minutes there a day will not merely keep the doctor away but most of the skiers who try to keep up with you—provided you and not they spend the time doing half a dozen exercises designed to put the "ski muscles" in shape. These exercises did this for me, at any rate. For the shortcut they form I thought out for my own case and tried out on myself.

I am neither physical culture expert nor ski expert. I speak as one of the common garden variety of skiers because my skiing difficulties seem common, and so what quickly made skiing more fun for me may quickly make it more fun for many. Let me confess, too, that I am not among those who like exercises. I have no waistline to encourage me. If I am to keep doing exercises enough to count I've got to sneak up on myself. I've got to have exercises that not only produce fantastic results for the effort required but that I can do almost anywhere at any time that I recall that I forgot to do them.

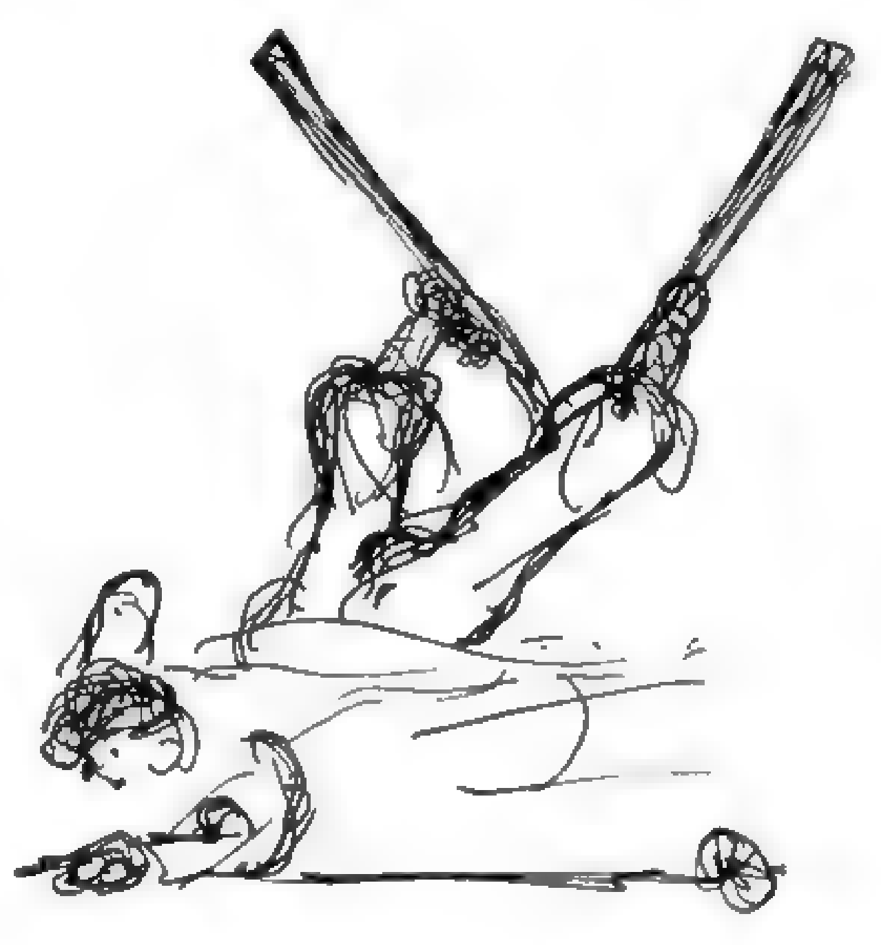
My idea of the ideal ski exercise is that it should be clearly and effectively designed (a) to help directly one's skiing and (b) to be done while phoning, dictating, drinking a cocktail, enduring a bore, shaving, brushing the teeth, rubbing in the stuff alleged to defeat baldness, or something else. And I've got just such an exercise in my small collection.

It's as simple as standing on one leg. In fact, that's it—just standing on one leg.

My exercise No. 1 is: Stand on one leg (holding the other just off the floor) as long as you can, then shift over to the other. After two or three minutes of the Stork you will find the muscles and tendons around your ankle and knee beginning to get plenty of quiet exercise keeping you balanced on that leg. The muscles will be playing, but you may consider yourself to be in pretty good shape if after five minutes on one leg you think it's play.



How does the Stork help your skiing? Three times over: 1. It builds up balance and balance is one of the foundations of skiing. It struck me that the better one could balance on one leg, the better one could balance on one ski, and the better one could do that the more his balance on two skis was likely to carry him over all the unexpected demands on it a run presents. That's what led me to adopt this exercise. 2. It accustoms you to shifting your weight from one foot to another, and this is still another essential in skiing. 3. It builds up the joints you use most in skiing, the knees and ankles, makes them stronger and suppler, fortifies you against sprains.



All this ski profit while you phone or drink! To combine it with such other things as massaging the scalp is not only saving time but improving the exercise, for it makes it harder to balance. Mrs. Victor Gordon-Lennox, the Canadian skier who ran in the Olympics with a broken arm, told me she too has to trick herself into doing exercises regularly, and that one of her favorite tricks is never to sit to put on a stocking but always to stand on the other leg.

My half-dozen exercises are limited strictly to essentials, and they all do at least double duty, for they serve not only to build up muscles used most in skiing but to accustom one to the movements most used in skiing. The great fault I find in most ski teachers and books of instruction on skiing or ski exercises is that they fail to separate the few essentials from the many useful non-essentials. They make the sport appear much more complicated than it needs to be or should be for the beginner, they waste the time of all but the expert by not concentrating on essentials. Before explaining the other exercises the essentials they aim at need explanation.

The basic thing to note is that the muscles most used in skiing—what I call the "ski muscles"—are little used otherwise by most of us. The first consequence of this is that they are normally weak, and it follows from this that they give way quickly, let us down, we fall. Falls tire and therefore cause more falls, and sprains and fractures. The second consequence is that our ski muscles respond awkwardly, slowly—they do not act of themselves from habit. Since we are not habituated to making the essential ski movements—as we are habituated, for instance, to the movements of walking—we must think while we are making them, we must order and co-ordinate the muscles involved as we go.

This is hard enough, and it is made much harder by the fact that we must do this while going downhill fast and by the fear of a bad fall which all this inspires. It is not the speed of the skis that frightens, but the knowledge or the fear that both the speed and the skis are beyond our control. When scared one tends to forget all one has been taught and to act on instinct. Consequently the more one becomes habituated to doing the essential movements for controlling skis the more he does them by second nature and the more he does them by instinct the more likely he is to do the right thing when moving fast, the less fearful he is and the sooner he learns to ski.

The best way to habituate oneself to these ski movements is to remove at the start the elements of danger—namely, the skis and the hillside—and to practice these movements at home in one's shoes or slippers. Such exercise is also the best way to strengthen the ski muscles. Consequently by concentrating on a few exercises at home that simulate the essential ski movements one can advance double quick in skiing, greatly reduce the time otherwise needed for practice or breaking in when one gets to the snow, lessen considerably the danger of accident, and have much more fun.

The essentials in skiing, it seems to me, are these—how to stand on skis going downhill, how to turn them while moving, how to brake or stop them. There are only two basic ways to turn, brake and stop that the

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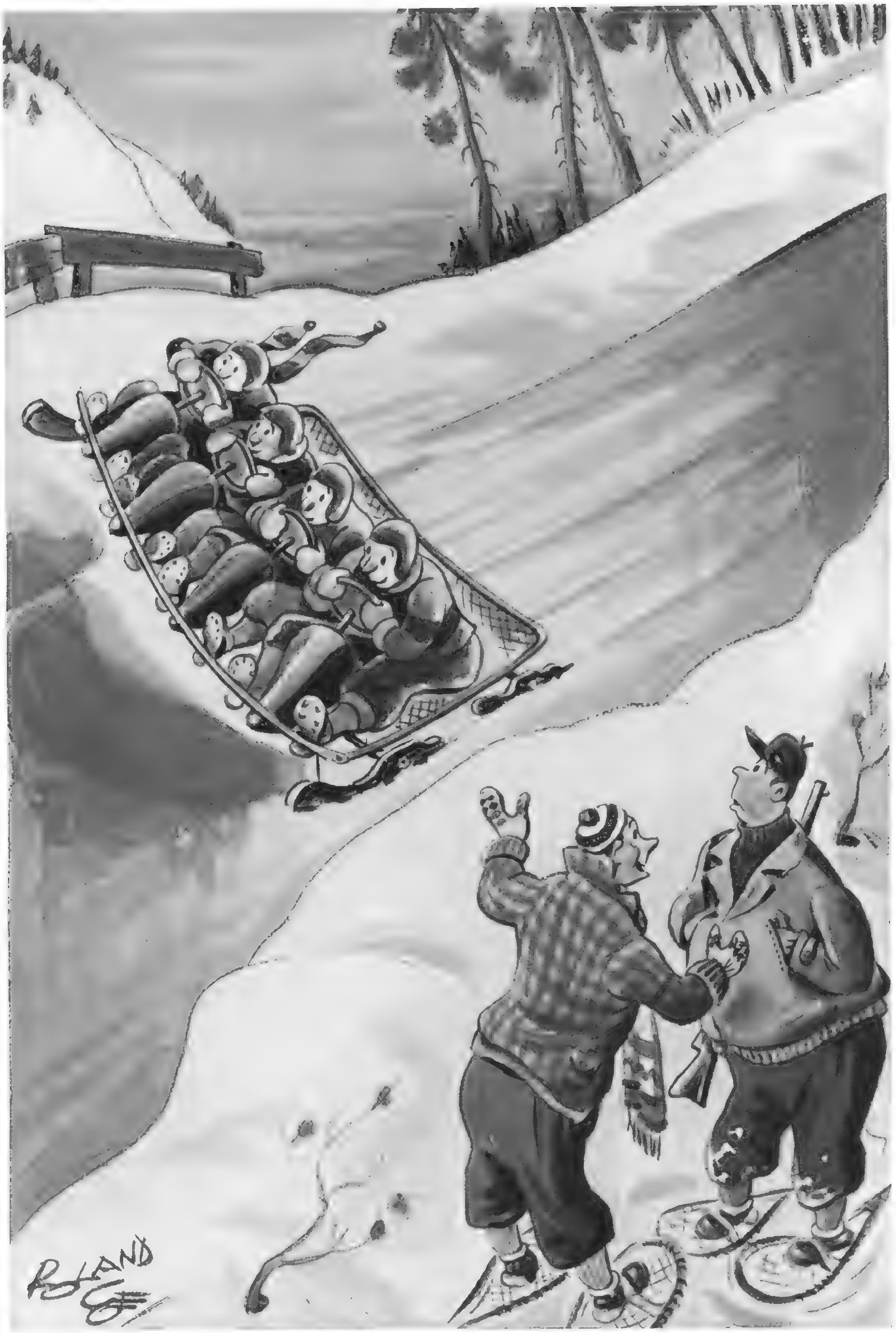


"They had the bobsled made special; they all wanted to steer"

All Roads to Graves Are Dusty

Mrs. Morton knew that Pedro's funeral might cause the death of many soldiers and peasants

by ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

• FICTION •

It was ten o'clock in the morning; the sun shone placidly down on Mrs. Morton's garden at Lake Chapala. The vast Mexican lake extended its quiet blue from the foot of her garden, away into the distance of grey mountains.

Mrs. Morton, meditative and pale, reclined in an easy chair on the terrace of her house. She was not looking at the garden or the lake: she was looking without interest at her hands. They were old hands, with outstanding blue veins.

On the other side of the house, in the kitchen, the beautiful grave-faced Clara was making preparations for luncheon. The room was dimly lighted by three narrow windows that opened onto the patio; along one side extended the customary Mexican series of tiled charcoal burners and perpetually stewing pots that gave somewhat the impression of a witches' cavern.

Chango, the simple-minded gardener who had been with Mrs. Morton for twenty years, shuffled on bare feet into the kitchen and remarked: "Our Pedro was shot by the soldiers last night. They killed him right behind the church. That was bad of them, wasn't it? The priest will be angry at them. Pedro was a good boy."

Clara put down the earthen pot she was scouring, stared at Chango, and did not reply.

Chango nodded his head sagely. "Yes, yes, the soldiers shot him for going into the church to give a candle to St. Christopher. The church had been closed, you know, by the government. And I do not know where my big hammer is. Pedro took it from me to break the lock on the church door. It was bad of him to take my hammer. The Señora will scold me for losing it." He paused and collected his thoughts. "But Pedro was a good boy. Yes, yes. I think he meant to bring back my hammer."

"Chango, you have not been to the cantina, have you?"

"No, no, Clara! You know that the Señora does not let me get drunk except on Sundays."

"Then who told you this?"

"Some men went by the gate just now, with Pedro in a cart. The men told me all about it. Pedro was in the cart. He looked as if he was asleep."

Clara remained silent. So that was why Pedro, the most perfect of all the houseboys of Chapala, had failed for the first time in ten years to appear promptly at seven o'clock this morning; that was why Clara herself had been obliged to take the Señora her breakfast and admit ignorance as to why Pedro was not there . . . And now? . . . And now? . . .

Chango stood shuffling his dirty bare feet. "I think Pedro meant to bring me back my hammer. Don't you, Clara?"

"Go away, Chango!" she said. "I want never to see you again!"

He stared at her with the expression of a hurt dog.

Clara burst into tears. "My friend, I did not mean that! May all the blessings of the Saints and of the Holy Virgin be upon you! You will get your hammer—or another, nicer one. But I must go now and tell the Señora. Blessed Savior, what shall I say, what shall I say? But Chango, my friend, go you now and attend to your gardening, will you? Keep the garden! Do you understand?"

"Yes, Clara; yes, Clara; I will do that! Keep the garden! Keep the garden! I will do that!" Smiling his sweet senseless smile, he shuffled off toward the shed where he kept his spade and his watering-buckets.

Clara dried her tears and went out onto the terrace. She saw that Mrs. Morton was sitting there—a pale, composed figure with a book in her wrinkled hands.

"Señora—Señora—I have terrible news. Pedro is dead! He was shot by the soldiers!"

"Thank you, Clara, for saying it so simply. It was hard for you to tell me, wasn't it?"

"But what I say is true, Señora! Pedro is dead!"

"Yes, Clara, I understand that. Last night after I had gone to bed, the thought suddenly came to me that this would surely happen. And when he did not come this morning, I knew . . . Clara, I have been wondering if I could have prevented it? If I had gone to the church with him?"

"No, Señora! Then the soldiers would have shot you too!" At the thought of this additional horror, Clara turned away and went back to her kitchen, weeping.

Mrs. Morton closed her lips in a firm straight line and sat in stony composure, looking out at the vast blue lake beyond her garden. Her thoughts were calm, yet they no longer seemed quite subject to her control. She was aware that she would never be quite the same after this news of Pedro's death. She had repaid in full measure his faultless devotion as her house-boy by giving him her honest love and sympathy; and this blow struck straight to her heart. He had been such a sweet boy—so gentle and so considerate and so hard to understand. If he had died a natural death, she could have endured the fact: but the senselessness, the wanton wickedness of this slaying—its madhouse-quality—shook her to the depths.

Memories of her own English dead came back to her. She saw the quiet Sussex village of her youth—the green lanes, the great elms in the village street before her father's greystone church, the peace and tranquillity of her girlhood days in that secluded spot. Here in Chapala her garden also had tranquillity; but outside her walls there stirred restlessly an incomprehensible Mexican people in whose blood the fires of volcanoes smoldered—and sometimes burst forth in ruin.

Much as she loved this Mexico where she had continued to live on after the death of her engineer-husband twenty years ago, still she found it at certain times appalling.

All she could do on this day was wander restlessly from house to terrace and then back again—murmuring to herself a quotation she remembered from the writings of the great and tragic Sir Thomas More: "Oh the cruel mindes of men, Oh the blinde heartes."

After a while a practical thought came to her. She went upstairs to her bedroom closet, unlocked a steel box, and surveyed the large heap of silver pesos which she was obliged to keep on hand because of the complete lack of banking facilities in this little town. She carefully counted out sixty pesos, put them into an old shoe box, and carried them down to the kitchen.

"Clara," she said, "here are sixty pesos. Take them to Pedro's wife. She will need them for the funeral."

Clara took the heavy box and smiled. To Mrs. Morton, this sum represented less than twenty American dollars: to Clara it represented riches. "Oh, Señora, what a wonderful funeral they can have now! With a coffin!"

"Yes. And tell her that I will give her more, later, when I find out what her needs are. Tell her I will come to see her soon. And of course take the three candles, from me and from you and from Chango. And light them yourself beside the body."

"Yes, Señora, yes."

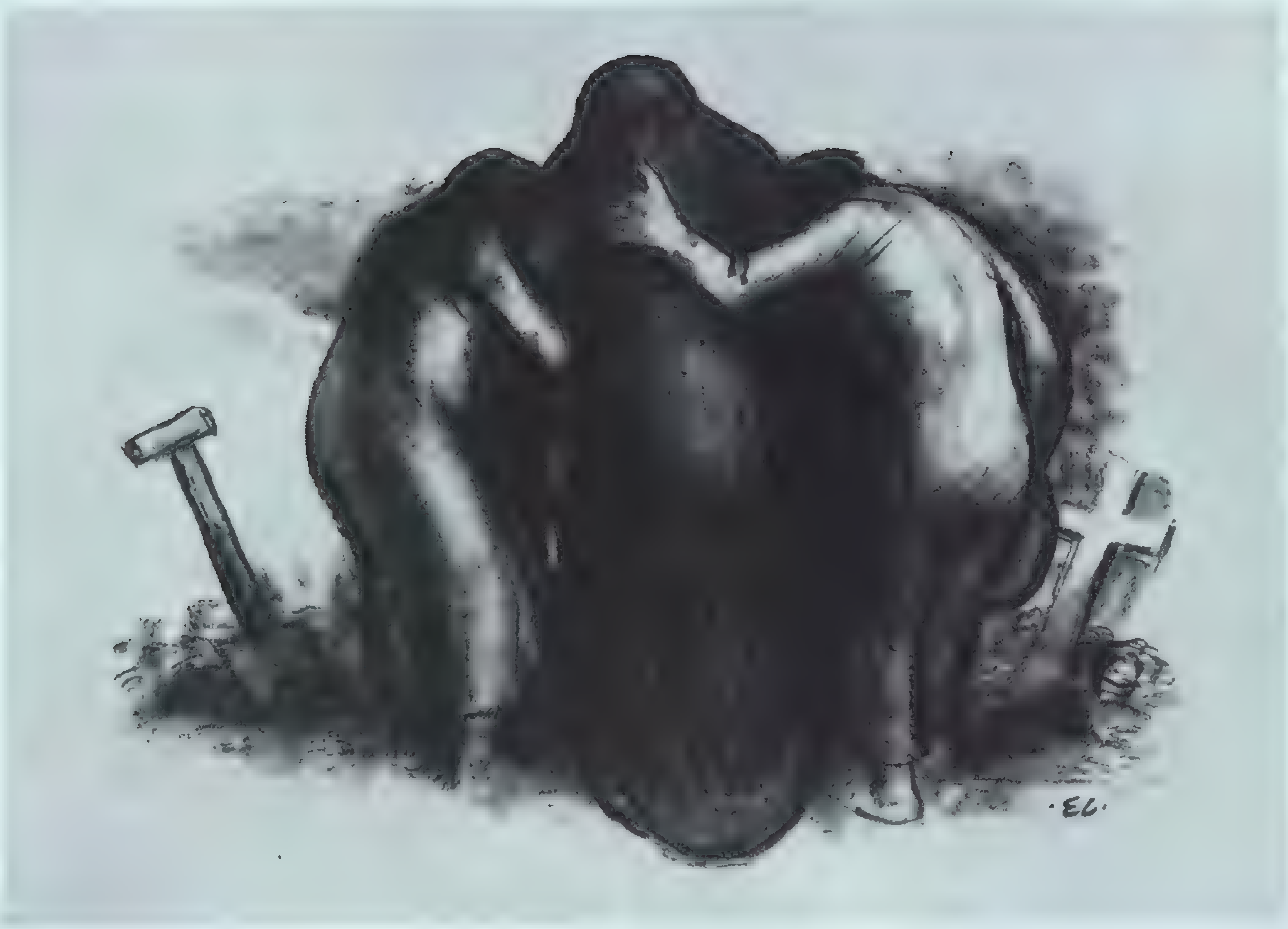
An hour later Clara returned. "Oh, Señora, the poor woman is so sad—and she had no money with which to buy tequila for a good funeral—and she is so grateful to you—and she wept—and" . . .

"That will do, Clara! I can imagine quite enough without your telling me any more."

Clara emerged from her mood of grief and became cheerful. "Do not be too sad about Pedro's wife. Señora. She feels terribly now—but a week from now she will probably be happy with another man. She is young."

Mrs. Morton closed her lips in a firm line of silence.

No meals were served in the house that day. Mrs. Morton took a cup of tea at noon, but refused Clara's suggestion that she have a little nice caviare on bread-and-butter. Clara ate a bit of tortilla and chili, which she did not really want. But she cooked a fine pot of beans for Chango, who sat down in the kitchen and began to eat them with relish while he wept into them. By this time he had forgotten his hammer, and the inexorable fact of death had entered his simple mind.



LITHOGRAPH BY ERIC LUNDGREN

"Good Pedro! Good Pedro!" he kept sobbing through a mouthful of beans.

"Stop that!" Clara said to him sharply. "Hasn't the Señora enough to bear without your making a noise like a love-sick burro?"

Chango could not stop. Clara made him take his pot of beans down to the edge of the quiet lake, where he continued to lament: "Good Pedro! Good Pedro!"

In the evening, Clara stole in from her kitchen. She found Mrs. Morton sitting on the terrace, silent and thoughtful.

"You are all right, Señora? You will have no caviare? No dinner?"

"No, Clara . . . Clara, when is the funeral to be?"

"Tomorrow morning, Señora, at ten o'clock." Clara shuddered, for she could guess what was coming now.

"If I remember correctly, there is a little rip in my best black dress. Will you sew it up for me tonight, please?"

"But Señora! You are not going to walk in the funeral procession?"

"Why not? Why not?"

"But, Señora, the road to the graveyard is long and dusty, and"—

"The roads to all graves are long and dusty, Clara."

Clara was silent for a moment. Then reluctantly she said: "But Señora—there is a special reason why you ought not to go."

"Tell me what it is!"

"Señora, there may be trouble. Everyone is growing more and more angry at the soldiers for killing Pedro. The men are drinking a great deal at the cantinas. Some of them are saying that tomorrow after the funeral they ought to set fire to the Police Station where the soldiers are and kill them with knives and pistols as they run out. I hope it will not happen—for it would be wicked, would it not?"

"It would be very wicked. To murder some poor stupid fellows who happen to be soldiers will not bring Pedro back to us." Mrs. Morton burst into tears—the first emotional relief she had been able to find since Pedro's death.

In a moment she recovered her composure. "Clara, my dear, you will have my black dress ready tomorrow morning. And you will see to it that Chango is decently dressed."

"But Señora—it may be terribly dangerous! Let Chango and me go alone."

"Clara! . . . Clara, I forgive you because you are overwrought and nervous—but, frankly, did you ever know me to refrain from doing anything merely because it was dangerous?"

"No, Señora . . . I will sew up the black dress tonight" . . .

That night Mrs. Morton slept the sleep of utter emotional exhaustion. When she awoke in the morning she was sure that she had dreamed continuously all night, but she could recall nothing of the dreams except that they had been happy ones. Then her sense of reality returned to her: she became aware that this was the day of Pedro's funeral, and that she intended to walk to the grave, and that there were soldiers and peasants who perhaps would die today.

She dressed herself meticulously in her severe black dress. She chose a large black hat with plumes, and was able to smile as she realized that this hat would have been fashionable in London twenty years ago and that it would still be impressive here in Chapala.

Clara brought her a cup of tea and a poached egg on thin toast. She drank the tea with pleasure, but was unable to touch the egg.

She sat on the terrace until ten o'clock, looking at the lake, which was today unruffled by any winds. Then she rose.

"Clara, are you ready?"

"Yes, Señora. And will you look at Chango, to see if he is all right?"

Clara beckoned to Chango; he came into the living room from the hallway where he had been waiting. Mrs. Morton looked at him. From some unsuspected source he had managed to borrow an old black coat suitable for a priest and a pair of clean army trousers. In one hand he held a straw sombrero around whose brim was tied an enormous band of black crepe. With his other hand he supported on his right shoulder his gardening spade, as if it were a soldier's rifle. His feet were bare.

Clara and Mrs. Morton exchanged glances. They understood each other at once.

"Chango," Mrs. Morton said, "You have done well indeed in thus honoring our Pedro. But leave the spade behind: you will not need it: others will attend to the burial. Go and pick some flowers to carry, instead. Pick your most beautiful ones."

Chango smiled in delight. "Good Pedro, Good Pedro," he mumbled as he shuffled away.

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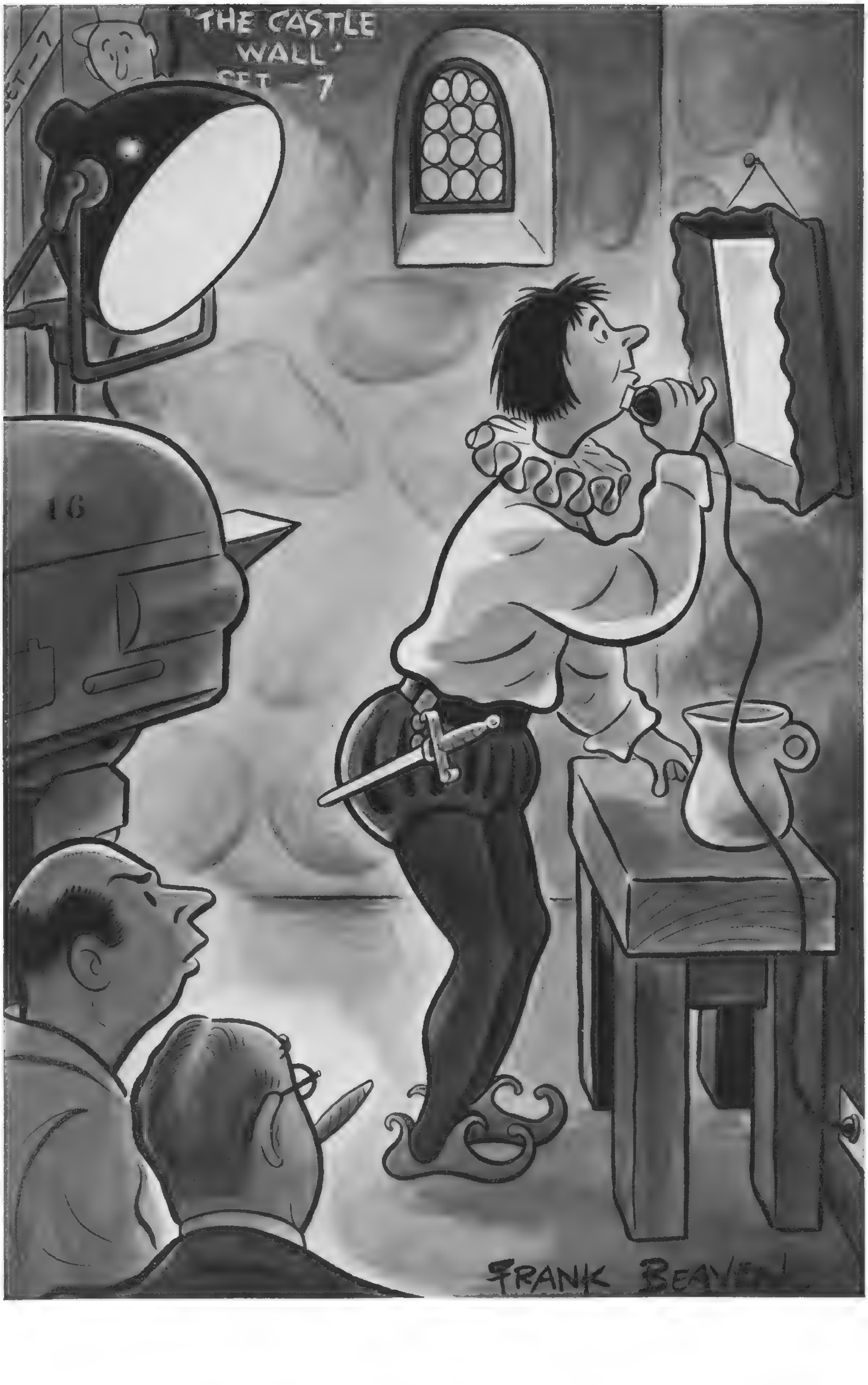

"THE CASTLE WALL"
SET - 7
SET - 7
16
FRANK BEAVEN

"Something doesn't seem quite right to me"

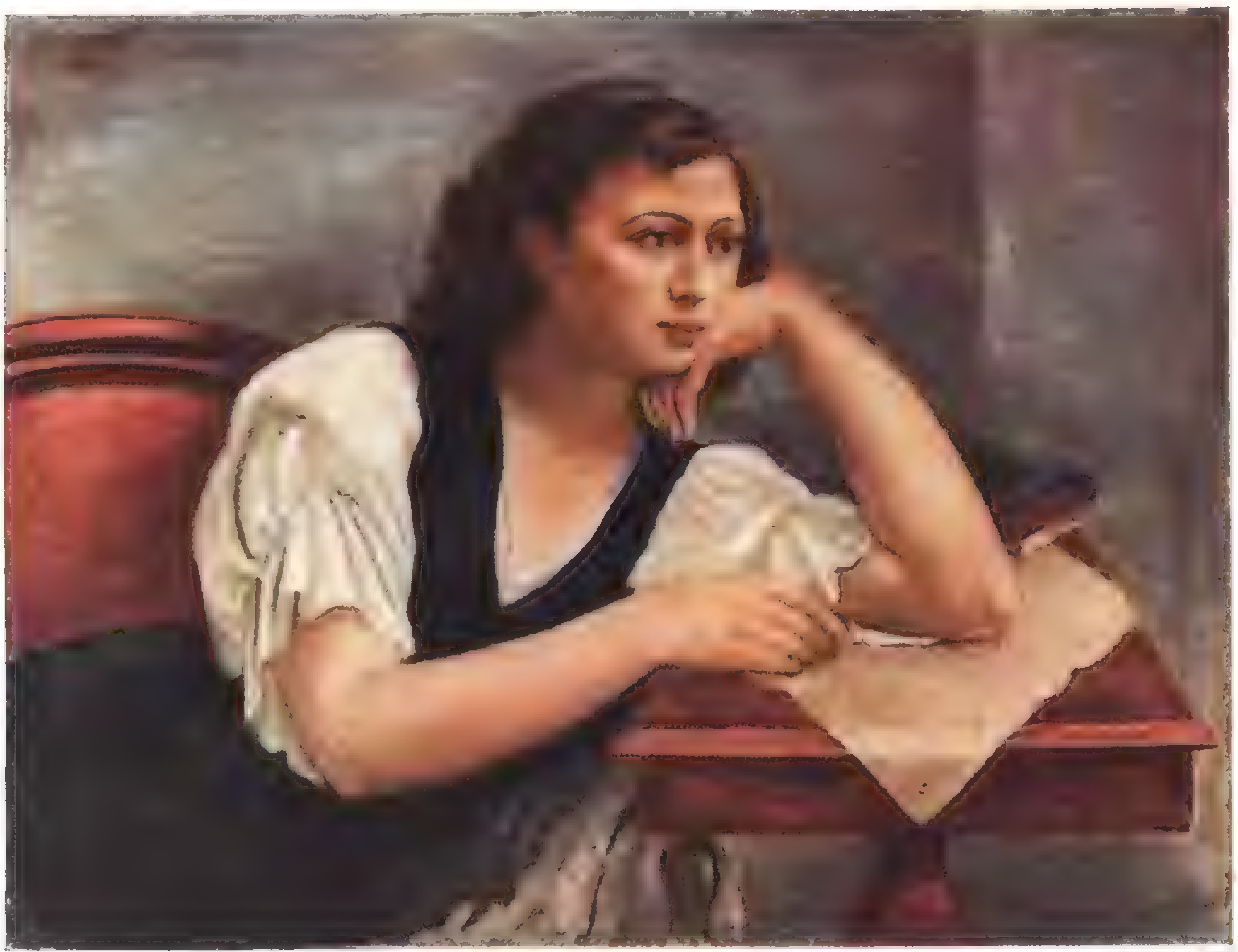
Arnold Blanch: Bohemian

He lives simply and travels light and when he sells a painting, he pays a few debts or goes to Europe

by HARRY SALPETER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

THEY call Arnold Blanch the best trout fisherman in Ulster county, New York. He is one of its best hunters. There are few things Blanch loves better than to scour the wooded hills of his adopted county with gun and dog. For several winters his otherwise bare table groaned with venison, hare, partridge and duck; during that period he achieved the contradiction of having most in his belly when he had least in his pocket. Knowing no more about Blanch than the preceding sentences, you would suppose that this scrivener was rolling up his sleeves to tell you the story of a mighty fisherman and hunter. But hunting and fishing are among Blanch's only incidental pursuits; he is, chiefly, an artist, a very good painter, if not a great one. He is possibly not so successful as he deserves to be, but he has a reputation among the discerning that, ironically or logically, still leaves him a poor man.



DORIS LEE

His love of the outdoors dates from a typically American boyhood in a typically American small town in the Middle West. It was in the woods of Minnesota that he learned to shoot and in its streams to fish. He does not appear to have been tormented by early yearnings to be an artist; his sense of art was no more profound and no more un-typical than Huckleberry Finn's.

Arnold Blanch began his life in art by making sketches on outhouses. Even when, late in his teens, he did think about art it was about that subdivision known as commercial art, by which, he hoped, he would make a living. He did not then realize that there could be any other art. Today, when circumstances pinch a little, he wonders whether he was not wiser at twenty than he is at 40.

Today, even in a city studio in winter, he has the ruddy, healthy look of the country and the look of almost any other occupation than that of art. The farmers with whom he goes hunting have either forgotten or forgiven, for he is a favorite even among those who wouldn't be found dead in the same room with a painter. Even the cops on Union Square some years ago who beat him up and smashed his camera to the pavement were surprised that a fellow so typically American in his looks and speech should have got mixed up with these foreigners and reds; they didn't know that Arnold Blanch was a typical American with a typically American sense of social indignation which put him somewhat left of center.

Blanch has been steadily moving left, in both subject matter and manner of painting. At the 1937 Carnegie International, he exhibited a distinctly proletarian theme, two tired paper flower workers. Other recent paintings, *The Refugees*, *The Negress*, which, thus far, have not been publicly shown, carry forward a similar tendency. In these latter day pictures, pigment does not caress canvas; the warmth comes almost exclusively from the sense of social indignation. The picture is painted nowadays as if the artist were saying: "Look here, I'm angry about this." The strokes of the brush are larger, bolder, freer. Unfortunately, he has completed, and exhibited, too few paintings recently to convey fully the impact of his latest style. A colleague of his said to me that if Blanch had the time to paint an exhibition roomful of new things he would have New York by the ears—and eyes. But for the past several years Blanch has been engaged on various mural projects for various agencies of the government and, incidentally, for his own subsistence, so that the occasional easel picture is something in the nature of a private indulgence. Blanch has ideas for paintings which he may not undertake now. He would like to transpose social feeling to canvas. There was great painting during the Renaissance; why can't there be great painting now? It was suggested that perhaps the Renaissance artists enjoyed a common faith—they painted greatly because they were not nibbled by doubts. There was then only one theology. Blanch's rejoinder is: "There is (for me) only one theology now." Then it is for Blanch to prove that his faith is strong enough to produce works.

Arnold Blanch knows the American land as William Gropper, for example, cannot hope to know it. Had he been concerned only with its picturesque elements and had he been able to paint with an amiable, rather than a social, point of view, he might have won his brevet in the company of the American scene painters, to most of whom he is technically superior.

In a series of paintings for which he is perhaps best known, he posed the poverty of man on the land against the opulence of the American earth and the splendor of the American sky. His *Third Mortgage* with its bleached skeletons dangling from the limbs of a blasted tree close by a farmhouse, itself reduced to skeletonal lines, is as bitter a cartoon as *The Daily Worker* ever dared publish. *The Estate* is less violent but hardly less somber in its irony. His *Farmer* is a gaunt agricultural laborer on bended knee imploring Heaven for a drop of rain for his parched earth. No Greenwich Village city slicker painted that. In his *New*

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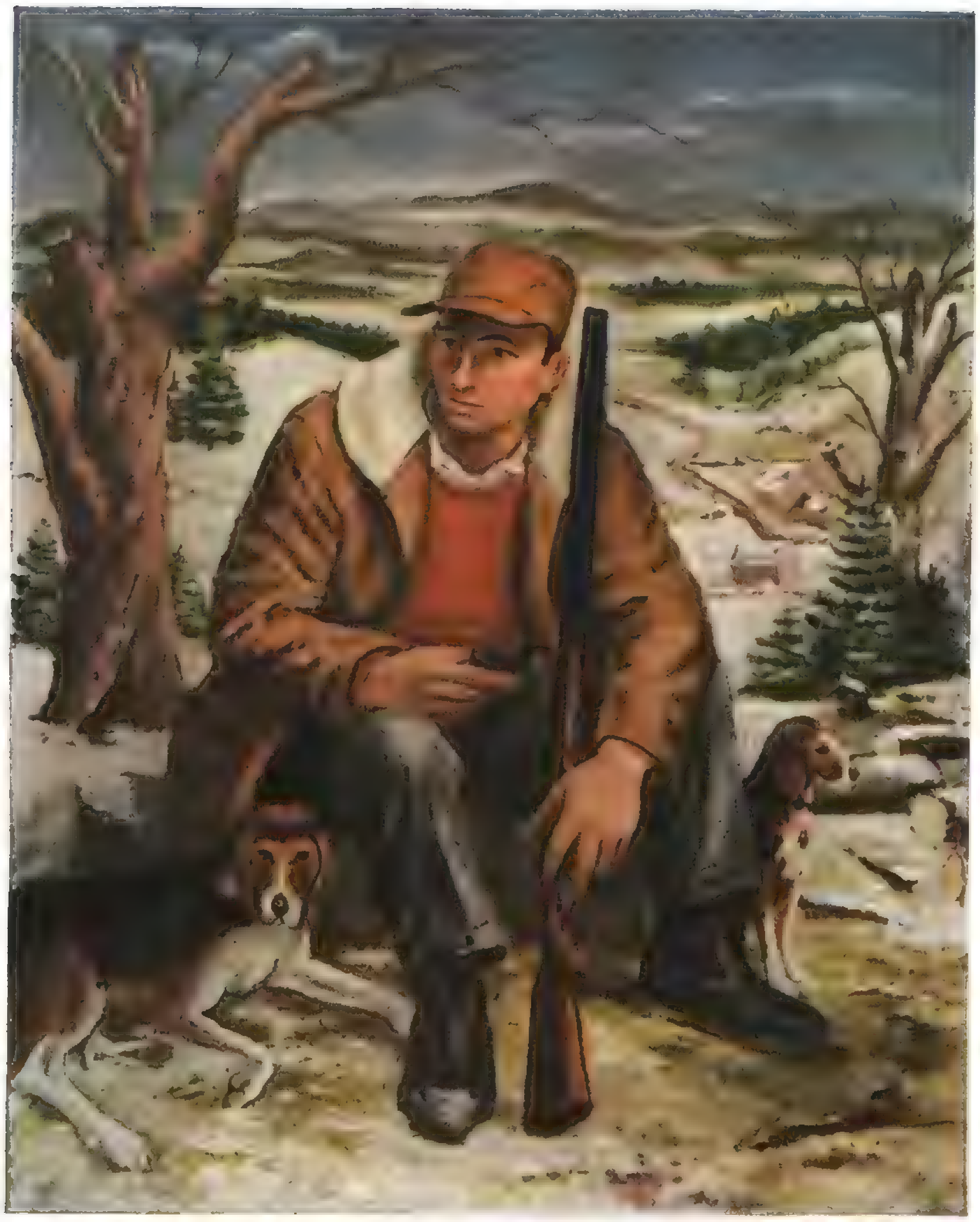
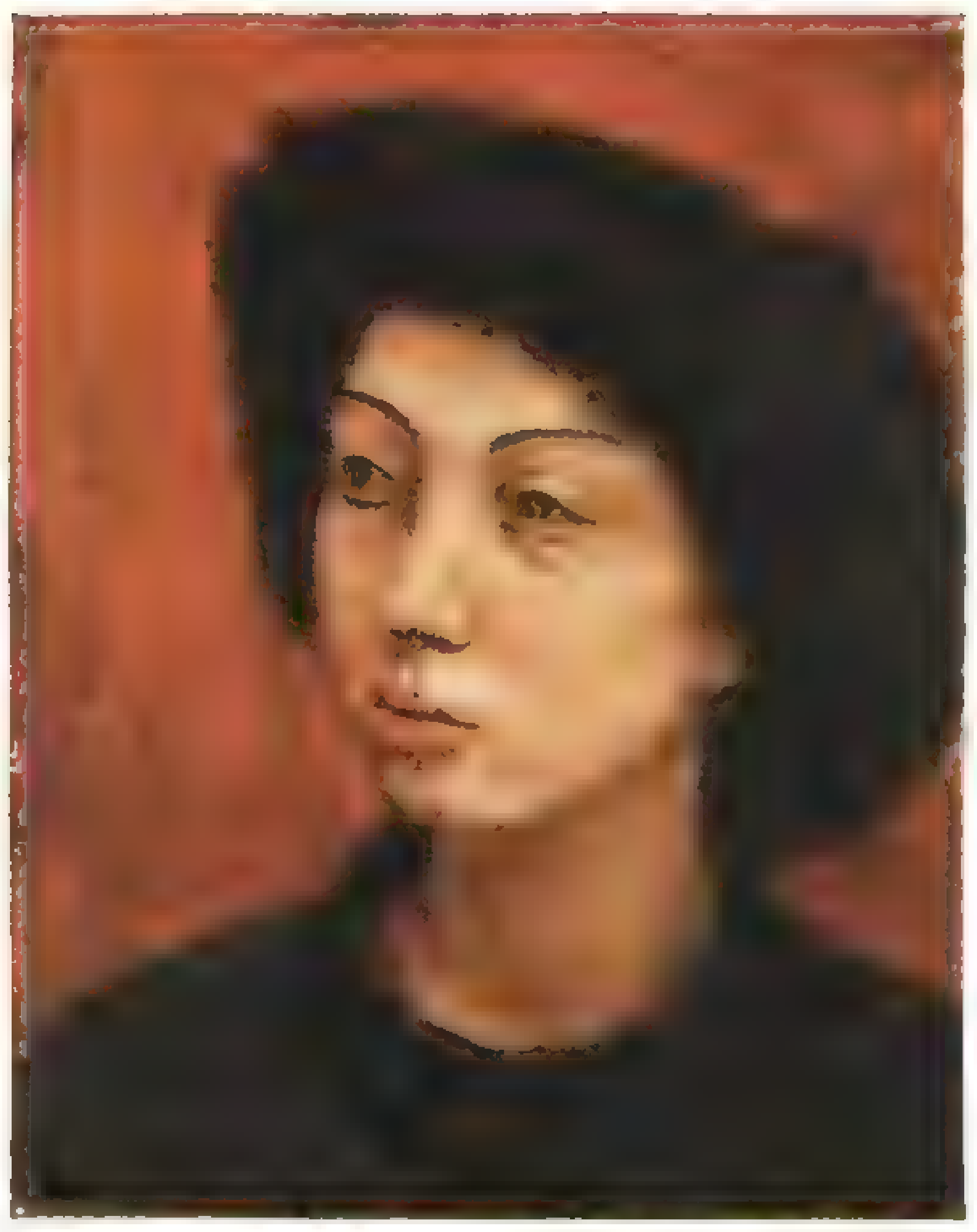


THE HUNTER



HEAD OF GITEL

Not the least notable of Blanch's work are his fairly recent portraits of women, chiefly those of his colleague and erstwhile student, Doris Lee. She made his teaching interesting, he says, by arguing with him. *The Hunter* is an autobiographical record of that winter when the Blanches were living in Woodstock, and the going was tough. Blanch bought himself a gun and shot all kinds of game. He lived crudely then but in health.

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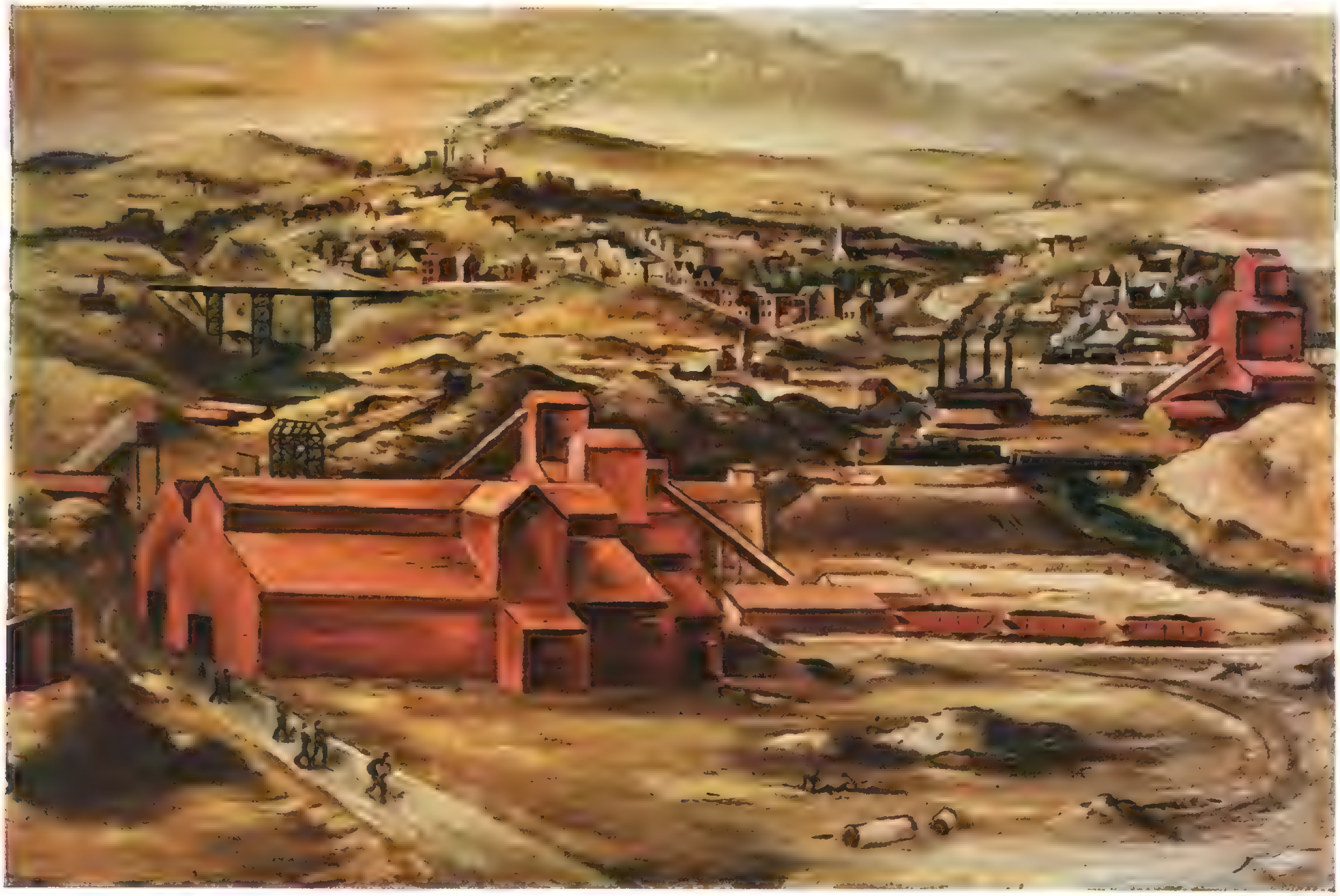
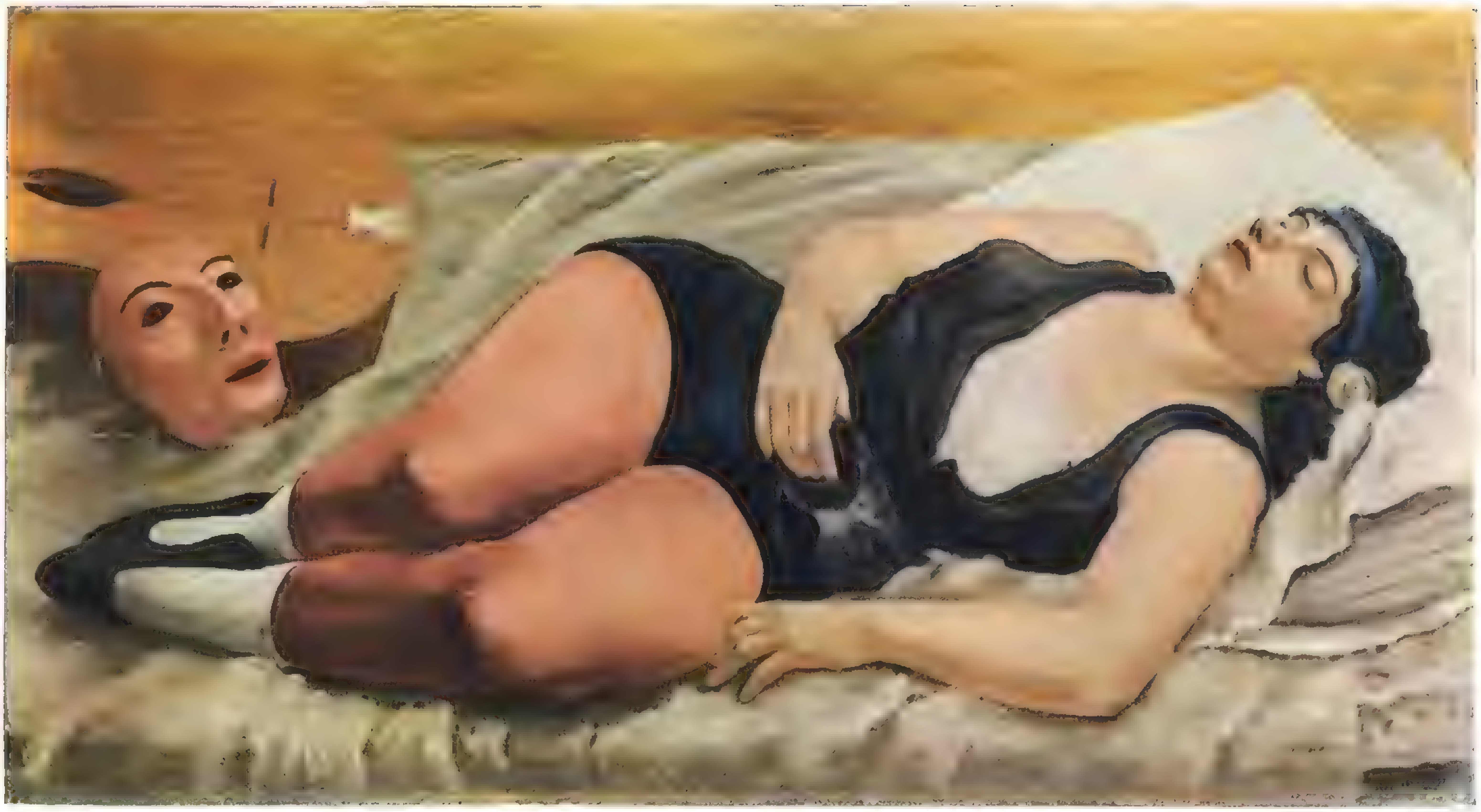


SCRANTON

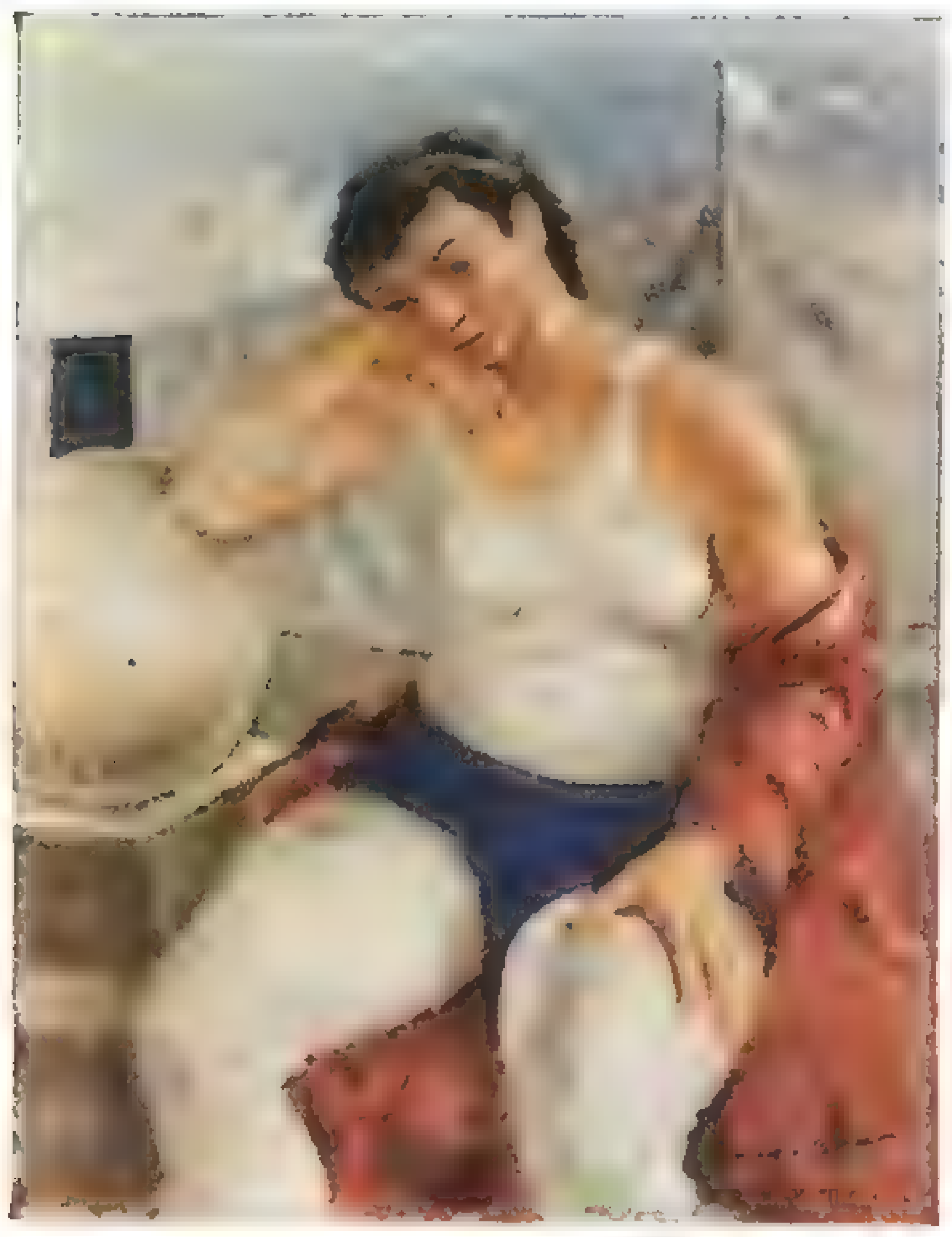


MISS COLUMBINE

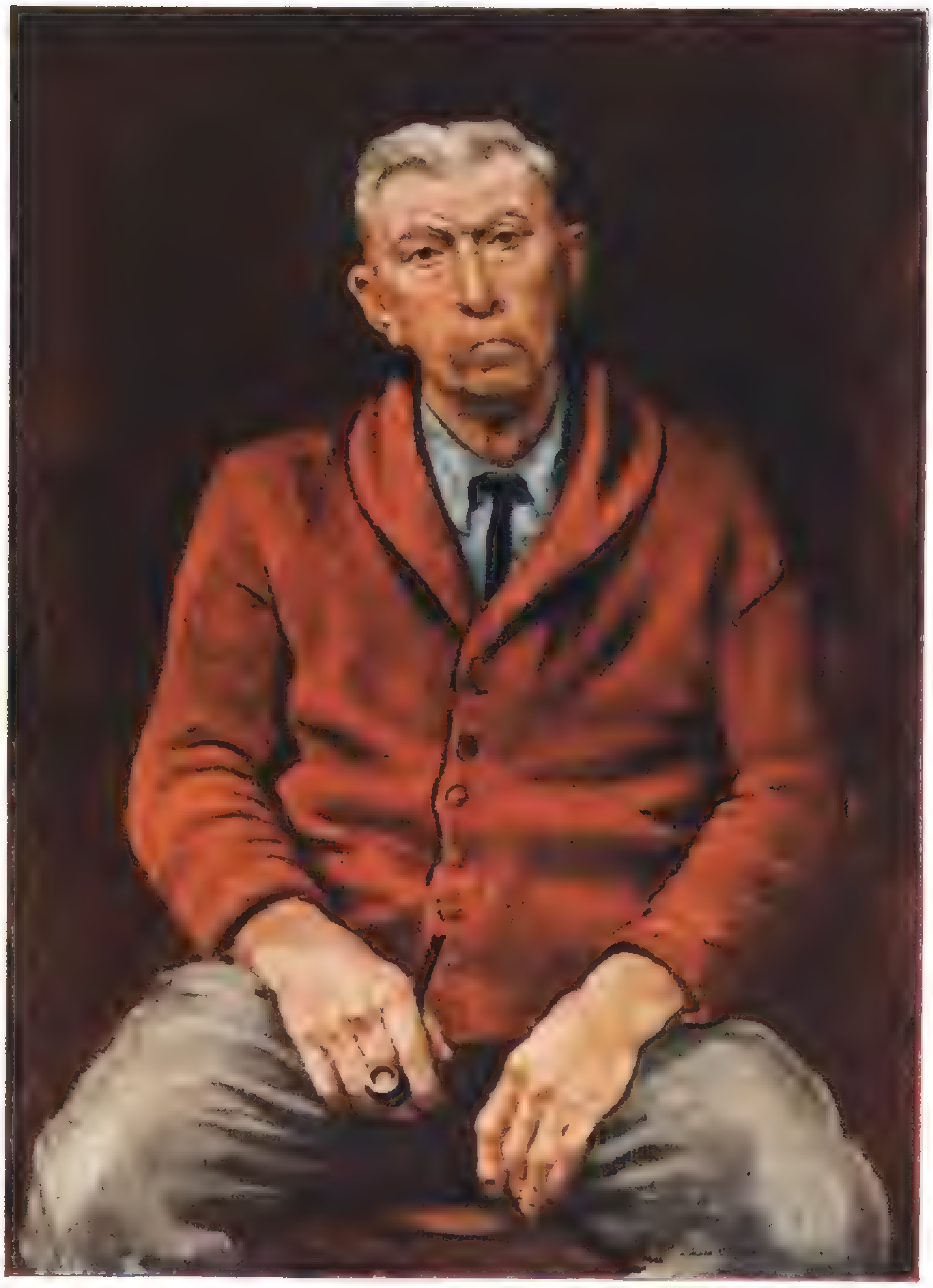
Portfolio of Paintings

by ARNOLD BLANCH

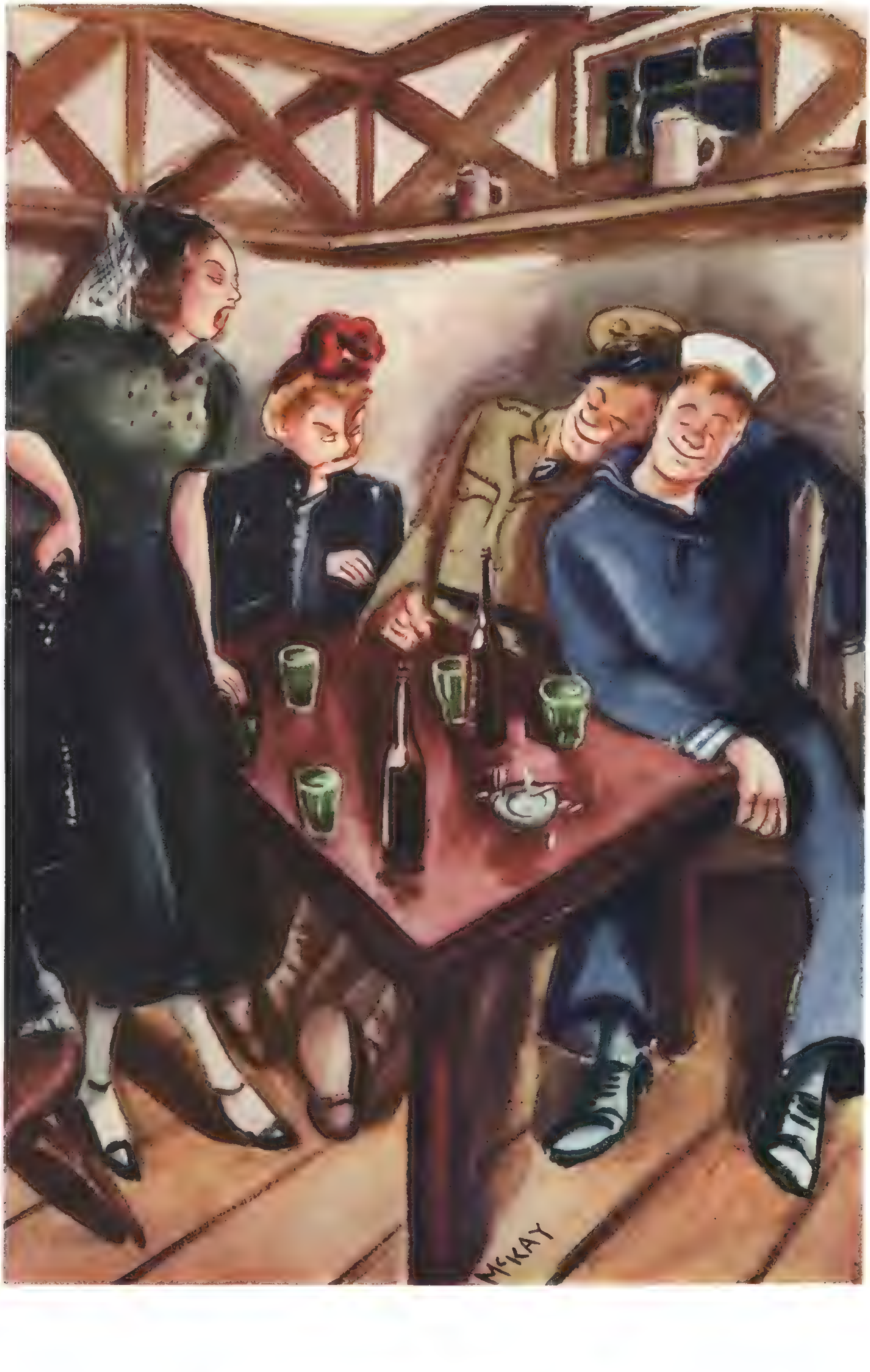
His development as a painter has been neither sure nor serene. There is a lot of fumbling and groping in the record of his career. He thinks he has found his theology but he wasn't so sure about it yesterday, and tomorrow he may discover variations and deviations. After all, Christ was the only person the devil didn't succeed in tempting. He is a painter who has done good pictures, but his stride is not uniformly heroic. He is a good artist still groping for a satisfying theme. Tomorrow he may find it. There was a time when he painted definitely in the shadow of Renoir. At one time he studied with Kenneth Hayes Miller, and didn't understand him. John Sloan and Robert Henri better met his need. Later, after the war, he discovered that Miller excited him more about painting than anyone else ever had.



CIRCUS GIRL



PORTRAIT OF A MAN



"Well—there goes our National Defense!"

Practical Defense Shooting

When you fight for your life you want a gun that not merely wounds your adversary, but puts him out

by FRANKLIN REYNOLDS

• SPORTS •

WHILE the sob sisters, pseudo-criminologists, anti-gun fanatics and some others mainly consider the revolver as a weapon of offense, they apparently forget that it may also serve as a weapon of defense. Briefly, and profiting by expensive experience, we have learned that we cannot successfully disarm the criminal element. Lawless force must, therefore, be resisted with legal force. We are faced with an emergency of criminal activity. We must meet it with stern measures, drastic measures if necessary. There is nothing gentler that can be done with telling effect. The criminal must be seen as he really is—a man with murder in his heart and a gun in his hand.

The war against organized crime calls upon the activity of the second immediate line of defense—the sportsmen of the land. The man of arms, the sportsman, is often more experienced and proficient in the use of firearms than the average law enforcement officer. The quail hunter with a riot gun, the big game hunter with his rifle, the target shooter with his revolver, are not just exactly the types of men that the gangsters entertain the desire to shoot it out with!

Revolvers for defense shooting may be gathered into two major groups. First the holster gun and then the pocket, "belly" or hide-out revolver.

The rules to be followed in selecting a revolver for defense shooting are not many. It should be chambered for a load that will put the criminal out of commission as quickly as possible—which is with one shot although the bullet may not strike a vital spot. Essentially it should be a revolver of larger caliber. Available sources of ammunition supply must be a major consideration.

It almost naturally follows that a revolver of large caliber must be a revolver of large size, but this is not always true. Many of the large revolvers of large calibers such as the Colt New Service .45; the Single Action Army .45; the Smith & Wesson .45 Model of 1917 and others have been *dehorned* and converted into "belly guns," by means of alterations made by competent gunsmiths. For many years J. H. FitzGerald of the Colt outfit has carried a pair of New Service .45's with two-inch barrels. His revolvers have been altered in other respects such as having the hammer spurs removed, the butts rounded and the fore-ends of the trigger guards cut out—alterations which cannot be recommended for the uninitiated.

Revolvers with barrels of four inches or more in length are for holster service. Guns with shorter barrels are of the "belly" or "hide-out" variety.

Many experts with the right to speak with authority insist that the four-inch is the longest barrel that should ever be carried except in the wide open spaces of the West. They point out that four inches is usually enough barrel to get the maximum in power and accuracy from the cartridge, and that at the same time it is not too long to be gracefully handled with speed in the draw. The longer the barrel the slower the draw.

Such experts with the old "Peacemakers" as Packer Jack Newman and Pink Simms have created extraordinarily fast and accurate "Belly Guns" from these old timers. These revolvers have been made up with slip-hammers which eliminate the use of triggers. The finest of these revolvers were made by the late J. D. O'Meara, formerly Captain of Guards at the Homestake Mines, Lead, South Dakota. Newman carried a pair of these short guns in his flank pockets and could demonstrate a speed in fast drawing, shooting and hitting that was bewildering.

Pink Simms, in discussing one of these guns, said: "The recoil was frightful but it was a wicked weapon. I was a little surprised to find that I could consistently hit a man target with that triggerless gun at fifty yards."

And continuing, this old Western peace officer, Jingle-Bob, cowboy and adventurer, pointed out another marked advantage in the short-barreled large caliber revolvers: "I like the .45 Colt best," he said. "I think it is the king of them all in stopping power unless the new .357 Magnum be king, but the .45 Colt has more accuracy than any human can control. I've gotten my knowledge of revolvers from practical experience and I have always found it reliable. *Another big item to take into consideration is the muzzle blast of the big calibers.* Even if your bullet misses him the other man can't walk into the muzzle blast of a .44 or .45—I've tried it and I know. It will burn a man up!"

George Parker of the U. S. Border Patrol had W. A. "Bill" Sukalle of Phoenix, Arizona, a master gun maker, make a "belly gun" from a Colt .45 New Service which was almost identical with the FitzGerald model. The Sukalle job was commended most highly by that champion shooter and excellent officer, Charles Askins, who fired the first five shots from this revolver at a spot 15 yards distant and made a group measuring but 1¼ inches! Let no man doubt the accuracy of these snub-nosed cannons!

Sukalle has told the writer that these guns should be fitted with a King Reflector Red Blade front sight. Such a sight, he says, adds materially to the ease with which these short-barreled guns can be fired with great accuracy. These revolvers are ideal for practical defense shooting, are usually lighter in weight, can be more easily concealed and brought more quickly into action.

The smaller calibers do not possess stopping power. They will not, always, put the adversary out of the game instantly even though the wound may not be in a vital spot. And if the time ever comes when you need a revolver for the protection of your life you do not want an arm that will merely enrage your adversary—you want to be able to put him down and out as soon as possible with the least of harm to yourself.

An important matter to be considered in a discussion of practical defense shooting is the fighting spirit, the vitality of some men. Two of us once saw a man who, shot through the edge of the heart, turned around, walked twenty feet and sat down in a chair. To all physical intents and purposes he was probably dead before he reached that chair but his fighting spirit kept him going. Captain Bill McDonald of the Texas Rangers was literally shot into doll rags by four men in the streets of Quanah. Even though his hammer thumb was out of commission, he flashed his blue eyes on his enemies and raised the big gun to his mouth to cock it with his teeth. His enemies, *those who were able*, turned and fled. They could not stand and face such determined, such unyielding, such vital and

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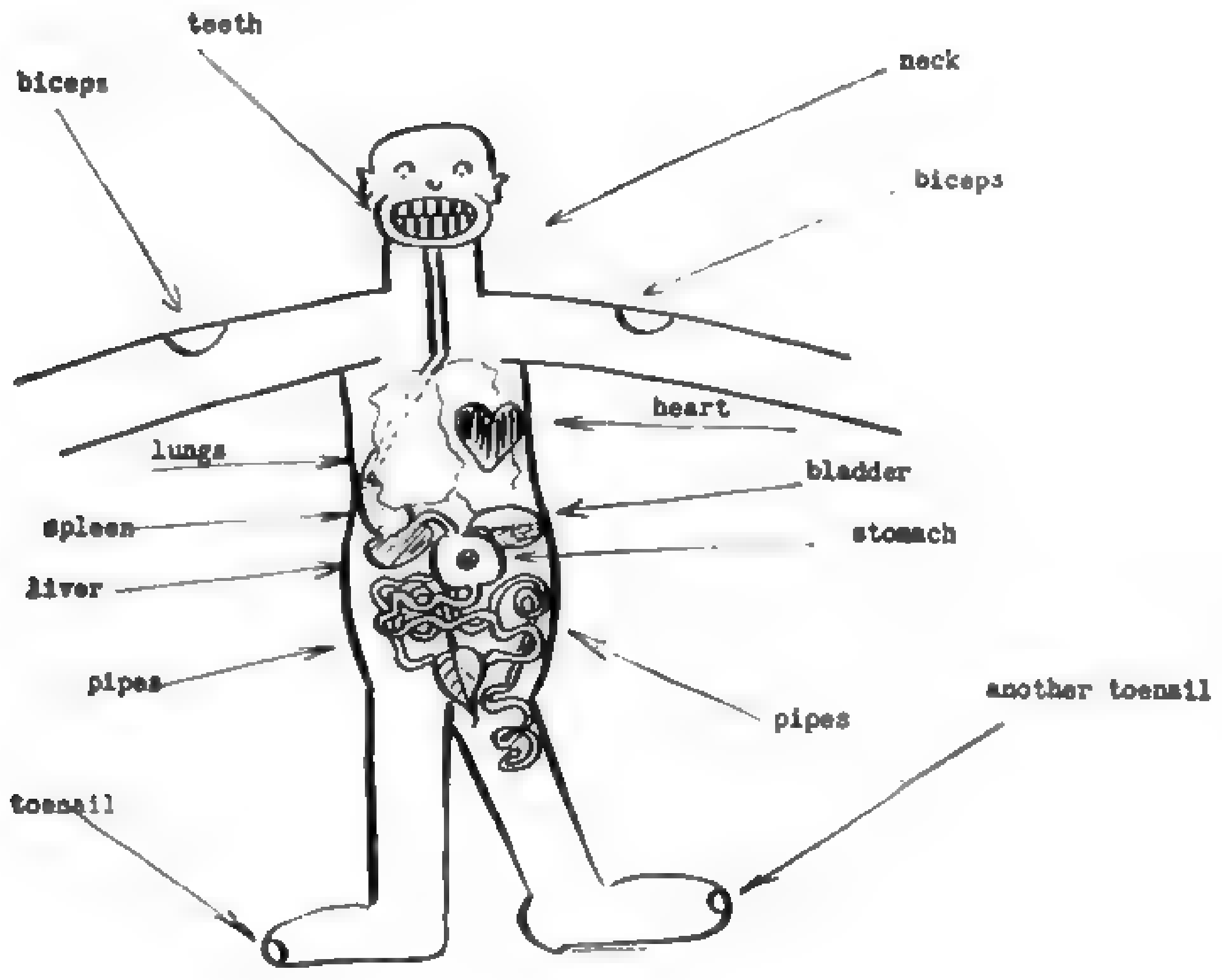
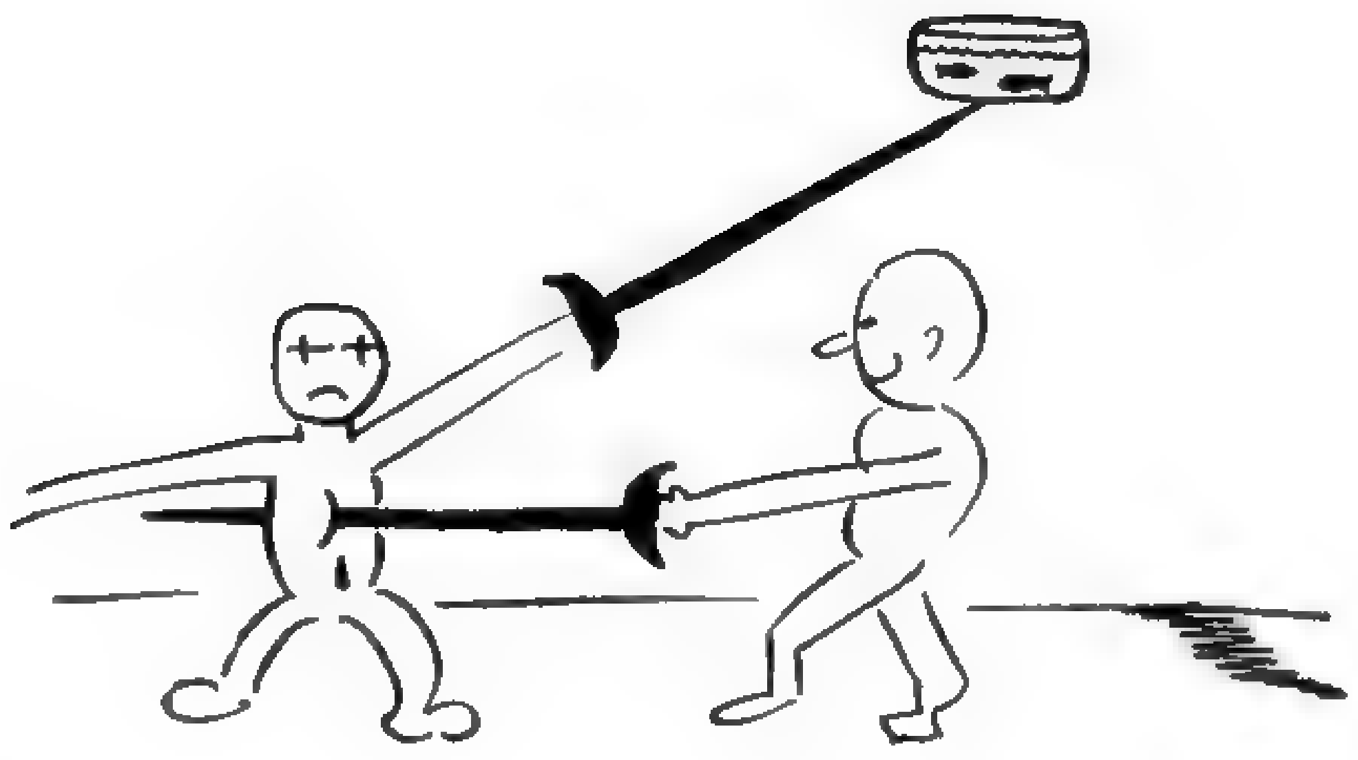


Here is a chart of the average man.
It shows his complex mechanism.
It also shows an aspirin in his stomach.
He took it for his indigestion, the fool.

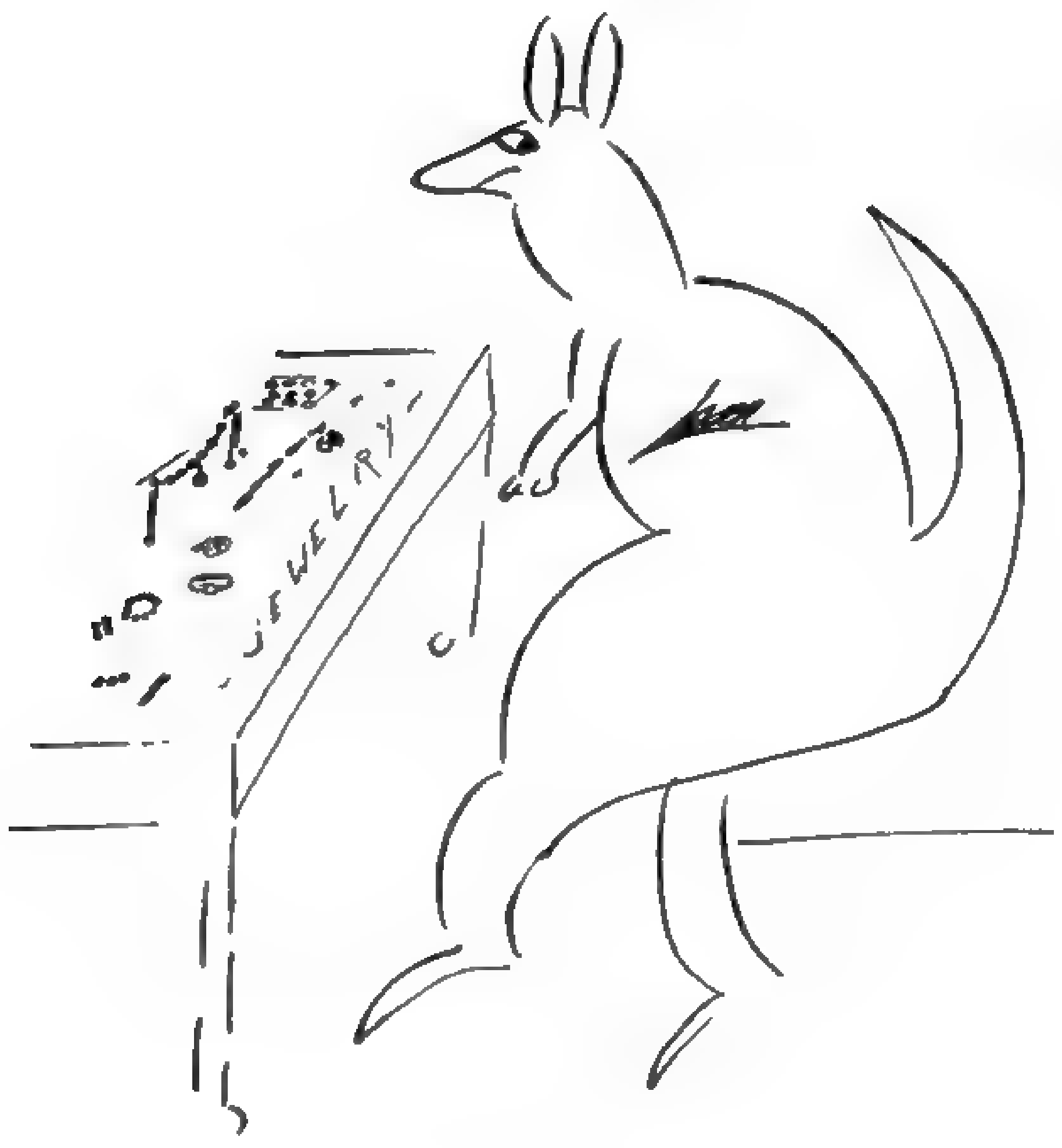


This is a duel.
It is an affair of honor.
It is being fought to settle an argument.
The guy on the left was wrong.
He was just wrong again.
He should have stuck to arguing.
Balancing a bowl of goldfish on your sword is one hell of
a way to win a duel.

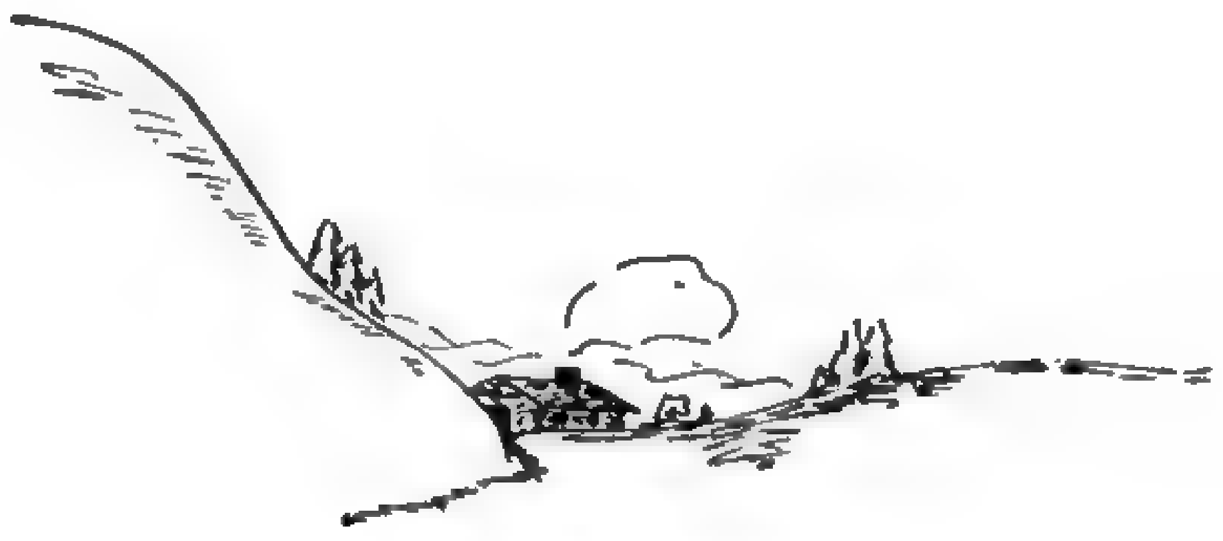
Freehand Fables

by

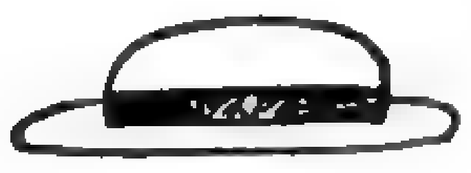
FREDERIC A. BIRMINGHAM



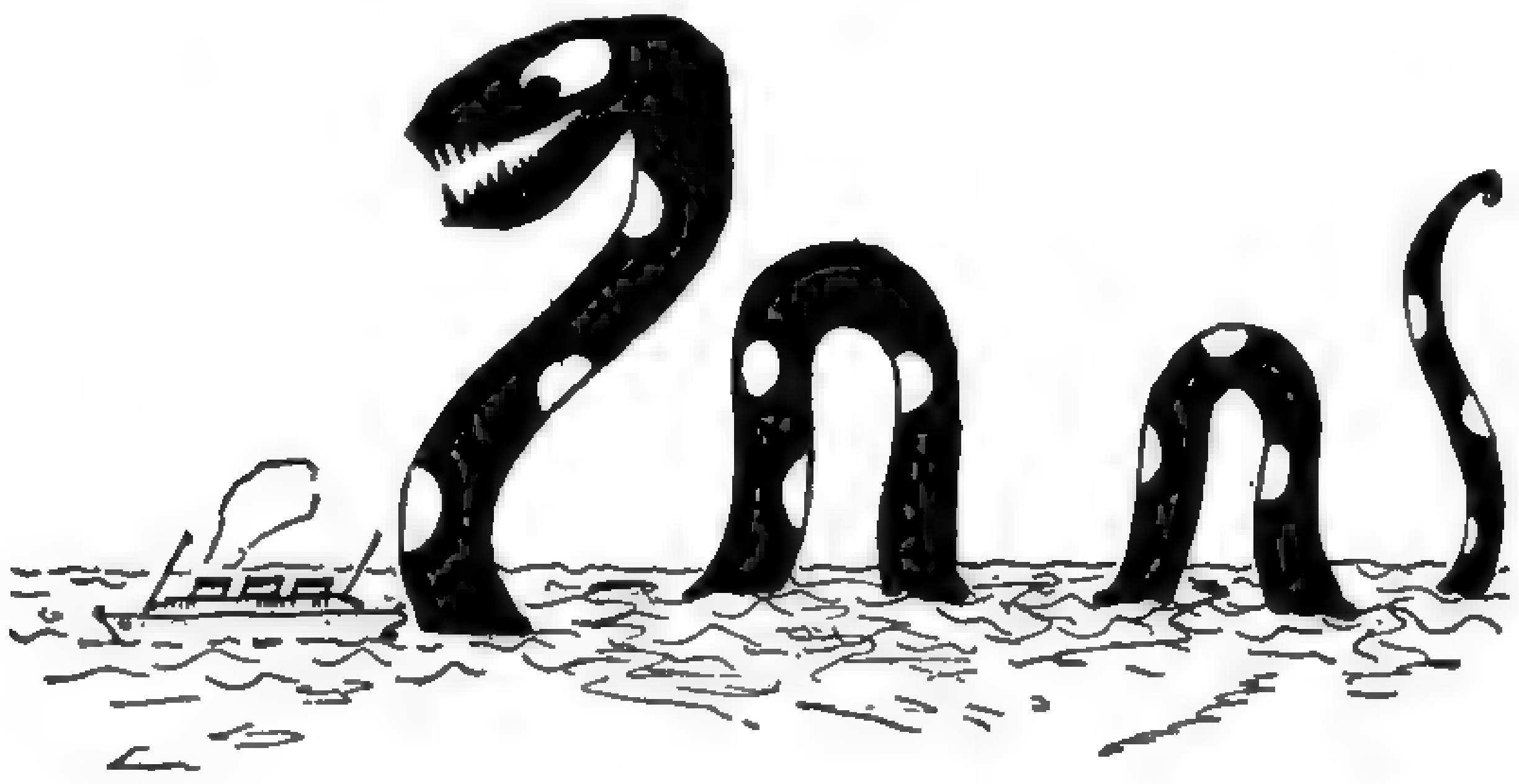
This is a kangaroo.
Kangaroos have pockets.
This one has a handkerchief in his.
He looks defeated.
He had other plans for his pocket.



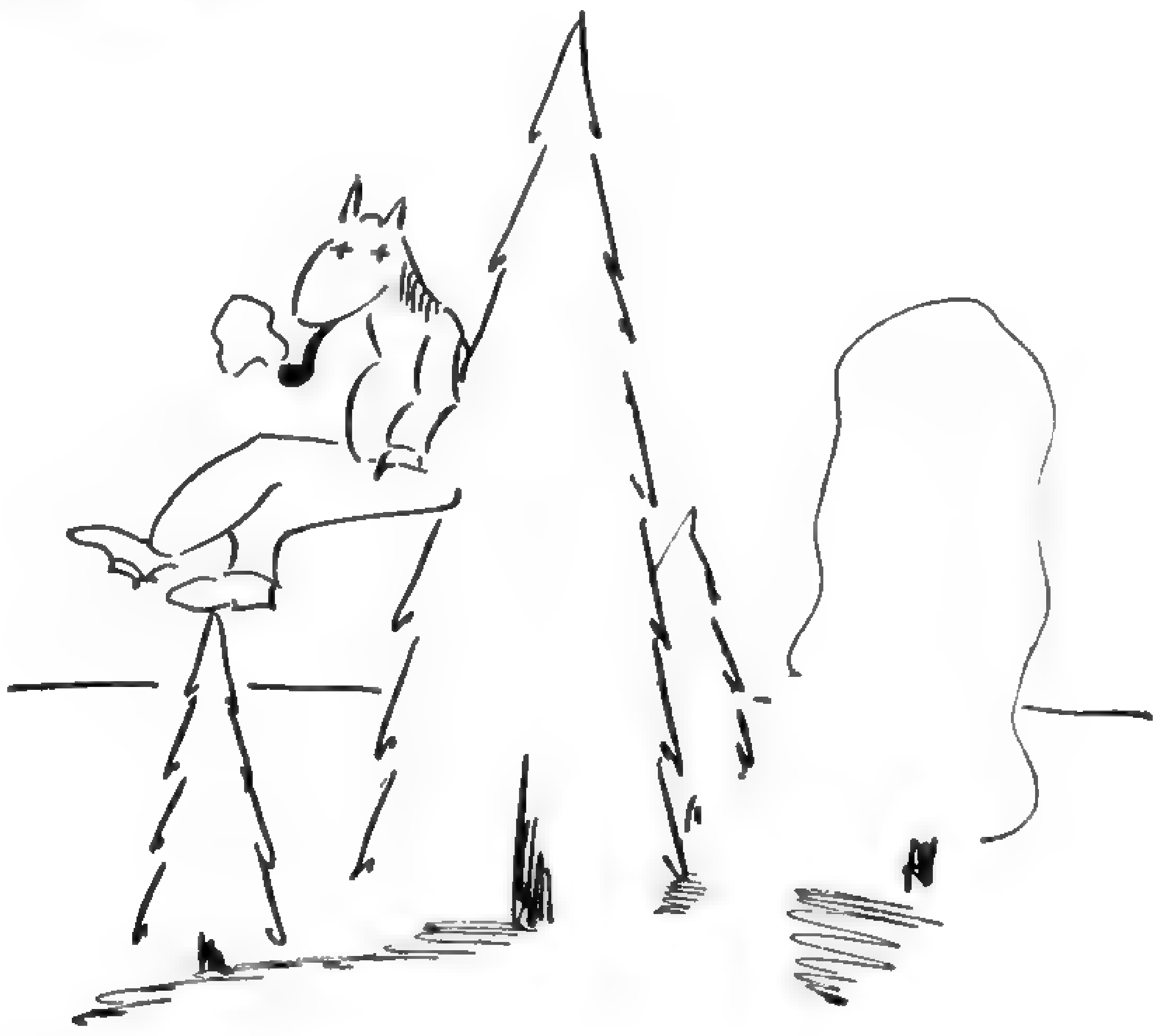
This is a love nest.
It is snuggled in the hills.
At last two sweethearts are together.
Before, they were sad because they were apart.
Now, they are together.
But they are still sad.
To hell with a love nest, they say to themselves.



This is a hat.
Men lift them in elevators when ladies are present.
Unless the ladies have moustaches.
In that case, the men do not lift their hats.
They go somewhere together and have a drink.



This is a picture of an ocean liner.
She is a queen of the seas, a floating palace.
She is a tribute to Man's engineering genius.
She represents his mastery over Nature.
It would be nice if she could go a little faster, though.



Here is a forest.
It is full of trees.
One of them has a horse in it.
He is stinking drunk.
Poor horse! He should be in a race.
He would be tired tomorrow.
But no lousy hangover.

Man Bites Dog!

The best trick dog is a coward who will do anything degrading to avoid punishment or hunger

by LEWIS HERMAN

▪ ARTICLE ▪

And let me tell you something, young fellow, that ain't no gag—it's news. Because few people realize that such things go on, that there are men who bite dogs. I'm talking about the trainers of trick dogs. I'm talking about the methods they use in order to get their dogs to perform those marvelous stunts you see them do on the stage.

There's only one way of getting a dog to do what you want him to do. You've got to put the fear of pain or hunger in it. You've seen those fellows on the stage when they take up one of the dogs in their arms and sort of cuddle it close to their mouths. Well, they ain't doing that to fondle the pooch. They're giving it a stinging bite on its ear. That's the way they avoid the use of the whip. The dog trainer never uses it. He knows that a dog gets used to working with a whip so that, when the whip ain't used, the dog realizes that there's no punishment forthcoming if it lays down on the job. So it does as it damn pleases.

This here talk about a dog being the most faithful of all animals is a lot of lies. Truth is it's a coward. The only reason it acts as it does is because it's either afraid of being beaten or starved. And these stories the papers run about dogs waking up their masters in burning houses are also hooey. Dogs have sensitive nostrils. They can smell smoke as soon as it gets going. The smoke irritates their snoots and they bark. That's all there is to it.

Another saying that gives me a laugh is "it's a one-man dog," the idea being that some dogs are so faithful to their masters that nothing, not even death, can get them away. Well, let me tell you something. Using the proper methods, I'll guarantee that, in 24 hours, I could take one of those "one-man" dogs, change his name from Rover to Cranberry, train him to come only when I called him and to refuse to come even when its former master called. I've done that same thing a dozen times if I've done it once so I'm not talking through my hat.

Another mistaken notion is man's supposed love for dogs. Oh! I know there's a lot of people that'll take me up on that. But if you'll reason the thing out you'll see that it ain't that a man loves a dog but that he's got to have something, someone to dominate completely. And dogs fit into that part perfectly. Being cowards, they'll do anything degrading, anything their master asks just so as to be fed regularly. That's one reason why kids take to dogs. You've seen them maul a puppy around, pull its ears and tail and tear its mouth apart. A dog is something alive that can be bossed. It's just another example of strawbossism. The kid's parents boss the kid and the kid bosses the dog. The same applies to Negroes' dogs down south. Why do you see so many hound dogs running loose below the line? It's because the downtrodden, abused Negro finds something that he can boss around and to which he can feel superior.

In training a dog, all you've got to have is a lot of patience and the knowledge that dogs are afraid of being punished or starved. That's all you need. It's been my experience that kindness is wasted on the canine family. Personally, I've never seen a trainer who got results with kindness. Kindness, from a dog's-eye-view, is a full belly. Feed him well and he'll do anything for you. That's why cats are so hard to train. You can't starve a cat. Snakes are the same way. They can go weeks without food. The only way the Hindus do train snakes is to dope them. And you can be sure that the poison fangs have been taken out before the training starts. The only way to train an elephant is to find some tender spot on him. Sometimes it's in his toes. Other times it's in unmentionable places. In Empress, a great big cow in a circus I was once with, the trainer discovered her weak spot to be in her right eye. He had blinded her left eye with his pen-knife probing for a weak spot. Later on she killed him. But the idea, as always, is to find some way of making the animal afraid of you.

On the other hand, the easiest animals to train are those that are the most gluttonous. Pigs are easy to train. They'll do anything for slops. Seals are the same way. Starve them for some time. Then show them how to do a trick. When they've learned how to do it, slip them a herring. They'll know what to do the next time. They'll know that, if they're to get the herring again, they've got to do what the trainer is trying to force them to do. And they do it.

That's the way trainers handle dogs. They put the fear of starvation into them. Then, to that, they add a little pain by biting their ears or pinching their tails or nipping them around the belly in a tender spot. A successful trainer is not so much a trainer as he is a man who can take advantage of a dog's personal habits and physical abilities. I have trained hundreds of dogs for every line of work; for the field, for the track, and for the stage. The smart dog, the exceptional dog is seldom the best trained dog. The smart dog is the dog that's afraid of punishment or hunger.

A dog has no reasoning power. Dog owners scoff at me when I tell them that. But take my word for it, and the scientists'll back me up on it: dogs can't think. A dog has a memory. That's all it's got. By constant repetition it can be taught to do a few tricks. Another thing: a dog can't understand what you say to it. Words, as such, are meaningless to it. Sounds, that's what makes a dog obey you. When you teach a dog to pick up your hat and you point to the hat and you give it a boot in the tail in the general direction, whenever it refuses to obey orders, you may be sure that the dog will remember that the sound "hat" spoken by you means for him to pick up that funny looking thing you wear on your head. If you want to prove to yourself whether your dog understands your words, try this on it. Instead of saying, "pick up my hat" when you point to your hat say, "stick up the flat" and accent the "at." You'll discover that the dog'll trot over to the hat just the same, pick it up and bring it to you.

Sometimes, dogs are unable to get their memories started merely by the sound of words. Some of them depend on cued actions. The unconscious movement of a man's hand in the direction of the thing to be retrieved is enough to direct a dog to it. A friend of mine once took exception to that statement and, to prove it, asked me to go out to his place to see his dog that he had trained by kindness. His contention was that the hound knew and understood every word that was spoken to him. I went out to see the dog and suggested that my friend go out to another room when he gave the dog his commands. He tried it. The dog was lost. It had been trained not by sound but by sight, by the movement of its master's hands and feet. Most times it's by the movement of a finger or a hand. Sometimes it's by a flick of an eyelid. I have cued dogs to perform tricks by the slight movement of the big toe in my shoe.

I had a dog once, a pickout dog, that I had trained to choose any coin in a row that was

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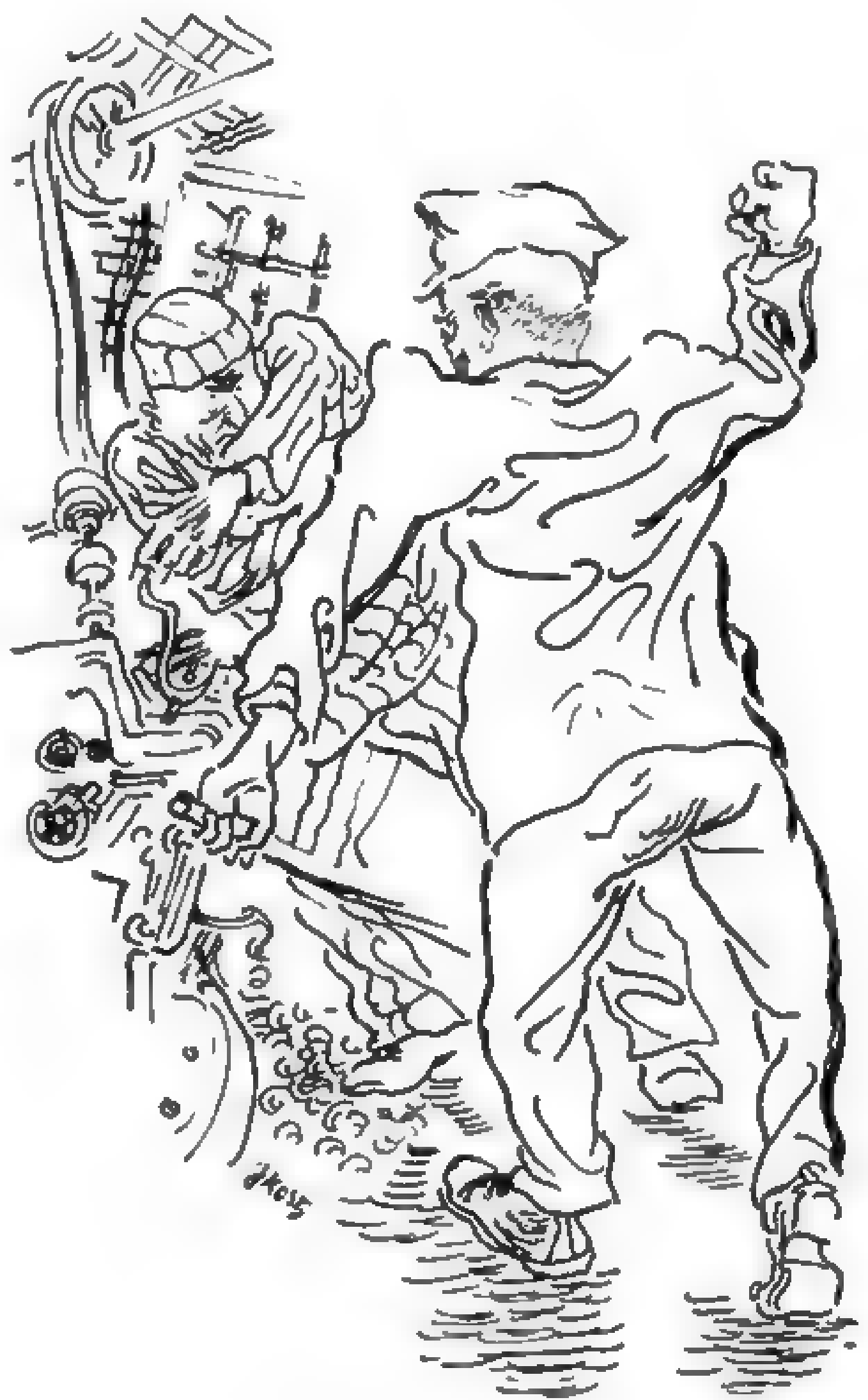
The Turn on the Screw

When a trapped man is goaded beyond human endurance, he'll take his revenge at any price

by JEROME ODLUM

• FICTION •

It is Saturday afternoon, and we are at rest in the prison yard. We loll upon the new grass, Mueller, Lassiter and I—Frank Ross—our backs toward the warm bricks that are a part of the north cell hall, and ponder over the fate that has placed us in prison.



"A bum rap," growls Mueller, voicing the thought that ever crowds his mind. "And that isn't bad enough. I've got to do the time in this hell-hole."

"I suppose," drawls Lassiter, "you think Ross and I are enjoying our stay here."

"It's a different thing with you guys that are guilty. You pulled your capers, and you knew the kind of a joint you'd be sent to if you were caught. But me—there I was, minding my own business—going straight, by God, for the first time in fifteen years—when those dirty coppers put the bite on me and got me the book on a bum rap. Forty-two years I've lived, but if it was in the cards that I absolutely had to fall on a bum rap, could I get just one little break in all my life, and do this time in a decent stir like Jackson or Sing Sing? Hell no! My luck couldn't stand it. I had to fall in this lousy state."

"Cheer up, kid," says Lassiter. "We'll both be out of here as soon as the pardon board meets. My mouthpiece says I'm a cinch to get sprung, and the chances are you'll make it out too."

"Sure, Mueller," I add. "Life under the Baumes Law doesn't mean much in this state. You've got in over three years, and I've seen plenty of lifers go out in less than that."

"Yeah," says Mueller, "guys with dough and plenty of outside connections. I'll get out of here in a box, not before." He gazes silently at the poplar trees, whose crowns, a mist of green, rise above the north wall. "I'm going nuts I tell you," he cries after a moment, "just thinking about it. Christ! Life! And in this madhouse!"

Lassiter eyes me obliquely. His eyebrows raise.

"Take it easy, boy," he counsels softly. "Don't let the joint get you down. You've done time in too many of these places to let a thing like this get you."

"Yes," says Mueller, "but you can't class those other joints with this one. They treat you like a man in every other stir. But this place—they treat us like dogs. Can't even talk. One half-hour visit a month. One letter every two weeks. No newspapers. And nothing to eat but beans, beans, beans. And when I think that I'm doing this time for nothing, I'm about ready to blow my top."

"The joint has some good points, too," says Lassiter. "They pay us a little, and we can have cigarettes. I don't mean to stick up for the place, but if you'll kind of remember that it could be even worse, you won't feel so bad."

"Good points be damned!" snaps Mueller. "This is the toughest stir in the United States. And I ought to know—I've been in plenty of them. Every time you bat an eye in here, they take away your privileges. Look at that time I was in the hospital. That dirty croaker had me thrown in the hole because I squawked about not getting any treatment. They figure it's okay to throw a guy into a cot and let him lay there till he dies or gets well. And these screws! They're a pack of the rottenest bastards I've ever seen. Especially Pete. God, what a good time I could have killing him!"

Pete Kassock, our shop guard, is the toughest screw in the whole prison. What he lacks in stature, he makes up for in pure bile. He is a ridiculous appearing little creature—short and bald and shaped like an egg—but he makes our lives a continuous hell. Possibly because he senses our quiet rebellion, he creates reasons for making Mueller, Lassiter and me even more miserable than we should normally feel. Some of the long-timers or lifers would kill him, were it not, paradoxically, for the fact that capital punishment has long been abolished from this state. Murder in this prison is punishable by life in solitary confinement—"the book in the hole." A big buck nigger once let the deputy warden have it across the head with an iron pipe. The deputy died. The nigger has been in the hole ever since. That was over twelve years ago. Many a lifer or long-timer in here would welcome the chair or hanging if he could rid the world of Pete; but life in the hole is a long, long time.

But Pete—when he dislikes an inmate—and he instinctively resents even the slightest display of intellect—he purposely rides the man until the unhappy fellow loses his head and answers insolently, or commits some minor infraction of the rules, or blows up completely and tells Pete what he thinks of him. Then Pete has him thrown into the hole, and the inmate must wait nine more months before he is eligible for parole. Through Pete's efforts, Fargo Red, who is my helper in the shop, has served seven years of a two-to-fifteen-year sentence, and has never been interviewed by the Parole Board. Each time that Red has been eligible for parole, Pete has found reason to throw him in the hole—once for leaving a pancake uneaten on his plate, once for passing a magazine to another inmate, twice for talking at the breakfast table, and several times for alleged insolence and various other reasons. Guards like Pete turn petty offenders into desperate criminals.

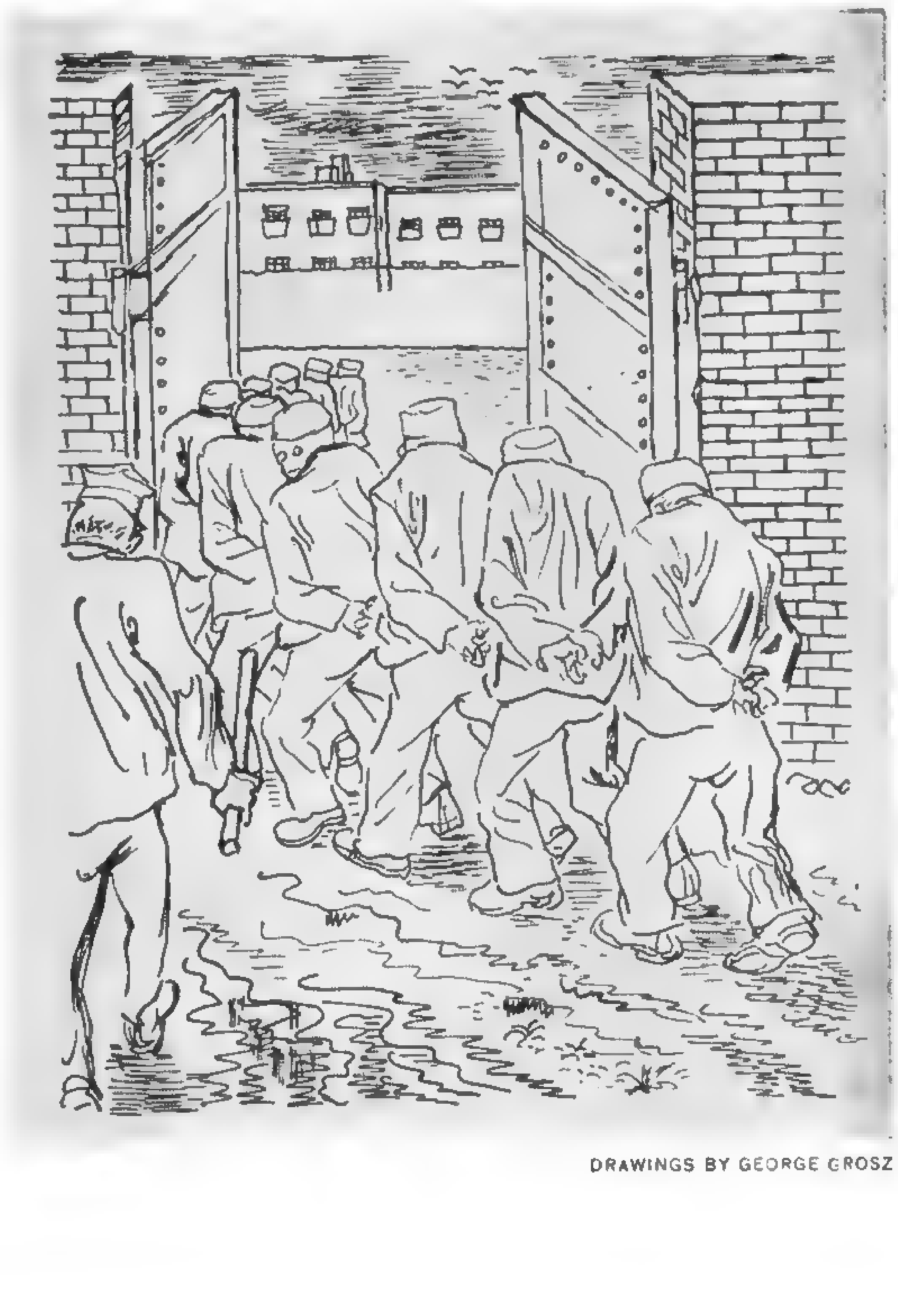
"He's like a mad dog," says Lassiter. "He'll bite you without cause or warning. Did you hear him Thursday noon when I asked if I could get some clean pants? He's doing his damnedest to make me blow up."

Mueller spits in disgust. "'Why do you wanna change them pants?'" he squeals, mimicking Pete. "'God damn you, you jist changed pants a couple months ago. You sleep in the alleys and eat garbage on the outside, and when you git in jail you're hollering fer clean pants.'"

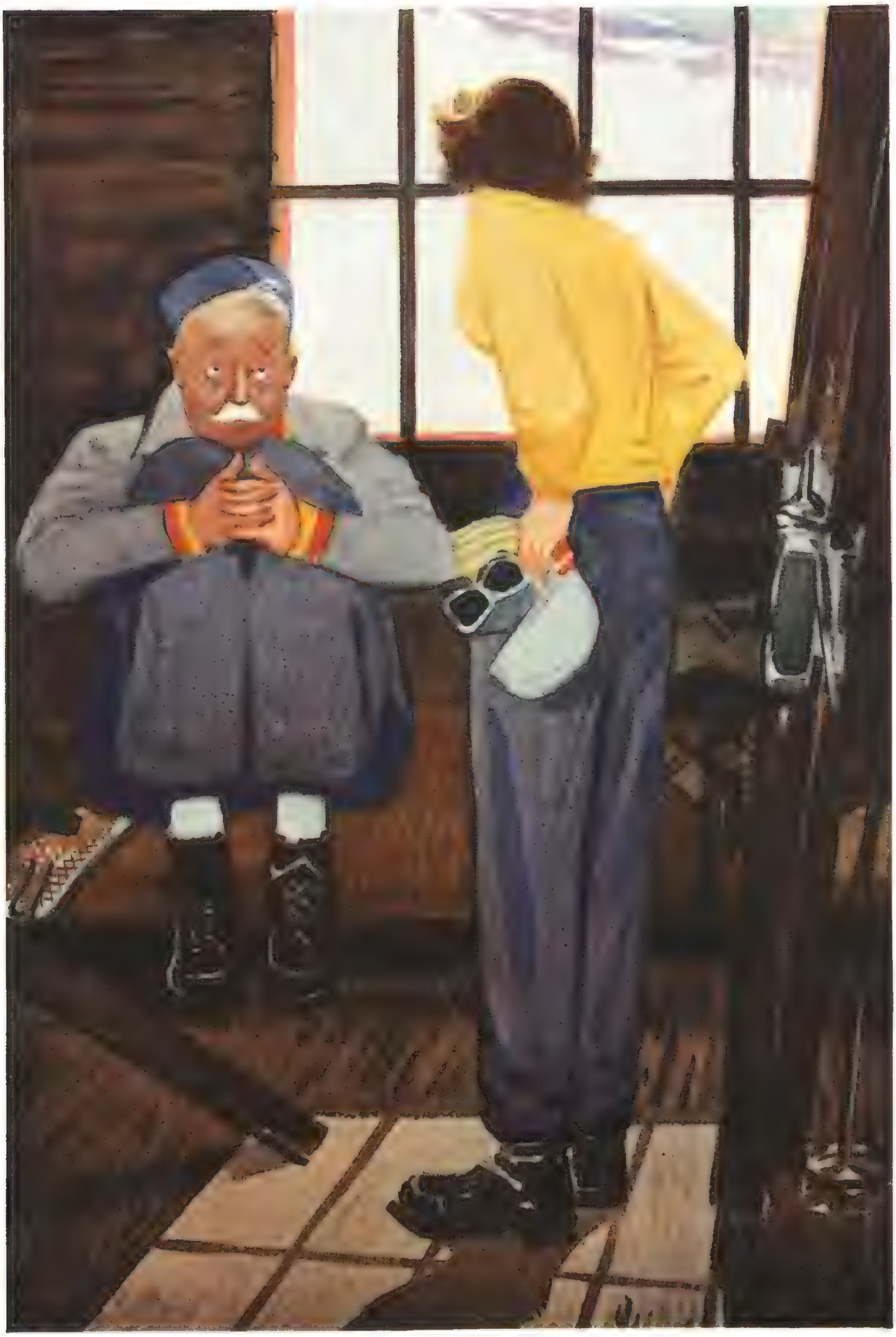
"Just a pal," grins Lassiter, who is one of the tidiest men in the institution, "a pal."

Mueller curses obscenely. "I'd like to see him try and pull that stuff in Columbus or Dannemora. Those guys'd cut his heart out and make him eat it."

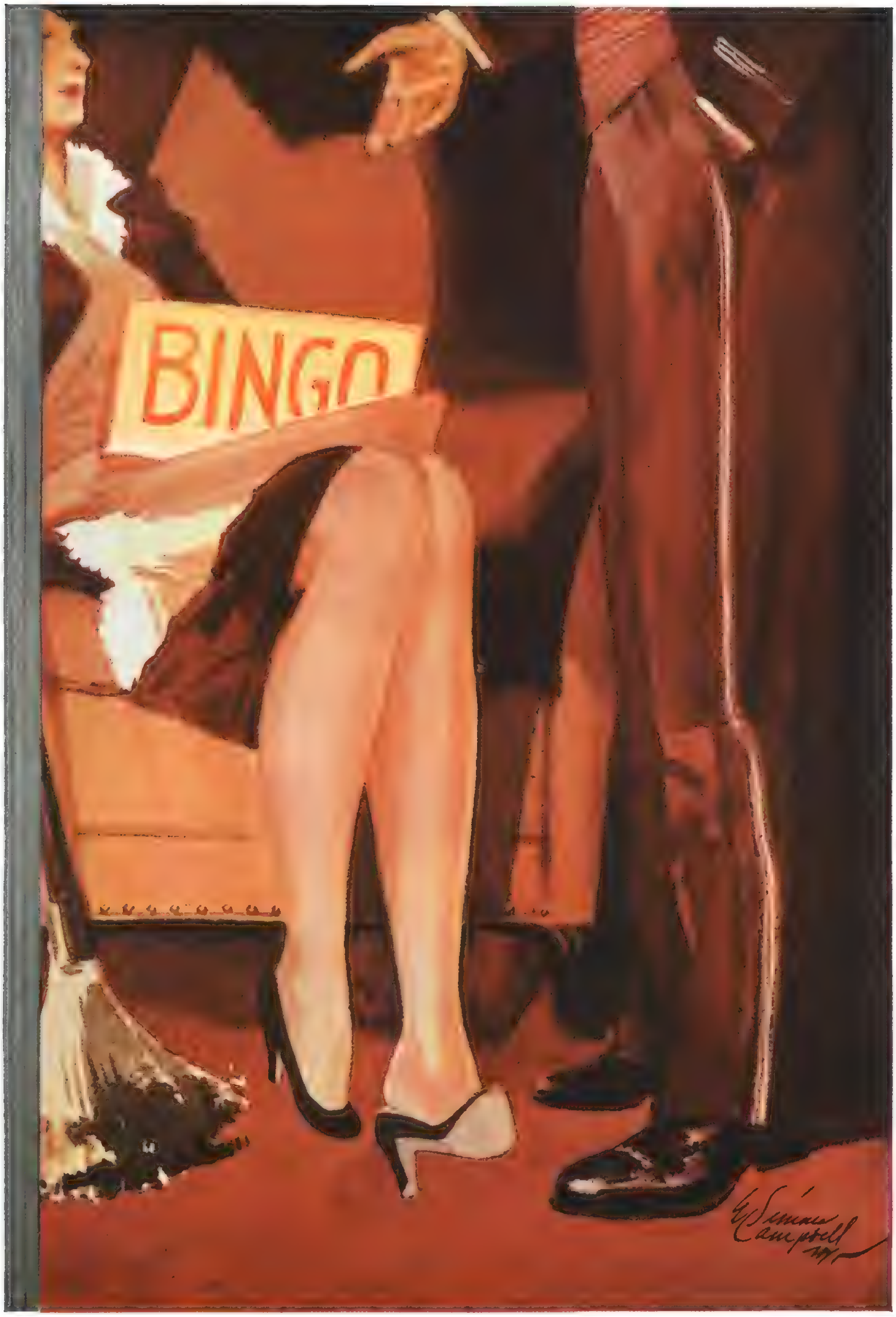
Continued on page 152



DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ



"How much longer must I go on pretending I'm here for the winter sports, Mr. Horton?"


BINGO
E. Simms Campbell

"A champagne stocked cellar—the family away—and you want to play that!"

This Is a Players' Game

Squash racquets is the bastard child of squash tennis and hard racquets, with virtues from each

by PARKE CUMMINGS

• SPORTS •

Ever hear of Donald Budge and Baron Gottfried Von Cramm? It's ten to one you have. Ever hear of Germaine Glidden and Harry Wolf? I'd give the same odds that you haven't. —Not unless you happen to be a squash fan—which means a squash player. In these squash games the two are synonymous. I've never heard of a squash fan who didn't play the game too. Quite different from the average football, baseball and prizefight bug whose exercise is usually confined to giving his larynx a workout.

Well, Germaine Glidden is our national squash racquets champion and Harry Wolf is, and has been for a number of years, America's amateur head man in that hair-trigger pastime known as squash tennis. Wolf is acknowledged to be the best amateur ever developed in the sport, and Germaine Glidden, although his margin is considerably slimmer, can probably do as much with the little black squash racquets ball as any American simon-pure who has yet given it a try.

Other players, athletic progress being what it is, will probably come along and exhibit greater skill than Wolf and Glidden, but they'll still never make the headlines—not very big headlines at any rate. There's a mighty good reason why these violent games will never become spectator sports: they can't. A gridiron and a baseball field are big rambling affairs and you can enclose them with stands seating an enormous number of people. Even with the manly art of self-defense you can erect thirty or forty thousand ring-side seats within a quarter-mile circle of the ropes, not to speak of peddling off another sixty thousand mezzanine sitzplatzes at $11 per copy. At least I understand it has been done, and that the promotors have actually derived enjoyment and bare living expenses from the process.

With the squash games that sort of thing is simply no go. These pastimes are played in an enclosed box, thirty-two feet long and eighteen and a half wide and it is geometrically impossible to devise any method whereby more than a handful of people can get a look-see at the proceedings. Most courts have a small gallery along the top of the back wall, and if the audience is as large as seventy-five, a doctor ought to be in attendance because the jam is apt to occasion a few cases of bashed-in ribs and semi-suffocation. If I bothered to gather statistics on this business, it would probably turn out that the average squash crowd consists of eight and a half spectators, two of them waiting for a chance at the court, and a locker-room attendant named Danny.

No crowd, of course, means no gate receipts, and no gate receipts means that the players are self-supporting. There have been no scandals about padded expense accounts or money slipped under pillows, and the squash bum has not made—and never will make, so far as I can see—his appearance. But of course maybe they'll find a way. You never can tell. There is, of course, money to be made in squash, a little of it, but that goes to the professionals. Coaches like Harvard University's Harry Cowles and Yale's Johnny Skillman (who plays as well as he teaches) get fair salaries though hardly Rockne-esque ones. Professionals at most men's clubs give private lessons, but most of their income is derived from the sale of equipment and from bets with amateurs. Joe Smith, professional, is apt to indulge in a match with Mr. Jones, simon-pure, play very badly indeed for the first game or so, and then offer to bet a fiver that he can take Mr. Jones to the cleaner. He usually succeeds, but it's a well-established custom, and Mr. Jones can probably afford to part with the dough.

Those unfamiliar with the squash games are apt to assume that the boys who play them all have higher-bracket incomes and social register lineage, but this is by no means true. The average squash player is a long way from being a millionaire and may never have attended a debutante party. As a matter of fact, the squash games are not at all expensive to play, the equipment costing a good deal less than that of even a fair-grade lawn tennis player. If the public looks on the squash player as a moneyed aristocrat, let it be said that the devotees of those aristocratic pastimes, court tennis and hard racquets, look on him as a virtual bread liner.

I remember once bringing up the subject of squash racquets with Tom Petit, ancient old court tennis professional at the Newport Casino. "Squash racquets!" he snorted, "a bastard game!" Which of course it is, being a crossed and condensed combination of hard racquets and squash tennis. But like other bastards, such as the mule, it has its good points. The squash racquets ball is of soft rubber unlike the golf-ball-like pellet in hard racquets. If you hit it with the wood of your racquet, the worst that can happen to you is to flub the shot. Jay Gould, in a hard racquets match, once broke thirty-seven bats, costing not less than ten or twelve dollars each. Oh well, Mr. Gould could afford it.

If there is a rivalry between the players of the expensive games (hard racquets and court tennis) and the plebeian squash games, there is even a bitterer rivalry between the exponents of the two branches of squash (squash tennis and squash racquets)—I know all this terminology is gradually driving you goofy, but hold it please. It really isn't so bad. First of all, we'll forget all about hard racquets and court tennis. Throw them out. O.K. You've forgotten? . . . Good.

Now then, the difference between the two popular and inexpensive games of squash racquets and squash tennis: Honest, this isn't going to hurt, and we're going to make it just as simple as we can. We'll even oversimplify by saying that the courts and the rules of both games are virtually the same and that the drastic difference between them is the ball. It is this difference which leads squash tennis players to maintain that squash racquets players beat their mothers and burn down orphan asylums and prompt the latter to come back with retorts that couldn't even be printed.

The little black squash racquets ball is a lackadaisical fellow and won't bounce high. You've got to run to it, but if you're reasonably fast on your feet you can reach it and keep pounding it back everlastingly. The green squash tennis ball, on the other hand —it's the size of an ordinary lawn tennis ball —is inflated under enormous pressure, and if you just merely tap it, it goes flying off like hell. It's about as much faster than a lawn tennis ball as a squash racquets pellet is slower.

Now the result of all this is that the advocates of each game proclaim vociferously and on all possible occasions that theirs is the faster one. And they're both right—depending whether you're talking of speed of foot or the speed of the ball. In squash racquets you have to run fast and keep running to get to that dead ball before it dies on the floor. In squash tennis, on the other hand, you can stand in the middle of the court and wait for the ball. It goes so fast and covers so much ground that eventually, after its mad dashes around the walls, it is bound to get to you in the course of its travels.

The speedy behavior of the squash tennis ball naturally calls for hair-trigger reflexes,

Continued on page 174

Tales from a Chief's Tent

No one interferes with the liberty of an insane Bedouin, for his fate must be left to the judgment of God

by CARL R. RASWAN

• ARTICLE •

BEDOUINS have no calendar, but they remember certain years by outstanding incidents. When Kharra, a chestnut Arabian mare which I had won in a riding competition with the chiefs of the Ruala, was given to me, I asked how old she was. The only answer I could get was, "She was born in the year of Farhan Ibn Meshhur." I had to look at the mare's teeth to discover that she was nine years of age. To many and varied questions I was given the answer, "The year of Farhan Ibn Meshhur." And when I inquired why Farhan had made this year so significant, I was told that it was the season when he, the nephew of Nuri, had left the Ruala tribe.

"Why?" I asked.

He had killed a close relative of Nuri in revenge for the murder of his own father by Nuri to gain the power as supreme chief of the Ruala about thirty years ago. Consequently it was a year to be remembered for the murder and blood feud against Nuri. Naturally I became further interested in finding out what had happened since to Farhan. I was told that he had taken refuge with Ibn Sa'ud, the king of Arabia, who appointed him the leader of a camel corps of five thousand men. In other words, he became a cavalry general in the Occidental sense. It was a surprisingly elevated position for Ibn Sa'ud to bestow upon this prince of the Ruala who had never been a hero or great fighter.

However, the friendship with the king of Arabia did not last very long. After that first killing among his own people, it seems that it didn't take long for Farhan to indulge in another fit of murder. He became embroiled in a bitter and jealous encounter with one of the relatives of Ibn Sa'ud, who also was the leader of a camel corps. He killed this man. According to the sacred law in Arabian blood feuds, the relatives of the man killed avenge his death, and not only the life of the killer may be claimed but also the life of his nearest two male relatives—his son, brother, father or first cousin. However, as Farhan's father had been killed by Nuri and there was no issue of his own family and no brothers or first cousins, the revenge was singularly on Farhan's own head.

He took refuge with the chief of the Harb tribe but there, also, became mixed up in an argument with the son of the Harb chief and killed this man before the eyes of his family. He fought his way out of the tribal territory but not before killing three other men and wounding several more. He escaped uninjured to the Atayba tribe. Their supreme chief, though he did not like the idea of providing sanctuary to this killer, was forced to accept him under the unwritten laws of the desert. By this time the Arabs realized that Farhan was insane or at least that he had turned maniacal through the first killing. He was possessed with the idea of revenging his father but had never had a chance to do so with Nuri.

I do not wish to go into the details of all the killings this man committed among various tribes, but the fact remains that within nine years he had murdered nineteen people, mostly relatives or ruling tribal chiefs among five different tribes. Also a cousin of Feisal Ibn Dauish, the grand chief of the Umtayr in Central Arabia who at that time was fighting Ibn Sa'ud, though it was through Feisal that Ibn Sa'ud owns his present position in Arabia as king. The homicidal career seemed to have come to an end when Farhan showed up incognito under an assumed Arabian name among the British in Iraq. He made friends with Colonel Prescott, British chief of police of the Iraq government in Baghdad. Undoubtedly Farhan, through his unusual career as a fighter and camel corps leader, had become an outstanding scout and master of men. He also was a great horse lover and connoisseur of Arabian horses and drew the attention of Colonel Prescott and cavalry men. Soon he was back in his old element as an instructor in the Iraq camel corps.

For a while everything went well until he had a jealous quarrel with a British officer and challenged him to a single-handed fight. As in all the other cases, his opponent was killed, and by almost unbelievable good luck Farhan escaped from the country. Trying to make his getaway he killed two police officials of Colonel Prescott's before he reached the Syrian border. The French were notified of his coming and at the fortress of Sabah Biyar, a French outpost in the Syrian desert, they tried to arrest him. In the ensuing fight Farhan killed a French sergeant and a soldier of the Foreign Legion.

After that he disappeared completely, and it was generally accepted that he had lost his life in the desert as a fugitive not only in the mandated territory of Great Britain and France, in the kingdom of Saudi Arabia, but also among the outstanding Bedouin tribes of Northern and Central Arabia. His only place of refuge, if he were still alive, could have been with his most deadly enemies, the Druses, who since historical times have fought the Ruala, the tribe into which Farhan had been born. French spies, however, after an investigation which had taken months, were convinced that Farhan had lost his life in the desert since no trace of him could be found among the Druses or other Syrian settled communities.

One night I was sitting in the Council of Men in Nuri's tent in the Hamad wilderness. Prince Fuaz, the grandson of Nuri, presided, and about sixty men were seated around the coffee hearth discussing politics of the desert. Suddenly a camel rider came up on his mount behind us on the lee side of the big goat-hair tent, jumped off and rushed headlong into our meeting.

It is etiquette among the aristocratic camel-breeding Arabs never to show curiosity when in an assembly. It is not even permissible to turn your head to look or listen to anyone who may enter. However, the way this camel rider had dashed up to the almost sacred abode of the chief and the rude manner of forcing his entry into this noble assembly startled me. I was shocked more than by any other experience in the desert when I heard this stranger call out to the coffee slave, "Ya weled (O, boy)! let me have coffee!"

It was as startling as if in a lecture meeting someone were to pull a gun and suddenly fire it in the air. To rush into an assembly in the desert and ask for coffee really means, "I am at the point of death. Please save me!"

To drink from the same bowl of milk, sip from a small cup of coffee or break a morsel of food with the host are all symbolical means of receiving protection and preserving life according to the ancient code of honor of the Bedouins.

I only looked at the slave, who instinctively had taken a pot of coffee in one hand and a small earthenware cup in the other. But suddenly this slave seemed to realize that he had no right to give the saving cup to the man who was so precipitously demanding the council to grant him protection. It was up to his "uncle" (as the slave calls his master) to extend this courtesy to the stranger. The assembly, instead of looking up at the intruder in amazement, held their heads bowed meditatively.

The situation was highly dramatic. My own eyes wandered around the circle of men, though I knew I was doing the forbidden. Silently the slaves standing behind their princes—there were about two dozen of these giant Negroes—had drawn their guns ready to fell the trespasser. Fuaz had picked up his camel stick, and I could see that he was weighing in his mind this matter of life and death. He jerked off his aba, the shepherd's coat which, like the Roman citizen's toga, was wrapped around his shoulders.

"Peace," he said and hit the ground before him with his camel wand, and the coffee cook stretched forth the hand that held the cup and passed the bitter black drops of Arabian coffee. Bitter coffee, indeed, sweetened now by the thought that it meant life after the suspense of the preceding moments. The tension was gone. A general sigh of relief seemed to tremble through the assembly, and in embarrassment we all chattered to our neighbors.

"Who is this man?" I whispered to Bender, a cousin of Fuaz who was leaning on my right shoulder.

"Farhan Ibn Meshhur," he quietly told me.

"Impossible," I said to myself. But Bender, too, was glancing at the stranger who was smilingly engaged in conversation with Fuaz, the prince who by a hair's breadth had granted him forgiveness and taken him back into the fold of his family and his tribe.

Farhan was a man of about thirty-five years of age, five feet ten, I would say, slender, wiry and with a face like those the shepherd kings of Egypt must have possessed—rulers like Rameses and others; in fact, I may say he had the look of a mummy on his countenance. His eyelids were carefully painted with antimony; his eyes nervously flickered as he spoke with Fuaz. I thought it was still the strain under which he had labored. But later acquaintance with him proved that it was one of his habits, and I could not help thinking from his strange behavior that he was not a sane man.

Fuaz spoke to him quietly and in an almost business-like manner, never mentioning Farhan's past or blaming him for the killings. He casually said, "You are welcome to your possessions—your slaves, your camels, your tents and your family. We have taken care of them, and they will be returned to you, and I will see that Nuri grants you forgiveness, also. We have missed you in our raids and sincerely desire that you will take your place again with the heroes of your people."

The Council of Men gave their approval to these words of their young prince, and each one of us walked over separately to greet Farhan and wish him peace. Thus Farhan was accepted again into his own tribe like a forlorn son returning at last to the bosom of his family.

I am not accustomed to ride about with a chauffeur, but in my journeys when proceeding from Syria to Arabia I was constantly asked by the French government in Damascus as a protection to use a driver recommended to me by the Bureau of Bedouin Affairs there in Damascus. Past experience had taught me that these "recommended" chauffeurs were spies of the French secret service. As my conscience was clear and I never was bothered with political interests, I accepted with good humor these specified wishes of my French friends. Often I pitied these chauffeur spies for having to travel with me, because I have brought them unintentionally into some tough situations in my life in the desert. Life in camp or near tents is absolutely safe, for the Bedouins never fight wherever tents are struck up or when the tribe is on migration. They never harm women or children or unarmed persons. They raid and fight only against their enemies, miles away from their camps. But traveling by automobile between the tribes is always a risky thing to do, and some of these drivers had undergone a few dangerous moments because of me.

Wudiyah, or as we better called him, Primo (because he was the first-class driver of Syria) was my chauffeur-spy at the time when I met Farhan. Primo was a short, stocky, bull-like Syrian Christian of the Lebanon. When he tanked his car with gasoline before we left Damascus to go into the desert, he also tanked himself with a good supply of arak or raisin liquor. He could drink a whole quart at once with no disastrous effects and sit behind the wheel for thirty-six hours without taking a nap.

The morning after that dramatic night, Farhan asked me if I would drive him into the pastures; he wanted to look over his camel flocks and size up the increase since he had left the Ruala nine years ago. I told him that he could have Primo and the car, as I had planned to leave with Fuaz for a neighboring clan to look up some horses.

That evening after I had returned with Fuaz we were sitting again in the Council of Men, already worrying about what had happened to Farhan and Primo, who had not come back yet. Late, however, they arrived in Primo's car. Farhan entered with a big smile on his face and wished everyone a blessed evening. He assumed his place next to Fuaz and was soon engaged in conversation, telling about his pleasure in seeing his camel flocks so increased. He was grateful for the good care and attention Fuaz had given to his property.

Primo also came into the assembly, and I noticed at once that he was pale—unusually pale, in fact, and trembling. He sat down beside me, and I told him I thought he was not looking well.

"Thank God," said he, "that you did not go with Farhan. I am almost out of my wits, and it's a miracle I returned alive."

"But what happened?" I asked Primo.

He explained to me that only a few moments after they had left camp in the morning, Farhan (who was seated beside him in the front seat of the car) had drawn his Mauser pistol and pushed it into Primo's side, gently but very firmly directing him.

"You don't have to poke this gun into me," Primo said with a mixture of rage and fright.

But Farhan gave him only a sarcastic smile and asked him not to mind the gun, as he was accustomed to handling men by these methods. This was no comfort to Primo, who continued begging him to remove the gun, saying he would drive him wherever Farhan wished. Four hours the insane behavior of Farhan continued, until far away in the outlying pastures they ran into allied clans. Farhan made the driver stop at various tents but under his shepherd's coat kept the gun trained on him, even while he was talking with the men whom he had motioned to come to the car. After much more inquiry they found their way to another distant clan and there finally discovered the man Farhan was looking for—a lonesome herdsman who was pasturing his camels miles away from his home camp.

Farhan made Primo drive up to the man and stop in front of him. Farhan called out the name of the herdsman.

"Aye," the man responded. "I am he.

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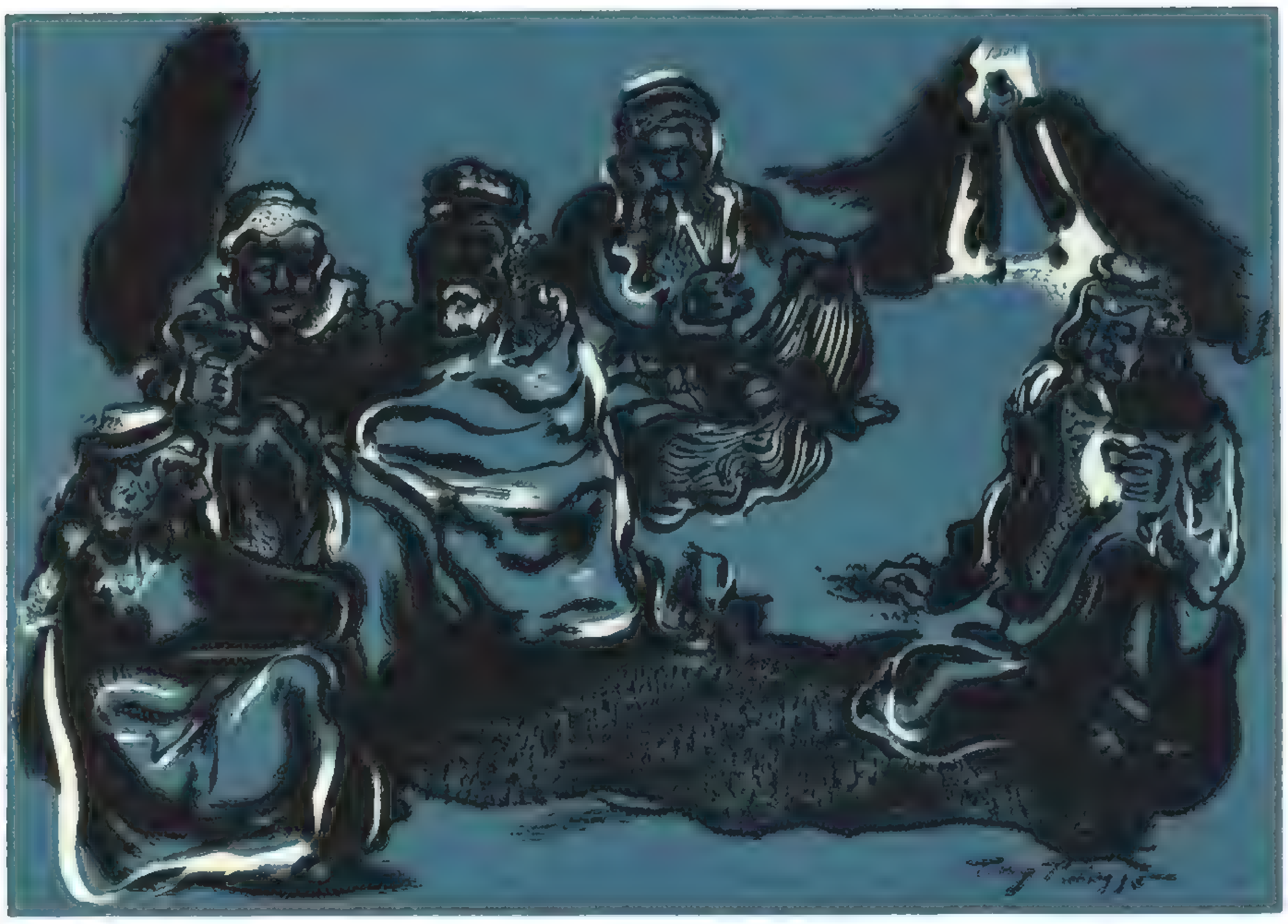

Money on Morgan

When they told the kid they couldn't afford any slip-ups, he grinned and assured them the race was in the bag

by ROBERT WESTERBY

▪ FICTION ▪

We stood around behind the pits, Danny and I, waiting for Morgan to arrive. It was hot, and the sun bounced off the boards and the white paint and made us sizzle. I could feel the sweat running coldly down my back between my shoulder blades.

Danny looked at his watch. "He'll have to be here soon," he said. "He's late anyway."

"Maybe he knows what he's doing," I said. "Morgan's no fool."

Danny just looked at me. "Think so?" he said. "I hope you're right."

I began looking round. Most of the other machines were being wheeled out onto the track now, and the Stands were nearly filled up. They would be starting the first race in just ten minutes, and Morgan was cutting it fine.

I watched the boys in the next pit. They had the motor started and were blipping it up. The exhaust note was harsh, like tearing calico. And the air filled with the stinking blue smoke that went up your nose and into your mouth until you could taste it. The driver was sitting on the edge of the pit swinging his legs. He was a little, Italian-looking man with enormous hands.

Danny tapped me on the arm. "Here he is," he said. "Here's Morgan."

I looked round. Morgan was walking along behind the pits towards us. He had his overalls on and was doing up the belt round his waist. He grinned at me, and then looked at Danny. Looking at me seemed to be the best.

"Where you been?" Danny said. "What you think you're doing?"

Morgan tried to look surprised. He was a little guy, and very tough. His face was always brown, and his hair so black it was nearly blue. A lot of people thought he was colored, but he wasn't. They said that, with Patello, he was the best driver in the country.

"Listen; you got to watch yourself, Morgan," Danny said. "We're not paying you money to kick around. Where you been?"

Morgan scowled. "I got held up coming out," he said. "I left in plenty of time. You don't need ever to worry about me, anyway."

"Oh, we don't? Well, that's fine," Danny said. "Listen; you better slow down on your night life, kid. The Boss don't like you playing around the way you do, see? You get good money, and you got to earn it the way we like."

"And when we say 1:30 at the Track, we mean just that, see kid?" I said.

Morgan grinned. He never minded me.

The mechanics were pushing up our car now, and we turned to look at it. It was long and slim, with black paint and silver wheels. It looked pretty good in the sunshine, and pretty wicked.

"How's it going now?" Danny asked Morgan.

Morgan looked sideways at him. "Going okay. We got that oiling-breather working properly now," he said.

"Good. We can't afford another slip-up," Danny said. "Not today."

"Going to win it, kid?" I said.

Morgan grinned. "Sure. I'll win it. Patello's going well, though."

"How well?" Danny said. "We don't want no mistakes, I told you."

"You don't have to worry," Morgan said. "I'll win it!"

We watched him put on his helmet and climb into the seat. When the mechanic was in there with him they began talking and not looking at us any longer. He didn't even answer when I shouted good-luck at him.

"Come on," Danny said. "We better go."

We pushed through the crowd and went up the stairs into the Stand. There was a lot of people, and more noise.

We had to search a bit until we found the Boss, and by the time we were in the seats there wasn't long to go.

The Boss was sitting beside a little guy in a grey suit and hat. He introduced the man as Mr. Rogers.

"Hullo, Mister Rogers," I said. "Glad to know you."

Rogers just nodded. He was a thin little weasel with a wrinkled face, and thick glasses. He had a diamond pin in his tie.

"What the hell was Morgan doing?" the Boss asked Danny.

"Said he was held up," Danny said. "I guess he's just careless."

"He say anything about the race to you?" the Boss asked me.

"Sure he did. Says he'll win it. Says it's in the bag," I said.

The Boss nodded. "Fine," he said. "I thought I got it weighed up. He ought to win it, all right. That's a swell bus he's driving."

"There's Patello, though," Danny said. "Morgan says he's going well."

"Yeah, I don't like Patello," the Boss said slowly. "I don't like him. But I don't think he'll do it today. Reilly says our car's perfect."

Rogers tapped my arm. "What's all this?" he said. "Your boy think he'll win?"

I nodded. "Sure. He'll win it. It's in the bag."

The Boss was listening to what we were saying. "Mr. Rogers is talking about buying a share in the car," he said. "But he wants to see today's clean-up first," he said, and we laughed, watching Rogers' face. Rogers didn't laugh.

The bell was going now, and the cars were wheeled out into line. There were six of them. King was in One; Jimmy Klein in Two; Patello in Three; Morgan in Four. On the outside were two boys from the other coast. They were boys we didn't know much about. Against the bright red of Patello's car, our crate's black and silver looked pretty good.

The crowd gave the boys quite a hand when they were lined up. There must have been fifteen thousand people there. It was so hot that most of them had their coats off, making a blur of white all round the Track.

"What are they betting our boy?" the Boss asked.

"Two's," Danny said. "It'll shorten."

"Not it," Rogers said. "Patello's carrying all the clever money."

The Boss smiled. "We'll soon see whose is the clever money," he said. "Just you wait."

Rogers shrugged his thin shoulders. "Hope you're right," he said. "I got three hundred on, and I don't like losing," he said.

Danny nudged the Boss. "They're away now," he said.

We all sat up, watching them. They were rolling round the Track, keeping roughly in line. It was to be a rolling start. The race was over Ten Laps.

They kept quite steady in line, the whole six of them. Quite steady. And we watched silently until they came down the straightaway where the Starter was waiting for them.

The flag dropped first time, and they were off.

Danny pulled his hat off, and yelled. "He's there!" he yelled out. All around us in the Stand people were shouting, but Danny's voice is something awful and you could hear him way above the din.

The cars went down the straight and into the first turn. Morgan was there, about two lengths up on Patello. He went wide into the turn, and then dived down. His tail

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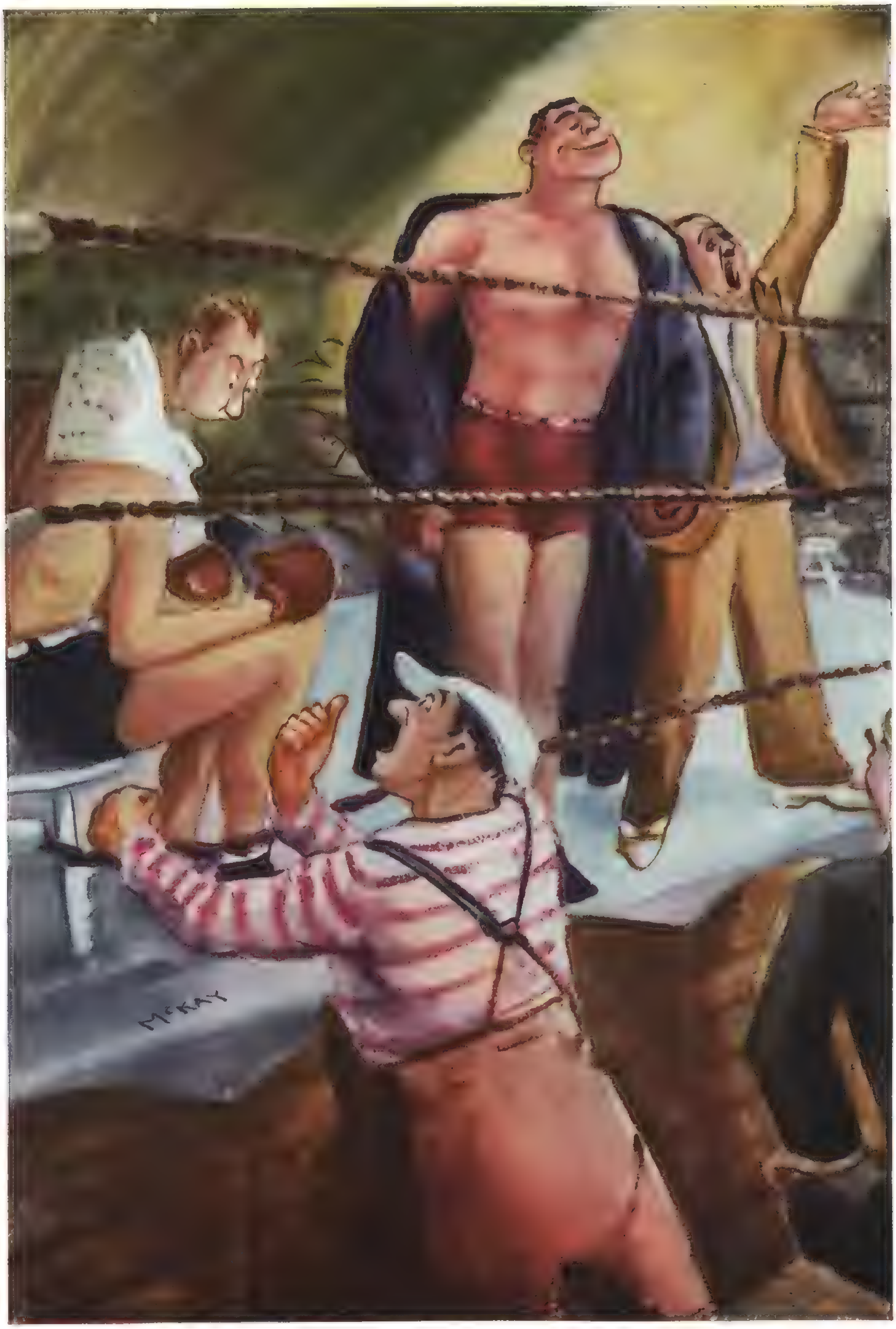
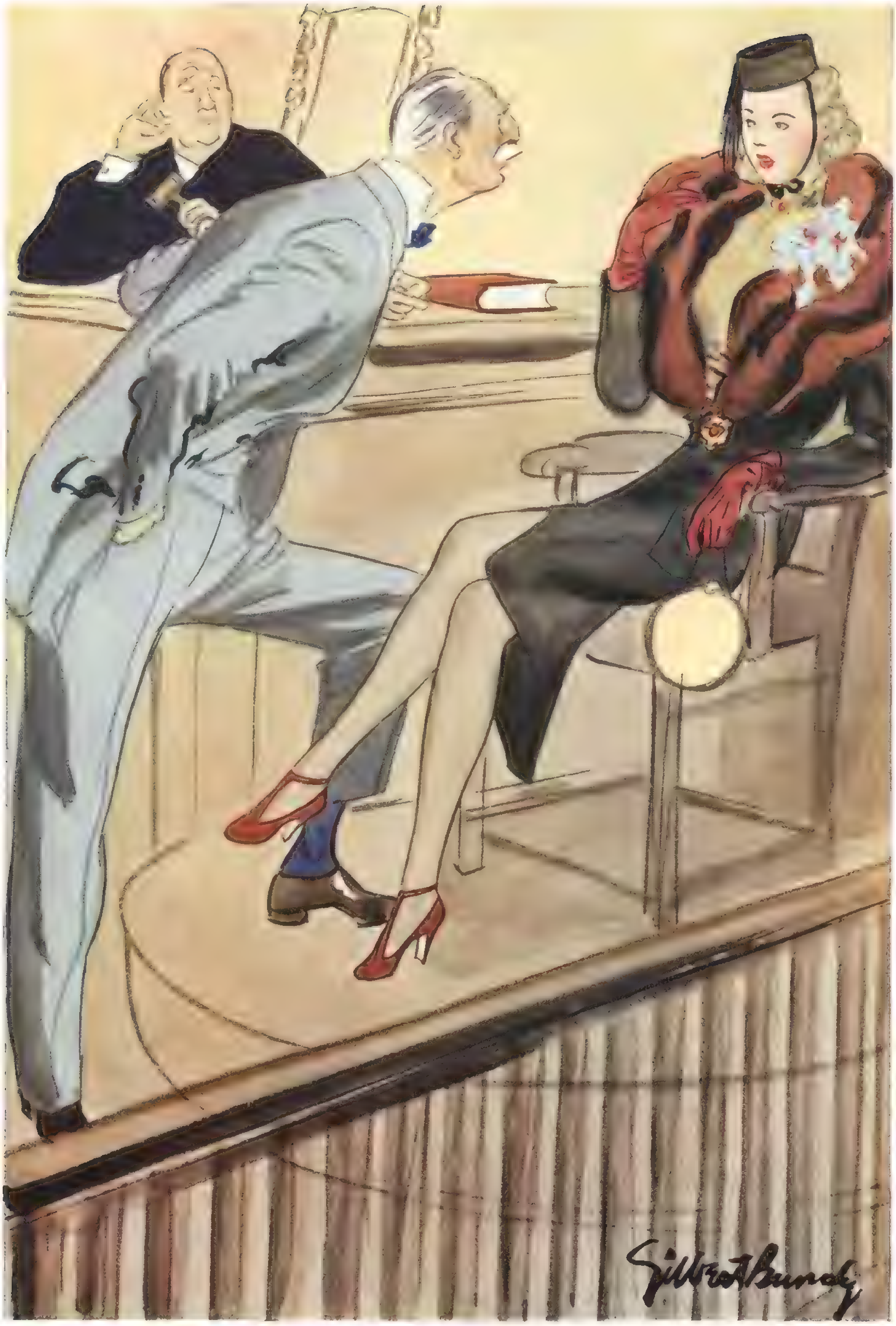


"Remember—you only got ten rounds to knock him out in!"



Gilbert Bundy

"Now that you mention it, I do have a faint recollection of having taken a trip around the world with him"

From Chicken Shack to Casino

The floor shows sparkle with big names, while offstage you hear the soft crying of bookkeepers

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

THE city of Des Moines is a pleasant place entirely surrounded by chicken shacks. The city of New York is a group of night clubs entirely surrounded by people who eat at home. At least, that is the way it looks to a New Yorker. In Des Moines, he is taken for a long ride in almost any direction to a roadhouse—dilapidated and shabby in exterior, comfortable and clean within and there he eats chicken usually of surpassing excellence. In New York he takes friends from London or Hollywood to one of the big eat-and-show places before going on to one of the drink and showoff places. At the chicken shack he can have music with his meals at a fixed price of five cents per record; and the chicken probably sets him back seventy-five cents. (By a singular provision of the Iowa laws, you don't drink while you eat; not in public at any rate. That commonwealth, otherwise so intelligent, seems to favor pulls out of the bottle, in private.) In the New York Casinos, food is moderately expensive, drinks are not cheap, and champagne outrageous. On the other hand, the show is free and I've never seen one which wasn't, all by itself, worth the price of the meal.

Right now you would think yourself back in the last tottering stages of Republican prosperity if you looked at the names alone. Rudy Vallee, bless him, is at the Paradise, one of those pioneer restaurants which put entertainment into quantity production; Billy Rose has taken over the French Casino, and Mr. Rose is the man who converted the floor show into a spectacle; Paul Whiteman may be back at any moment, listening to his orchestra while his orchestra listens to the gentle rattle of crockery; and the most elaborate of all these entertainments, the International Casino, always looks like the twenty-fifth of October, 1929. (In case you are weak on dates, the crash came a few days later.)

Things aren't as bright as all that, unfortunately, and *Variety* reports bitterness in the *bistros*—in the accounting department, particularly. *Variety* also says that the proprietors of desperate night clubs consider the "Broadway-is-dead" gag of the Broadway columnists not exactly a help. It helps to fill columns, not night clubs. The smash came when, with Christmas approaching, the French Casino closed its doors, for all the world like a bank of the highest repute. The French Casino was virtually a queen among big night clubs, a sprawling, generous character, always to be counted on for a good time. Its director gave out that they had spent too much money elsewhere, and had to quit. They hadn't, obviously, spent enough money to meet the competition of their new rival, the International, which does the same good job in a new and attractive setting. The other places, reading the ominous signs of the times, have brought in famous names. They may turn the trick.

The queer thing is that these places are very much alike, give you about the same things, for about the same amount of money, yet you can't be sure from daybreak to nightfall, which will survive. The formula has been proved: a lot of people with not enough room for comfort is the basic requirement. The moment you allow space for the waiter to pass and put down his tray, you confess failure. Next, continuous music, by two bands, neither of them exactly restrained. When you have these, you have the framework into which you set a show largely based on "lookit, women!" You add extravagance in costumes, a bit of illusion or trickery, a good vaudeville act, and some superior comedians. I have never seen a show in the biggest restaurants which departed in any essential from this list. The ones with "floor shows" omit the trained dogs and acrobats or the comedians; but the Cotton Club may give you Bill Robinson, which is definitely on the good side, and the Paradise or Hollywood will offer a "name band" which doesn't excite me quite so much. You will still have the dancing, which is sometimes dancing, and sometimes display.

All of these shows do something no one else is trying to do any more—that is, give you simple entertainment. Musical shows long ago forgot that women, a little on the big side, walking across a stage, are either pleasing or funny to look at. (When you dress them in nearly nothing and then drop what looks like a fox's brush from somewhere around the navel, the effect is funny.) Since vaudeville died, it is hard to find a clown or a magician. Since the world got poor, no one lavishes money on wild plumes and tinsel. Except the night clubs.

Perhaps these shows are so attractive because the general tone is almost always foreign. They all look a little like those incredible finales of the Casino de Paris and the Folies Bergère—finales grateful to behold because they are merely silly whereas everything else in a French revue is dull. Transplanted to America, they still have a naïve charm, and the dullness is strained out, because the production is so snappy. (The shows positively zip by you—and are always ten times as fast as the service of food and drink.) Brightness, bigness, and nakedness as the elements of attraction are, to my mind, equally childish and equally effective. Even the appearance of wickedness, so marked in the French theatre, is abandoned. But old men sit at the ringside and are enchanted.

That same naïveté accounts for the high spots of entertainment—the comedians, who are always knockabout and even if they are acrobats, are always first rate clowns. The Caligary Brothers at the International are at the moment brightest in my mind and I shan't attempt to describe their work. But you may get the idea from one brief episode: one of the brothers takes to singing as he runs and the other chases him to give him a microphone; the singer skirts the mike successfully except for one second; that second he devotes to a hacking cough which barks through the whole theatre. I still think it's funny. All of these acts are played softly, in a disarming spirit. You never hear a harsh note—perhaps because you hardly ever hear anything at all. A miracle in these times, the comedy is usually silent, except for punctuations of grotesque cries. But there are no puns, no gags, no wisecracks. Comedy has gone comparatively highbrow in our time, so this type is a contrast and—remembering some comedians—a relief. The comedians may be right and we may blame our torpid brains when we don't like their stuff—but I doubt it. The good comedians—say the Marx Brothers and W. C. Fields—are bodily funny as well as mentally. The kind of comedy you can appreciate while a thousand people are eating around you cannot be subtle, but it positively has to be funny.

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Now I'm a Bindle Stiff

When they offer you a good home
in return for doing light chores,
you can be sure there's a catch

ANONYMOUS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

I'm not going to work any more! I'm neither going to try to get work nor accept an offer unless it's in my own line, is permanent and pays a decent salary—which emphasizes my declaration: I'm not going to work any more.

I haven't a dime to my name. But I'm eating three times a day and enjoying life in the golden California sunshine.

I am not discouraged, crushed. By not looking for work, I am merely using common sense. It saves my breath, my shoe leather and spares my feelings. Since This Thing started (and ended for many but never will end for a lot of us old birds), ten thousand times when I've applied for work I've heard the stock answer—"Nothing today, sorry." Seemingly, all these employers had learned it from the same textbook, like the principle in geometry, "A straight line is the shortest distance between two points." Not one of them had enough originality to say—"Nothing today and I'm darned glad of it," or, like the Irish boarding house woman in Butte did when an English bum knocked and asked for a "coop of tay," pick up a cleaver and roar, "Get out, you so and so!" and start for me. It would have relieved the strain and given me something to think about.

Judged by present day employers' standards, I am an old man. Fifty and I will no more jostle. Yet I haven't many gray hairs and do not look my age. I am active. My step is brisk. I can stoop or bend without becoming dizzy and blood rushing to my face. I can weed, pick strawberries or cucumbers and do other bending-over work that men of my age usually avoid. But, as Villon said, there are no cucumbers to pick in January, not even in California.

Eleven years ago I had a job that paid eighty-five dollars a week. But when the firm installed machines that did the work more cheaply and better, I lost out. Then I went to Canada and obtained work in the same line, but at about half my former salary. Two years or so afterward the depression came and, with the exception of four months' work in the Summer of 1930, I was out of a job for good. By economy, for a year and a half I managed to live fairly well on my savings. In my efforts to get a job, I moved about considerably. But after many interviews, I at last realized there were no jobs—not even for men much younger than I.

My experiences in the years since have been little different from those of other men my age. I do not drink, gamble or use tobacco. Therefore, any money I earned at odd jobs or from the occasional newspaper feature I sold was spent only for bare necessities.

I am not a handy man with tools. I can't operate motorized farm machinery or drive horses. Milking brings on "rheumatism" in my hands. I couldn't tackle a wood-chopping job, ditch-digging or heavy ranch work and expect to hold up my end or give my employer a fair day's labor.

A year ago last spring I joined the army of job hunters and traveled a thousand miles to Seattle to sign up and go North with the salmon fleet. I'd always wanted to go to Alaska.

I might as well have tried to enlist in the United States Marines. There were jobs for former employes, experienced men, young men, Japanese and Filipinos—thousands of jobs. But none for inexperienced white men of my age.

Last winter I had the same experience at the sardine cannery, Monterey. And when spring came and the huge Del Monte cannery at Sacramento began work on the season's first crop, asparagus, I saw two thousand other men get jobs, but several hundred elderly men, myself included, were not hired.

In 1936 the California fruit tramp had a tough time. Low wages coupled with competition of refugees from the Dust Bowl just about ruined him. It was even worse the past summer. The Resettlement Administration at San Francisco says that total arrivals of migrants from other States this year may reach 100,000. In the rich San Joaquin valley, at the peak of the crop gathering season in July and August there was terrible suffering among thousands of migratory families menaced by starvation and disease and without shelter from a broiling sun.

It would be difficult to enumerate all the government, state, county, city, and other types of employment bureaus I have registered at. All I ever got that lasted more than a day or two was ten days on a Northern California ranch piling peas. Besides the various fruit and crop jobs I've worked at, I have oiled floors, washed windows, beaten carpets, cleaned cellars, mowed lawns, hoed gardens, weeded flower beds, washed walls, assisted in inventorying, done typewriting and two dozen other forms of light labor. In Northern Washington I worked for my board cooking for half a dozen ranch hands. Except on Sundays, when the owners and their city friends came out, we never had anything to eat but potato soup, carrots, melba toast and sheep meat. I don't mean lamb or mutton; I mean sheep meat. I had another job that paid the same "salary" in the Coeur d'Alenes, Northern Idaho. It's common these days to see want ads reading: "WANTED, elderly man to do light chores in return for board and some clothes. Good home." They always tack that on. Most of these ads are phony, and the elderly man is imposed upon by a heartless employer. When he quits another sucker is found.

Every man that makes the Far West eventually tries his hand at placer mining. I did twice but didn't make chuck money. Late one summer I was the Bear Scarer in charge of fifty swarms of bees the owner takes to the fireweed in August for the best honey flow on the Western slope of the Cascades. I could start an argument by saying "the best honey flow in North America." Priests I visited at a mission down the Peace River once, told me that from fireweed comes their only good honey flow. At any rate, when the bears came around at night, instead of a half-hundred colonies of rich, helpless bees, they found a man with a gun and a keen-nosed dog to defend the honey-makers. And did they git! An early killing frost ended this interesting job. It paid $20 a month and the boss furnished the best supplies a man could ask for. I witnessed a bird migration there at an altitude almost unrivaled for numbers of species, including some of the rare warblers, fly-catchers and seed eaters.

In a California city at a bureau where I had registered I asked for a bulletined $12-a-month-and-board job as gardener. When a brisk step-on-it type of young fellow, son of a wealthy widow living six miles out, called, he put me to a severe grilling. Had I ever *done* any gardening? Could I milk? Know anything about chickens and their diseases? Drive a car, run a cream separator; operate a Jackson hayfork?

"I thought it was a gardener's job," I interrupted.

"It is," he said. "But if you make good we may expand your duties."

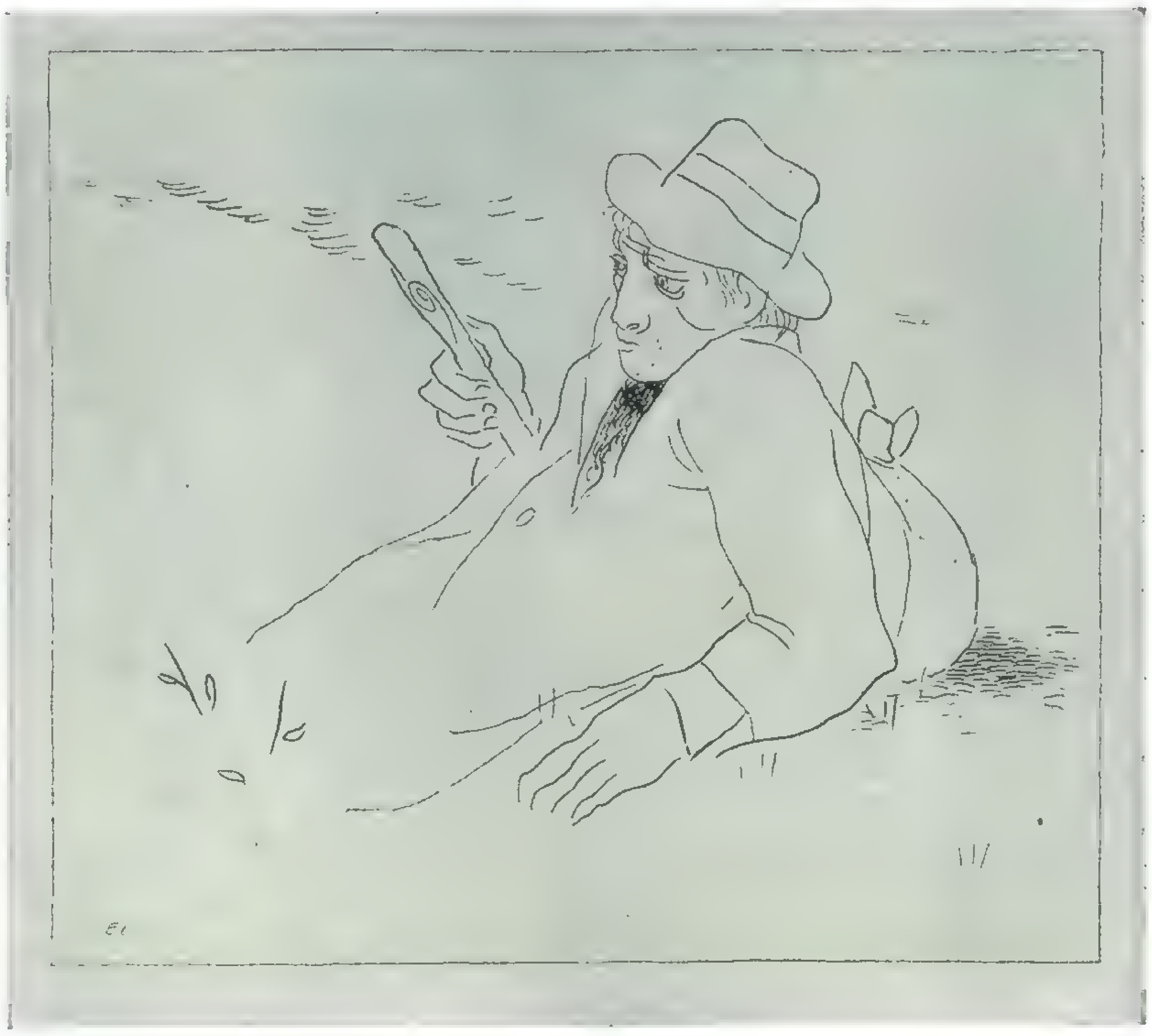
All the time he was talking he was appraising me. Up and down, up and down his eyes surveyed me, until, at length, I expected him to seize my head and look at my teeth.

"If the duties were increased, I suppose the wages would be also," I suggested. He shook his head slowly. "Not at this time," he answered.

"You don't want a gardener; you want an able-bodied all-'round ranch hand," I told him, and walked away.

He didn't try to get another man but departed rapidly in high dudgeon.

All these years I have been traveling the Coast in California, I have come across old men on the highways or in the "jungles," and oftentimes in a camp of their own on a by-road. Almost invariably they were dirty, unshaven derelicts. Traveling, they were always loaded down with bags and bundles and sometimes appeared ready to tumble over through top-heaviness. Their pockets were always stuffed full of a multiplicity of things. In two instances I saw them carrying small coffee mills suspended from their belts to use in grinding grain for food.



ETCHINGS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Bindle stiffs is the name they are known by. Like the California condor, they are peculiar to that State. I am not batting for the All-Year Club, but it's the marvelous climate that accounts for it—plus the liberality and understanding tolerance of the California people.

These bindle stiffs are not to be confused with the working stiff. You see working stiffs by the thousands anywhere west of Cheyenne. More particularly, however, in California. The working stiff carries a packsack or a "balloon," containing his bedroll, extra clothes (if any), some food, cooking utensils, shaving outfit and odds and ends. He is out looking for a job or going to one. He rides freight trains or "highways" to his destination. He may be a fruit tramp or any other type of worker. The packsack and "balloon" are lusty survivals of Western pioneer days. The job seeker must have his blankets and cooking outfit. It is a convenience and a necessity.

The bindle stiff seldom rides on freight trains except in the migration season, when he leaves the fat lands of Northern and Central California to winter in the South. He's never in a hurry.

When the old bindle stiff goes to the "jungles," hobos (working stiffs) won't associate with him any more than the high caste Brahmans of India associate with untouchables. Jungle buzzards, hobos call the bindlers. Fore-and-afters is another common name applied to these self-made outcasts, because they are as heavily loaded aft as they are forward. Early day San Francisco Irish that called "bundles" "bindles" were responsible for the coinage of the word used to designate these vagrants. Hobos dislike the bindler. He is reserved, selfish, unsociable, hermitic. Many of them are half-mad and mumble, and have a grievance against everybody. Like as not if a hobo asks them a question they'll give a crackpot answer or none at all. Romantically inclined persons like to believe about half these bindle stiffs were once prosperous, cultured men who were disappointed in love, their life's ambition thwarted or they were ruined financially and then soured on the world or lost hope. When a man casts society aside and joins the ranks of vagrants, he quickly adopts their jargon. But sometimes he'll give indications of polish or a clue to his former status. I never met but one bindler I thought might once have been a man of culture and consequence. At that, he might only have been a library-hound, or maybe he was the Mr. Jeeves for a few old college professors, or a waiter at a University club where he fell for what he believed was highbrow conversation and the habit became his ruling passion.

He was old and feeble. I would get water and fuel for him, and sometimes gave him food and sharpened his razor, and he would talk to me. *The Iliad* was the greatest thing ever written, he told me. He'd quote some of it. "The best translation was Chapman's. But what'd he get for it, hey? They hung him back in New England somewheres, that's what they done. Ol' Billy Hearst was jealous of him." "It's funny, but I'm the only man Queen Esther ever fell in love with." "Stars ain't 365,000 miles away. Hell, I've found 'em out in the fields and had 'em in my hands." "Henry James an' Jesse was full brothers. Jesse was the fullest an' had a ornery streak." "They ain't no men today knows how to write. Christ, a lot of 'em can't read."

On a Northern California road one day last summer I met an interesting bindler. He came upon me as I rested in the shade of a great walnut tree, and sat down to talk. He was tall and quite clean; had grey Galways, like an old-time Mormon elder, and his skin was tanned and healthy looking. He wore a clean dark coat, heavy grey trousers and tan shoes. His eyes were bright and intelligent. He was stooped, his hands gnarled and knotted. He was 75, he said. He looked younger. He had a soiled bedroll slung over his left shoulder so that it rested in the bow of his back; and a burlap bag, nearly full of grub, cans and utensils, he carried on his other shoulder.

After some preliminaries about highways, laws, backdoors and so forth, he became friendly and did a most unusual thing for a bindle stiff—he talked about himself.

"If you stay on the Coast very long you'll learn it's foolish for a man of your age to look for work," he said, when I told him I'd just been turned down by the Mexican foreman of a beet field up the highway. "I quit fifteen years ago. I look healthy and fat, don't I?" he laughed. "That's because I eat good grub and sleep outdoors most of the time. You can do it in California. But I'd like to see a man try to get by this way in Texas or any other State that has a half decent winter climate."

"You haven't worked or earned any money in fifteen years?" I asked, surprised.

"Just as little work as possible, yes. When I ring a door no one ever asks an old bugger like me to do any work. Lemme see. The last time I worked was at San Juan Mission, near Hollister, three, mebbe four years ago. The padre won't turn a fellow down. He always asks, 'Are you able to cut wood?' If you say, 'Yes,' you chop wood for two hours. He'll give you ninety cents—never any more. If you won't work, you'll get a good plate of chuck, anyway. His woodpile is higher'n a tree an' the bums keep him so poor he wears patched pants. His housekeeper tries to make him stop feedin' moochers. But he only laughs. Man, he takes an awful wallopin'!"

"Wouldn't you be better off if you stayed in one place and drew an old age pension?"

He snorted disdainfully. "An' lose the only freedom left me? I should say not! Why, man, I can't even prove I was ever born. That ain't all. Them pensioners can't move or say 'boo' but what they're in trouble with State officials who're always tryin' to get 'em in a jam so they can take their pensions from 'em. They can't cut *mine* off!"

He tapped his bag with his toe and grinned.

"What have you there?"

"About all I can carry—more'n I can eat in two weeks, except bread." He untied it and emptied the contents on the grass. There were a dozen or more worn and soiled paper and cotton bags and packages of various sizes, some full; some half full. Also cooking utensils and cans. "That's rice I got at a mill in Sacramento. There's three mills; only one is 'good.' Willows, Beggs an' Gridley in this part of the country are good—all you can carry. That'n 's full o' beans from Meridian. Cloverdale, in Sonoma county, is good—baby limas if you want 'em. Prunes an' groceries at Santa Rosa; flour an' cornmeal at

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Frozen Fishermen

Take a fishing stick, an old line, a hank of gut, hooks, a sack and six plugs of tobacco

by ORMAL I. SPRUNGMAN

• SPORTS •

TAKE any ten fishermen, let them name their season and choose their own tackle, and chances are that the whole batty bunch will wind up punching holes in some ice-bound northern lake.

Not that winter angling offers such spine-shivery thrills. On the contrary, it's the sportsman and not the sport that's turned maniac in this case. Take a trout fisherman, for instance. He's got sense enough to come in out of the rain. But an ice fisherman will knock about all day in thirty below weather with a 60-mile breeze. And if all he gets is one crappie, two frosted ears and a fistful of chilblains, he goes mad with delight.

I suppose I have shinned up against most every type of ice angler in winters past.

There's the "one-hole fisherman," for instance. Once he strikes fishing water, he plants himself beside his lonely hole, from which spot—come hell-fire, brimstone or blizzards—he never moves, bite or no bite, until he starts for home. One-holing has its advantages, but it is the lazy man's way of angling.

The "multi-hole angler" slushes off to the other extreme. For aerating frozen lakes, he's conservation's little helper. No sooner does water start trickling up in one hole, but what he's busy chopping another. Usually, the only bite he gets is when he takes out his lunch and mouths an ice-coated cheese-on-rye.

Unlike other forms of angling, winter fishing pays its respects to neither custom nor tradition. For one thing, there is no official garb. You can walk out on the ice with a horse blanket, size 13 overshoes and Aunt Minnie's bloomers, and nobody even bats an eye. But don a tie or a shirt or a pair of sissy boots, and they'll have you spotted for miles around.

No flimsy rods, hifalutin' reels or paint-splotched baits find their way into the winter fisherman's tackle kit. All you need are one fishing stick, a last year's line, a hank of gut, some hooks, a gunny sack and six plugs of chewing tobacco, and you're ready to start.

The fishing stick, which finally looks like surrealism on a rampage, has its birth in a discarded wagon wheel spoke or the bottom round off grandpa's favorite rocker. A nail is driven into one end and pointed so that it may be thrust into the snow or ice beside the hole, and the line is supposedly but rarely wound between two wooden lugs or spools spaced a foot apart along one side of the stick. Most angling is done for one- or two-pounders in water depths never exceeding twenty or thirty feet, yet ninety-nine out of every hundred fishermen will spool enough 60-pound test line to rope a steer.

Minnows are choice morsels for crappies and pike, although semi-successful captures have been reported with nothing more than tin foil, cellophane or a hunk of lunch meat draped over the hook. The manner of carrying and preserving the minnows causes no great concern. One angler has plush-lined a metal bucket to prevent the contents from freezing in sub-zero weather. Another gets all-'round use from an ice cream freezer by transporting his bait in the cream can in winter. Most bearded regulars, however, show a definite preference for the pint size whiskey bottle as a handy minnow carrier, from which the bait is literally poured. The container is usually stored in an inside coat pocket to prevent frostbite, and when you see an angler in low spirits plucking a squirming minnow out from between his teeth, you can be pretty sure that the man hasn't gone mad from starvation or cold. He's probably just made the non-forgettable mistake of reaching for the wrong bottle.

There are a lot of ways to chop a hole in the ice, but most of them are wrong. Better than the axe is the homemade ice chisel, which consists of a length of pipe with a handle at one end and an edge about as sharp as last year's razor at the other. A pry-top tin cover, punctured with holes and tacked to a wooden handle, serves divinely as a slush remover while the allegedly circular cavity takes form.

Hole chopping has become such a fine art that its devotees already have split into factions—the sloper-inners and the sloper-outers. The sloper-inner chops a hole with a top big enough to float the marines and a bottom two sizes smaller'n a minnow'd swim through. If fish bit with their tails, scaling would be perfect on the retrieve.

The sloper-outer cuts a small hole at the top and an infinitely larger one at the bottom. The whole idea is that once a hooked fish starts kicking up his fins down under the ice, he won't be able to frazzle the line on the jaggedy edge. Any silver scale that breaks loose in such a hole, however, has clear sailing clean to the bottom.

In ice angling, as in rifle shooting, posture is all-important. There is the standing position, for instance. This is the favorite of most of the old-timers, chiefly because many oldsters are too blamed rheumatic to fold themselves up. Once last winter I actually saw a young fellow fetch some fancy cussing by carrying a folding camp chair out on the ice and, after opening a hole, lolling in luxury while waiting for a bite.

The chair incident quickly drew the scorn of many a fisherman who muttered under his breath unpleasantries that even a man's magazine might not care to print.

While the squatting or kneeling position is only a temporary pose, the belly-flop is the real fish-getter. The more hardy angler sprawls right out on the bare ice, his arms folded piously beneath him, his nose suspended over the bobber. For variation, he shifts his head from right elbow to left until he begins to look like some goddess of the Greeks reclining at the pump.

In addition, the fisherman who plays the game scientifically occasionally peers down into the fathomless bottoms with his head completely covered like an ostrich scenting danger. The reason for this is hard to understand. More than one fisherman has come up yelling that a big school of crappies has just drifted in, when, as a matter-of-fact, the "crappies" he saw were nothing more than a handful of crazy bugs kicking about in the hole. Such actions only tend to confuse both fisherman and fish and help to give ice angling its questionable reputation.

Piscatorial Pest Number Two is the bird who clatters out on the ice, skids over to your side, and tells you in no uncertain terms that, a year come next Fourth of July, out of the very same hole in which you are fishing, he pulled fourteen crappies in as many minutes, and not one crappie ran under two pounds! And then he'll swing into a long-winded discussion on the fine points of ice angling in neighboring lakes, all the while eyeing the nearby holes, looking for tell-tale tobacco stains on the ice and snow.

Twin to this specimen is the foxy fellow who, when you fetch your first fish, comes running with ice chisel in one hand and fish line in the other, to plumb near chop the buckles off your overshoes as he edges up close.

Few are the fishermen who do not look upon angling as more or less of a science, even during the white season. Yet the most deadly

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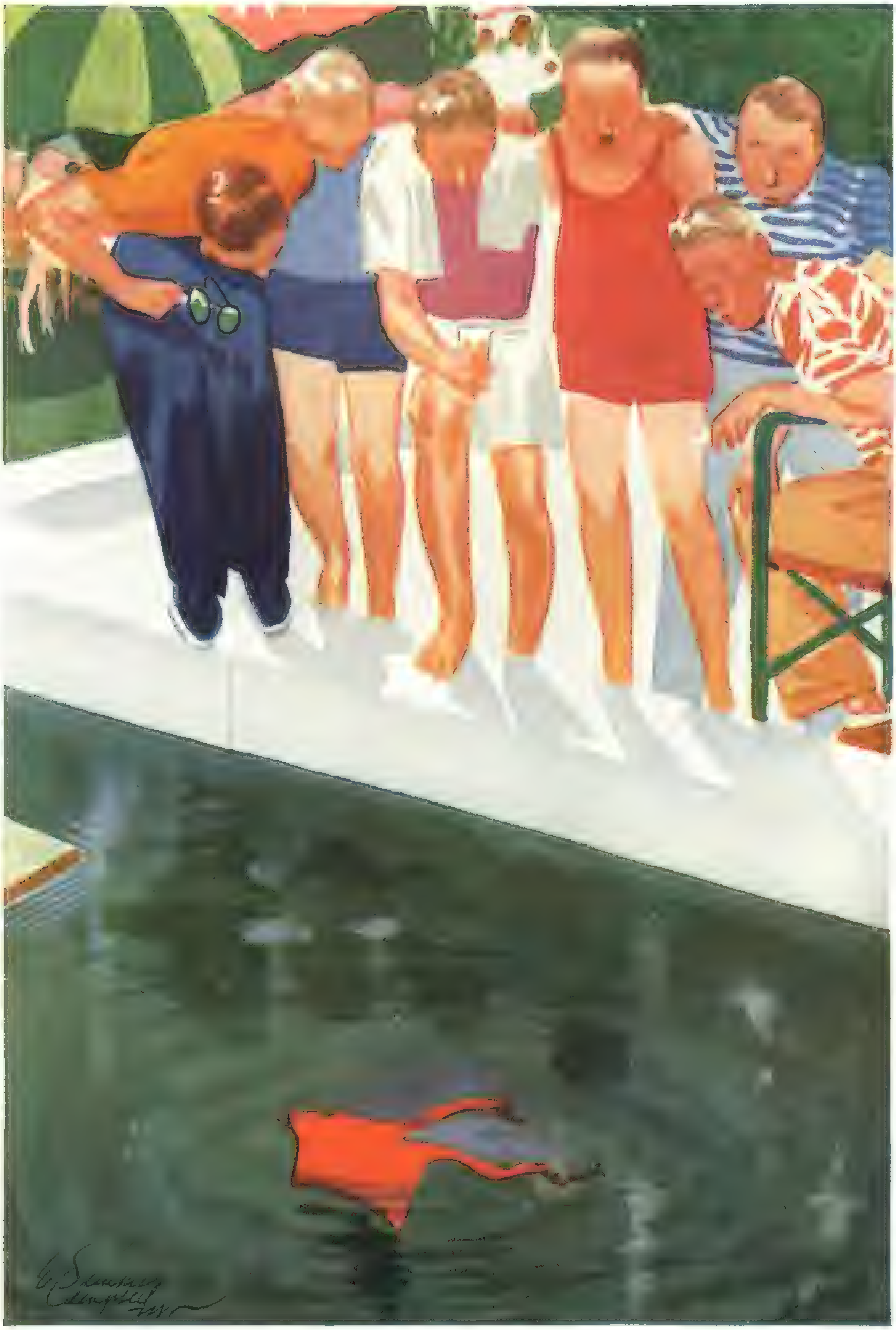
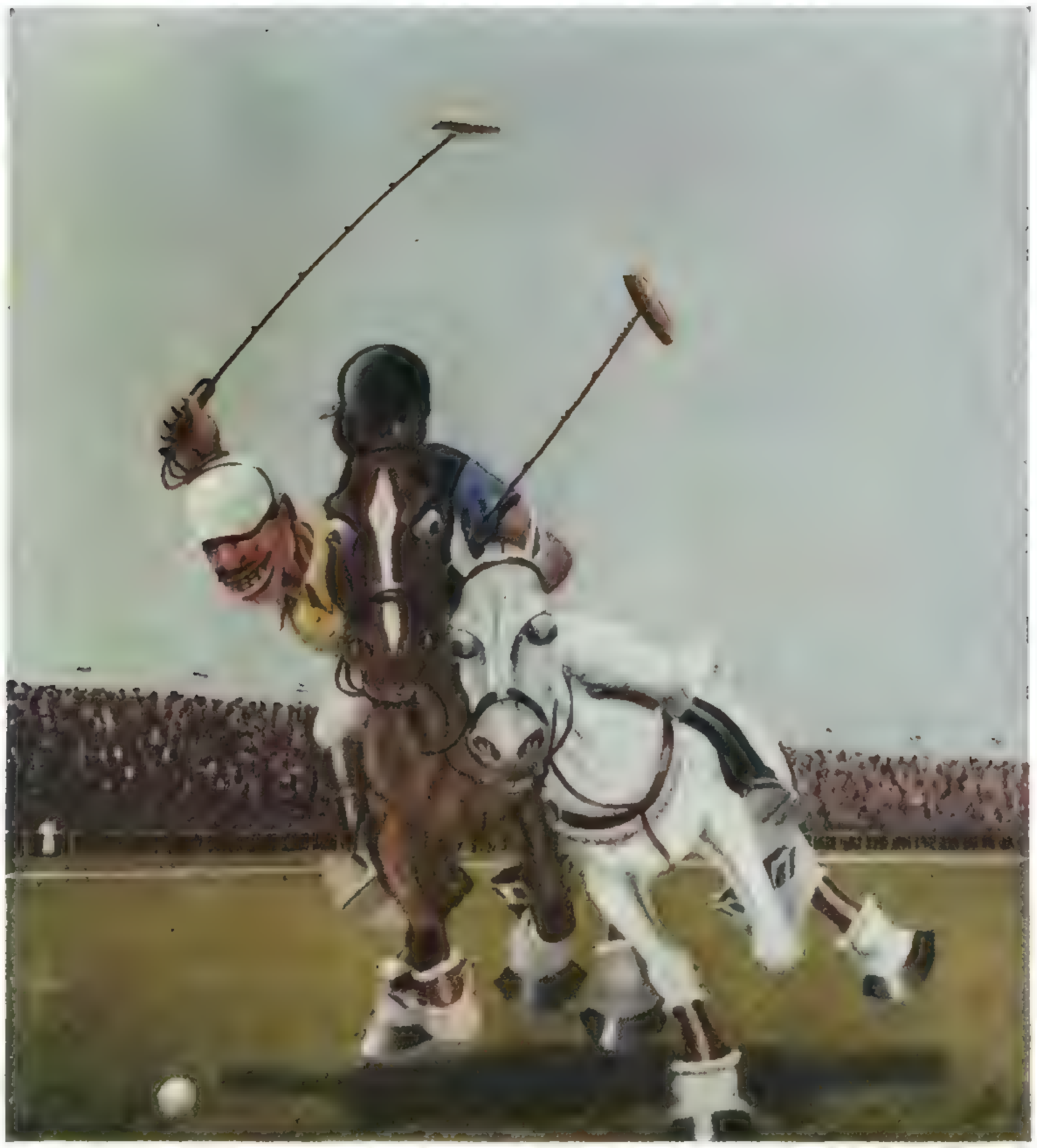
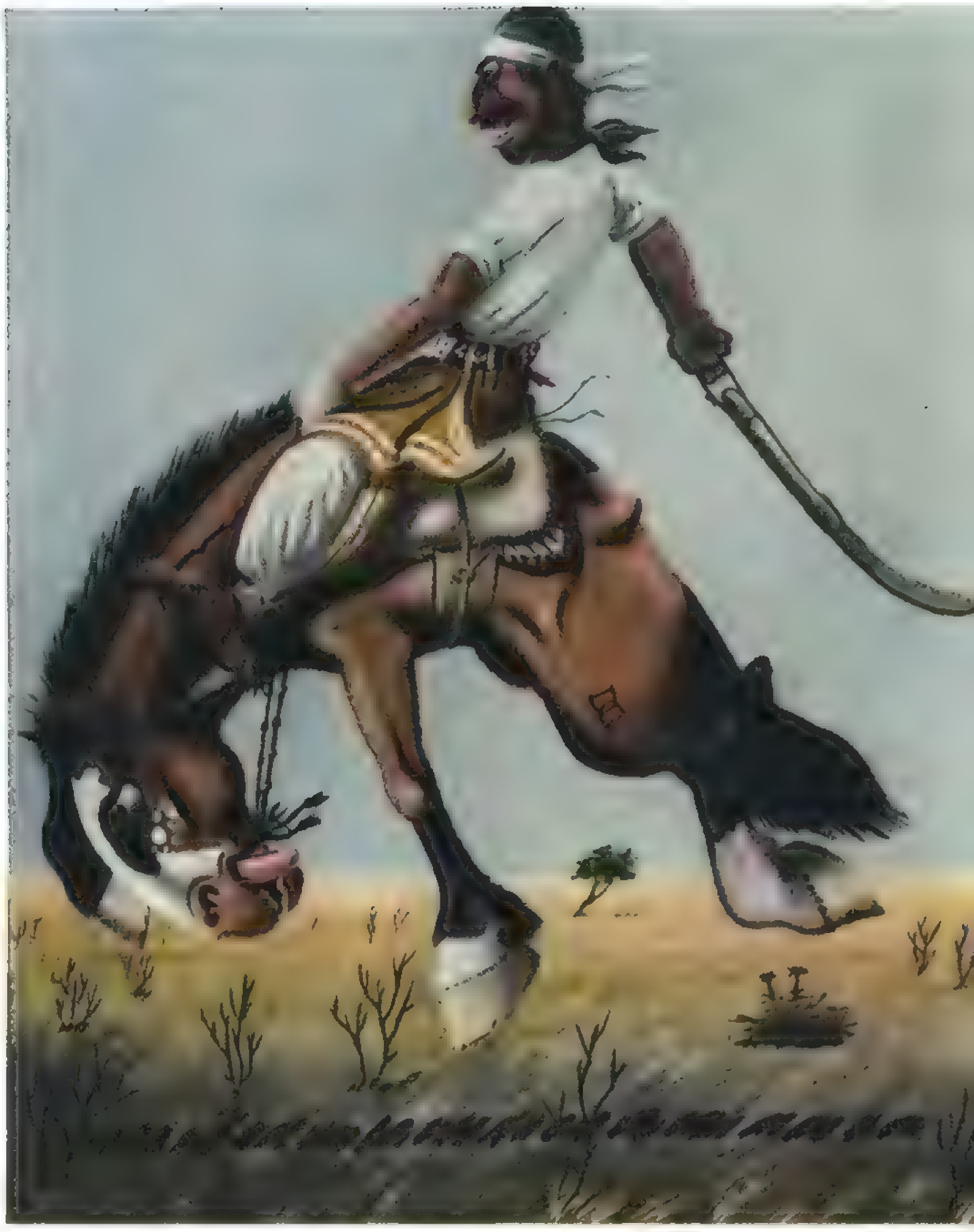


Five Caricatures

by MOLINA CAMPOS



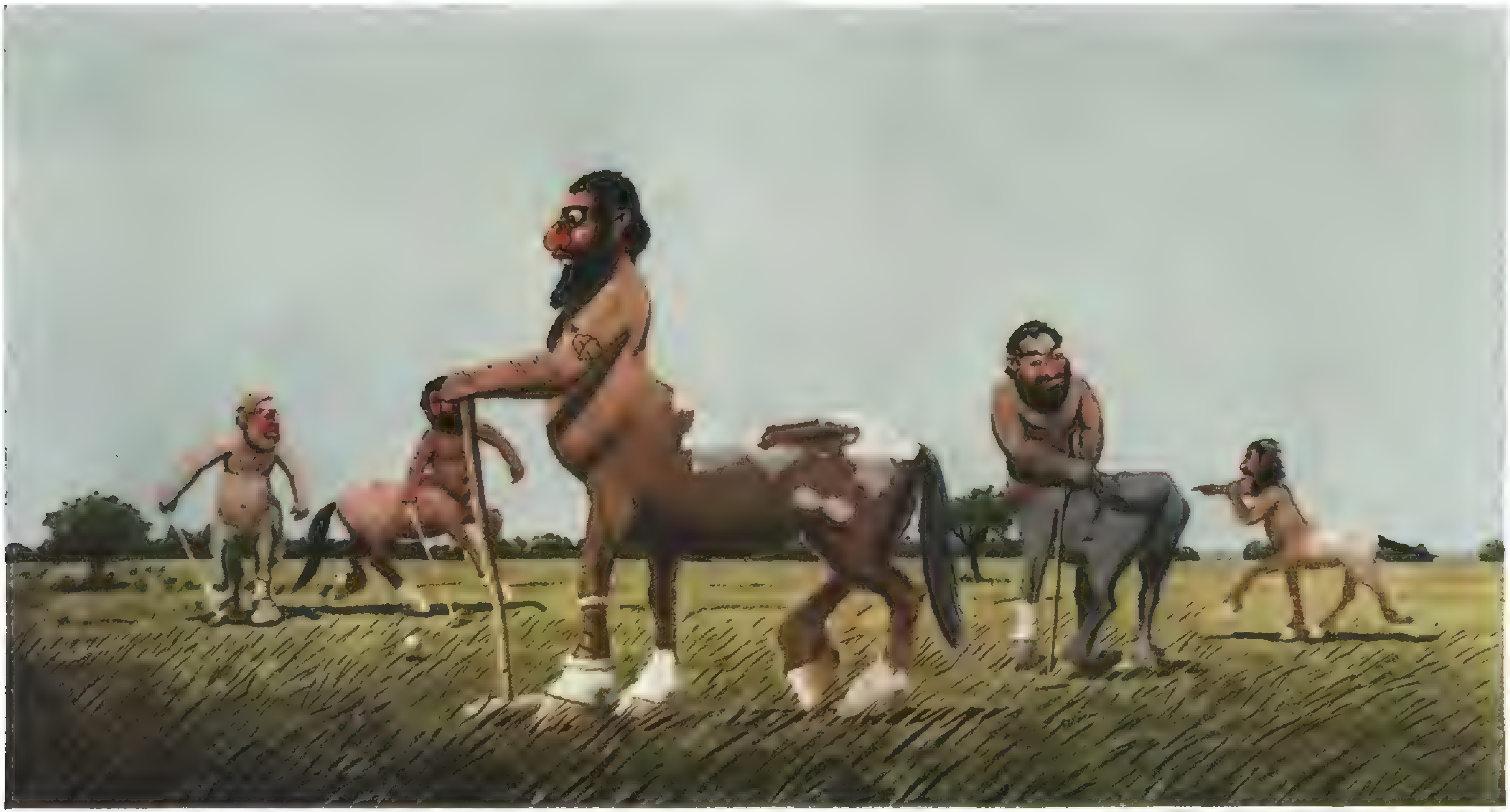
TAKE HIM ON



GREEK MEETS GREEK

FLORENCIO MOLINA CAMPOS is the only Argentine painter who has succeeded in interesting equally both the classes and the masses in his country. Reproductions of his pictures are found everywhere, in the cabins of the gauchos and in the city homes of the wealthy. He is as well known as Mark Twain was in an earlier day in the United States.

Molina Campos is the first Argentine humorist who has devoted himself exclusively to the people, animals, and customs of the prairie and the mountain. It might seem difficult to understand how the humble dwellers of the estancias accept and enjoy the pictures that caricature them. Every-



THE PRECURSORS OF POLO

thing that the painter sees and depicts is grotesque, yet underlaid with affection and jovial good humor. He is so penetrating in his choice of subjects, so apt in bringing out dominant characteristics, that the gaucho feels himself understood and explained in the pictures. He recognizes himself in them, his neighbors, his own countryside, his animals and his goods.

Men and things are exaggerated, as though seen through a distorting lens, yet maintaining harmony in the part and in the whole. The secret of Molina Campos lies in the fact that he sees, understands and feels with the eyes, mind and soul of the gaucho. And the gaucho knows that the man who has painted him is one of his own kind; one who partakes of the secrets of his life; who admires his skill, sympathizes with the deprivations of his hard life, understands the injustices that he suffers, the simplicity of his pleasures, his heroic exaltations in past wars, his doings, his feelings, and his thinking. The gaucho knows that the painter also is of the countryside, an equal making the rough jokes of a friend, a man of understanding and affection.

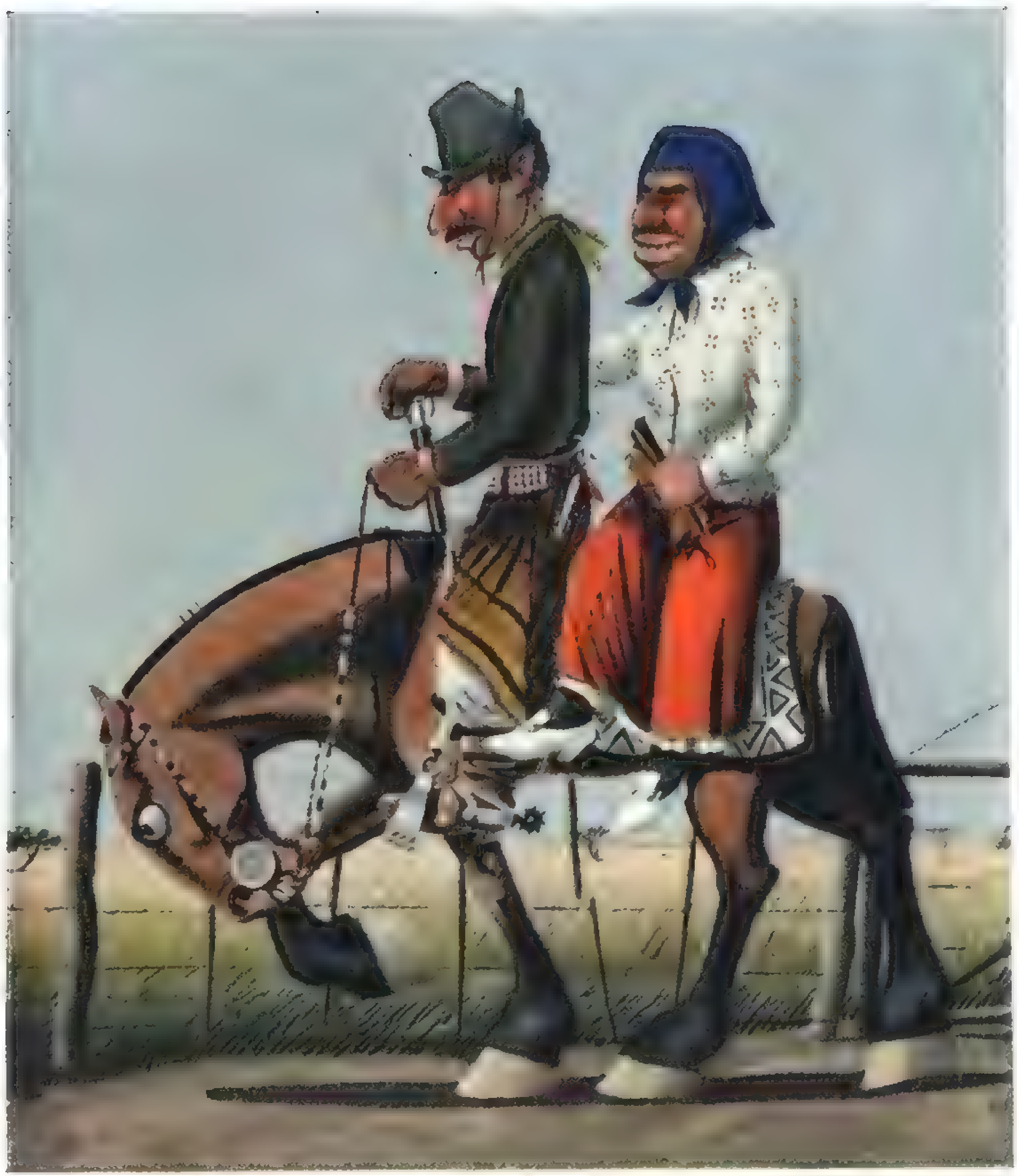
The ancestors of Molina Campos have been a part of every epoch in Argentine history. On his father's side there was first don Juan Fernandez de Molina, an austere "hidalgo," a Spaniard of the time of the viceroys, who received in payment for services to the Crown great grants of land near what was destined to become Buenos Aires. His son, don Juan Bernabé Molina, was born in the country and became a soldier in the War of Independence. His grandfather and his father in turn built ranches, founded towns, fenced off the prairie and fought Indians. He himself was one of ten children.

On his mother's side Molina Campos comes from the line of don Gaspar José de Campos who started a line of soldiers who took part in every crisis of the young republic.

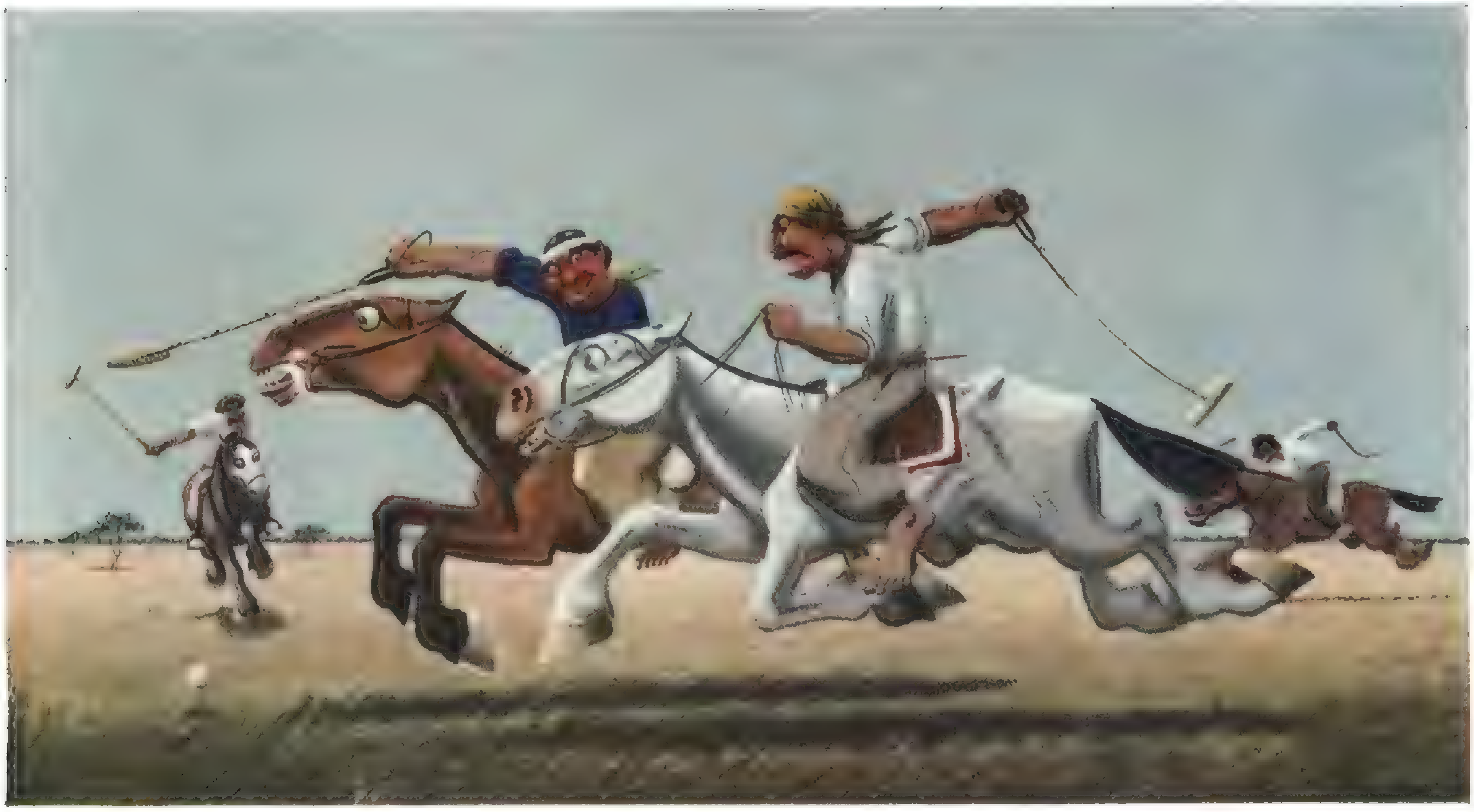
Florencio Molina Campos was born in Buenos Aires on August 21, 1891. Like the sons of all the prosperous estancieros he lived in the city during his school age spending his vacations on the estancias where he became familiar with the people, customs, and things that he depicts today. Instinctively he devoted himself to caricature. His parents decided first to make of him an architect, and then wished to put him in diplomatic service, but he refused to take an interest in anything except his painting, which he likewise refused to accept from an instructor but worked out for himself.

Molina Campos is very fond of music and is president of an organization devoted to chamber music. He loves company, works hard, spends his week ends in a small Criollo estancia house near Buenos Aires.

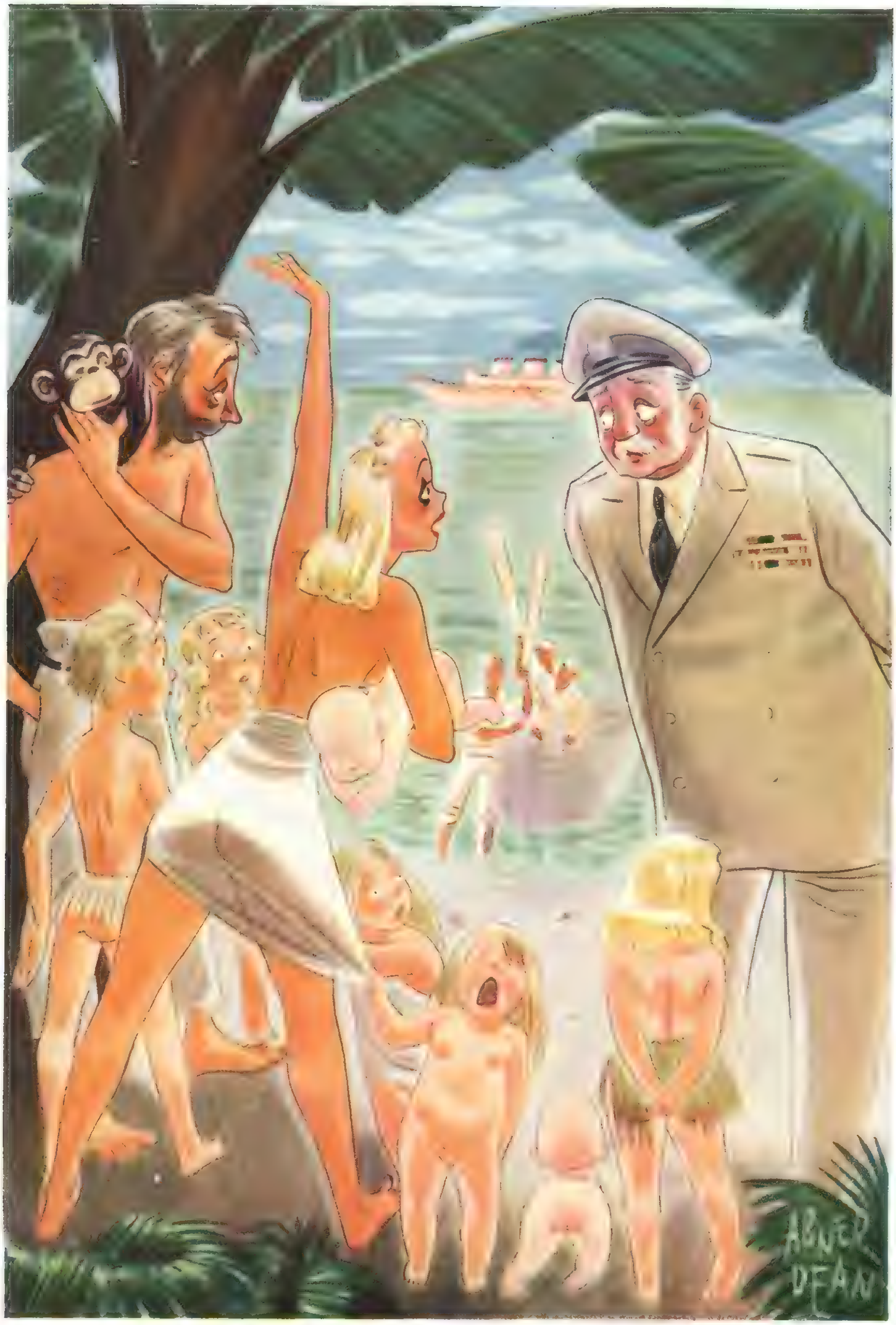
His first exhibition was held in Buenos Aires in 1926 and was immediately successful. The President of the Republic, Dr. Marcelo T. de Alvear, visited it and immediately offered him a post as instructor in drawing at the National College, which post he still holds. Since that time he has had an exhibition practically every year, including one in 1931 in Paris. In 1930 a company manufacturing "alpargatas" (cloth sandals) contracted with him to create twelve pictures a year for a calendar. This calendar has become a national institution and since the company has wisely restricted the number printed, even single pages of it have an established market price from collectors. It is said that Will Rogers some years ago was visiting the ranch of a friend in Texas and saw one of Molina Campos' pictures on the wall. He admired it, studied it, and when it came time for him to leave he calmly took it off the wall saying: "I am sorry . . . ! That is mine!"—JOSHUA B. POWERS



GOING TO TOWN



GAUCHOS PLAYING POLO



"Sometimes we thought we'd go mad, Captain—the same thing day after day"

To Make Men Young Again

And after sampling the brandy, nobody worried about restoring the wine to its pristine state

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

• POTABLES •

The historians tell us that the first mention of brandy in France was in the writings of Arnold de Villanova, in the year 1300. The writer did not call it brandy then, but "water of life," commenting on the elixir as something that a beneficent God "had given feeble man so that he might become young again." The term brandy did not come along until three hundred years later when a Dutch chemist stumbled upon one of the happiest secrets of civilized living.

The apothecary, working in the little town of Cognac, France, was trying to find a way to reduce the abundant grape crop of that year, so that it could be stored or shipped in concentrated form and then brought back to its original strength by the addition of water. Ship space was scarce in those days and the vessels that called at the mouth of the Charente did not want to be bothered with carrying any water in their wine. The chemist boiled the wine, (hence the name Brandywine: brandewijn being Dutch for burnt) and when he tasted the residue he forgot all about the water to be added later. Most of the then civilized world shared his enthusiasm, never worrying about bringing the burnt wine back to its pristine state. Brandy became one of the stable currencies of commerce, beginning its renaissance then, due to the colonization of the English and the Dutch.

It was an important year in the world. The Pope had graciously forgiven King Henry IV of Navarre in a sumptuous ceremony in St. Peter's, which was opened especially for the occasion. Northward, the Muscovite was making gestures of friendship to the powerful kingdom south of his borders, and he had sent a great embassy to Prague consisting of seventy coaches drawn by seven hundred horses. The glowing account of the affair is in the delightful *Fugger News-Letters*, that amazing chronicle, the daddy of all foreign correspondents, given to the world from the Vienna Museum after the last world war.

"The chests in the seventy coaches were covered with red leather," the awed correspondent writes. "They were filled with delectable presents, consisting of one thousand sables, five hundred and nineteen marten, one thousand black fox, three thousand beaver and three thousand doeskin." His Majesty was so pleased with the gift that he ordered the embassy to be kept free in the city and he also threw a banquet. But alas "at this they partook so freely of brandy that they had to be carried home." His Majesty commanded the musicians to drink a toast to the Grand Duke in brandy "which was greatly distasteful to them as well as Rosenberg who had never before tasted brandy." That, we surmise, was before the days of jam sessions for the musicians; they couldn't take it.

When the Muscovite visits Prague these days he takes an airplane instead of seven hundred horses, but brandy in the old Cognac district of France is still being made as it was in the days of Navarre and Rosenberg. The French have resisted all efforts to manufacture the water of life on a grand scale; they still prefer the little pot still, of forty gallons capacity. For, as they say, the "pot still has a delicate nose."

The brandy district lies along the Charente River, which runs in from the southwest coast of France. According to the French law, only brandy that comes from a limited district can be called Cognac. This area, surrounding the old city of Cognac, is divided into four districts: Grande Champagne, Petite Champagne, Borderies and Bois. Their excellence runs in the order named. Each district grows grapes of varying qualities. After distillation, some yield a fuller body, some a fuller aroma, some mature more quickly than others. The soil in this area is of a chalky limestone, containing as high as seventy-five per cent carbonate of lime. The vines are of the hardiest and as a rule the wine from them is not worth drinking. Although much brandy is distilled all over the world from grapes, there seems to be no place where nature and the soil act in such harmony as they do around Cognac.

Along about the first week in October the grapes are ripe. In the early days every farm had a pot still, but most of these have disappeared. The farmers take their grapes to the nearest distillery and have them distilled, much as the American farmer takes his apples to the cider mill to be crushed into cider. When the crop has been distilled, the farmer takes home his own product, paying the distiller a set fee for the process. Then he puts the casks into his cellar and sits back to contemplate the bounties of God and nature. If he is in need of cash, and the proverbial peasant sock is not running over with golden Louis, he takes a sample of his brandy and goes to town. He ends up at the house of one of the brandy bottlers. There he will submit his sample, be offered a price, and perhaps conclude a sale. If an agreement is reached, a representative accompanies him home and if the test of the casks comes up to the specifications, the farmer's supply is shipped off to the house to lie and age properly before bottling.

Of course if the farmer is rich he can sit back and smile and take his sample out only when he needs money. It is money in the bank to him, of late years during the dancing franc it has proved better than money. Of course he will lose three and one half per cent by evaporation, but he may gain more than that by an enhanced market value of aged brandy. Seldom does a farmer dispose of his entire cellar. There is the daughter to be married who will need a dot of a cask or two, there are celebrations of the Fall of the Bastille and anniversaries of grandma. There is the old French proverb, or if there isn't, there should be one, to the effect that a French swain looks at his sweetheart's cellar before he looks at her eyes.

Of course the old brandy in farmers' cellars is not as great as formerly. The stocks laid down since the great plague "phylloxera" which destroyed practically all of the vines in the Cognac district, was sadly depleted during the war. But most French brandy men say that there is now an adequate amount, except for the inroads of the first repeal months. This state they encourage, somehow feeling about it as they do a bank balance. A farmer with brandy in his cellar is a more prudent citizen.

To go back to the distillation a moment, the process of the pot still is the same universal method. The wine and the lees are placed in a copper retort, a slow fire kept underneath and the boiling begun. The light vapors are taken off at the beginning and the heavier impurities at the end—the heads and tails of American distillation. The middle portion, the *brouillis*, is again distilled and the young spirit is ready for its trip to maturity. The distillation is slow in these small plants with pot stills and takes up most of the winter months. The French are in no hurry, believing that patience is one of the best ingredients of their product.

When the vineyard owner gets the word from the house he has dealt with, he takes his small casks and delivers them to the main plant. There they are emptied and he starts back home, with a stop or two at the tavern to celebrate the sale. The new brandy is emptied into larger casks, from one to four

Continued in center of page 137

Nobody Laughed in Yldes

One would expect to find peace and joy in such a lovely village, yet even its small children knew nothing but sorrow

by ROBERTO FÉLIX SALAZAR

FICTION

HE WAS at the top of the rocky hill; below an unexpected little town spread in beauty. The bareness through which he had been driving had completely disappeared, and he was descending swiftly into a lovely green valley. Trees, not very tall, but all blue-green and shapely, were everywhere, and among them flashes of red and blue which were the roofs of houses and now and then a quick splash of white which was a wall.

"A town!" the young man exclaimed. A smiling town! And of all the places he had seen on this continent the only one which had captivated him at first sight, the only one which seemed to offer the peace and quiet which he sought.

So he brought down his foot on the accelerator, and soon the road had leveled and he was nearing the first house. Flowers, yellow, orange, and purple-red, flanked the road. The air rose clean and sweet and fragrant from new-ploughed fields.

A ragged little boy ran of a sudden onto the road. The young man stopped the car at once and asked, "Can you direct me to the best pension in town?"

The child stared at him curiously out of his large brown eyes and said politely, "There is no pension in town, sir."

Unbelieving, the young man said, "No pension in—" Then he remembered that he had not even known this town existed; the map did not show it. "What is this town called?" he asked.

"Yldes is its name, sir."

"Lovely Yldes! And there is no pension in Yldes?"

"None, sir."

"Does anyone take in boarders in Yldes?"

"No one ever comes to Yldes, sir."

The young man was flabbergasted. "No one ever—but you are jesting!"

The child's eyes widened, and for the first time the young man noticed the deep sadness in them. "No," the child said, shaking his head, "no one ever comes."

Impossible as it seemed that the tourists had not discovered Yldes, the young man complimented himself on his good fortune. He could have the wonderful town all to himself, if only he could get accommodations. "Where do you live?" he asked the boy.

"The first house, sir; that is my mother's house."

"I wonder if your mother has room—I mean, I wonder if she would consider taking me in for a few days."

The child looked bewildered; his gaze went to the ground. "I do not know, sir." He hesitated. "I'll take you to her if you wish."

The young man laughed heartily, from the sheer pleasure of being in Yldes. But the child did not join in the laughter. His eyes had come back to the young man's face, and they were sadder than ever, filled with wonder and incomprehension. "Hop in," the young man said hurriedly. "We'll see what your mother has to say."

Silently the child got into the car, and in a few moments the two were walking up a stone path towards a neat little white cottage set in a cool green grove. When they reached the house, the boy asked the young man in, disappeared into another room, and soon came back with his mother. The woman's face was kindly; her eyes were as brown as the boy's, sadder than his. Those eyes held the young man fascinated, and the woman allowed him to explore them before saying, "What can I do for you, sir?"

Her voice was low, pleasant, and the young man explained as quickly and as fully as possible that he had fallen in love with Yldes, that he wished to rest there for a few days. He made it known as tactfully as he could that he expected to pay and that he could afford to pay well.

When the young man had finished, she did not smile, but she said, "We shall be pleased to have you. We do have room enough." She turned to her boy. "Andre, help the gentleman bring his things into the front bedroom." With this she begged to be excused and went away softly and silently.

The child called Andre and the young man went back to the car, the young man greatly disturbed. "Is your mother a widow?" he asked the boy.

The child shook his head.

"Who else besides you and your mother and father lives here?"

The boy pretended to be very busy taking out the bags and did not answer. It was not that he had not heard; he simply did not wish to answer. The tragedy in their eyes, this evasiveness—there's mystery here, the young man thought. But he did not want it to be so. He wanted only the peace and the quiet and the beauty he had seen from the hilltop. For those he decided to stay in Yldes; why delve into private matters which could be of no concern to him. His silly notions must be forgotten.

And he did forget them temporarily upon seeing the beautiful room which had been assigned to him. Its freshly whitewashed walls, which still bore the imprints of the rough brush, its high ceiling supported by hand-hewn beams, gray-brown with age, its enormous window facing on a tiny garden, all told him he was right in staying. Yldes would give him rest.

The night meal was served on a small wooden table in the little garden. Only four plates were on the table, and only four ate: the young man, the mother, the child, and a very old man who was introduced as "Grandfather." The young man waited and waited for the father; all through the meal he expected an explanation. But the father never came, and no explanation was given.

They must be divorced, he said to himself, because no mention is made of him. On second thought, however, No, that would not account for the sadness which is in their hearts and which their eyes reflect. The scoundrel evidently abandoned her and the child, and it is that which has wounded them so deeply. And glancing suddenly at the woman in the light of the candle, the young man saw a face tender, sensitive, infinitely sad; and he complimented himself on his last opinion, certain that he had guessed correctly.

That night in his bed the young man thought again about it, and was glad there was no more mystery. He wondered for a second about the old man. By candlelight he had not been able to find out what the grandfather's face had to say, for the shadows hid what the wrinkles and the whiskers did not cover. Soon, however, he thought no more. The mattress was soft under his tired body, the linen fresh, caressing; he slept.

He slept until late the following morning, and he had scarcely finished dressing and washing when there was a knock on his door. The air was blowing cool through the window; he had had a wonderful night's sleep. "Come in," he shouted cheerfully.

The door opened and there stood the mother, a tray in one hand. "Good morning," she said in her low voice. "I heard you about and brought your breakfast."

"Oh, why did you bother? I was going to come out. Have *you* had your breakfast?"

"Yes, at five."

"That early?"

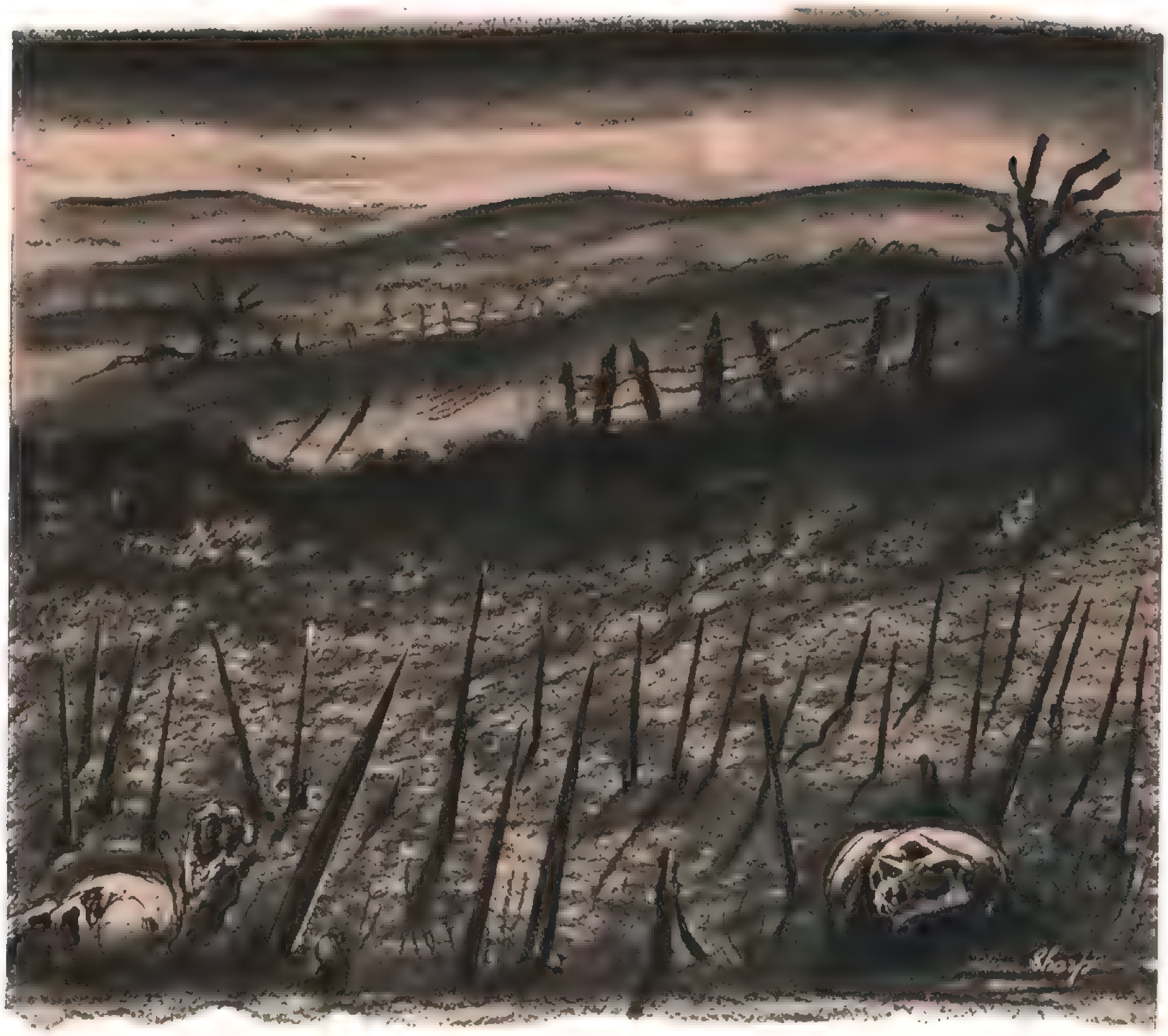
"The chores don't wait. Will you please take those things off the bureau? You can use that as a table."

While clearing the bureau he looked at the tray: milk, eggs, vegetables, bread, fruit. The simple things, the things worth while. He had to laugh. "You are going to spoil me for city life."

She set the tray down and hurried towards the door. "I hope you enjoy your breakfast. I'll be in the kitchen if you need anything. I have some corn cakes in the oven. Call me if you want any."

The young man wanted to thank her properly; he wanted to compliment her for bringing him food fit for the gods. But before he could speak she was gone—without so much as a smile.

Breakfast over, the young man sought the center of the village, knowing that there he would find some of the quaint specimens which abound in small towns. He went up a road which ran through field-like yards where men and boys were working. He hailed them merrily, because he was bubbling over with content and the pastoral quality of Yldes made him want to sing and laugh. His greetings were returned, soberly, quietly.



But he did not wonder about this until he reached the market place, a neat stone building where neat men and women sold vegetables and other merchandise from well-kept stalls. "Good morning," he said to this one and "Good morning," he said to that one. "Good morning," men and women answered; but, because his greetings left his throat so ringingly and these people were near him, he was instantly aware of the tonelessness of their voices, and scanning their faces he was appalled to find there eyes he had seen before, sad, hopeless eyes. His gladness became a sieve. Mystery had returned to Yldes, and it covered the whole village.

But what could he do? He was intrigued, of course; but he could not ask these people what had brought this sorrow upon them. At the next village perhaps he would find out. His curiosity would be satisfied. But his peaceful, lovely Yldes would be no more. Angry, sad, he bought a few trinkets and began his journey back.

He was packing when the grandfather entered the room. "You left the door open," the old man said, "and I took the liberty—"

"I am glad you did," the young man said. "You are welcome here." He drew a chair for the grandfather.

The old man took it. His frame was powerful, his hands strong and workproud. The young man looked at his face. The old man's hair and whiskers were long, silky white; red lips showed through the beard and mustache. And the eyes: they were small and red-rimmed; and—could it be?—yes, they smiled! Deep within their ancient sockets they were smiling!

The young man dropped the shirt he was about to cram into the suitcase and exploded. He laughed, laughed until he was crying, until he was bending double and must seek the bed as a prop to keep him from falling. When the spasm ended he was embarrassed, although he could not help letting himself go. He looked at the old man and tried to apologize: "I—I'm sorry; you see—"

The old man raised one of his beautiful hands. "I am glad you laughed," he said. "It has been long since I've heard that sound. It is one of the most wonderful in this world, is it not?"

So the old man knew why he was leaving. He comprehended the need for laughter. Was he going to tell him now why Yldes was brimming over with sorrow? The young man held his breath and waited.

"You are packing," the grandfather said. "I was in the field and saw you coming back. I knew you could not stand it. Long ago people used to come to Yldes. They no longer come. I was sure the outside world had forgotten us. I am sorry you had to find your way—No!" He sprang up. "No, I am not sorry! You are young. I am going to show you something. You are leaving; you are going into the world where people still laugh; but before you go I am going to show you something. Come with me."

He went out and the young man followed him without a word.

The old man led the way across the road, over several narrow lanes, into a shady woodland. He walked ahead; the young man followed, his heart pounding hard.

The old man began to speak; the young man listened, avidly catching every word. He knew he was being led to something terrible, so terrible that it had brought tragedy to a whole village. And he wanted to face that terror. Yldes had been lost anyway. As they went through the greenery of the forest he did not think of peace and quiet. He listened to the old man and could think of nothing but the tale he unraveled:

"When the war began we sent our men to the front at once. We sent all we could because the enemy was coming in. The accounts we had of the battles being fought chilled our blood, but the fighting itself was far away . . . then.

"Came the day when the enemy defeated the front lines; came the day when a large slice of our country was in the foe's possession. We sent more men, the younger men.

"The enemy began to attack from another side; the foreign soldiers were coming our way. No help could be spared us from other sectors. There was but one thing to do: get men ready. But there were no more men. Yldes had to get more men. We got them, very young men, not yet men, mostly beardless boys. I know. I helped drill them . . . yes, I helped drill them.

"And before they were quite ready—I mean before they knew much of anything—the enemy was outside Yldes. The children were sent to meet them. What else could we do? Remember it was war! Remember—"

He did not finish that sentence. He stopped short and the young man stopped right behind him. They had come to the edge of the forest. A field, dry and brown, marked the end of the trees. At the far corner of the field was a long row of what appeared to be dried cornstalks, gleaming in the sunlight.

The grandfather's eyes were on that row of spears. His red lips were trembling, his body sagging. The young man grabbed his arm. "What is it? What is the matter, Grandfather?"

"A few escaped," the old man went on. "Andre's father for one. To go around for years like a fool—no, not like a fool, but a poor

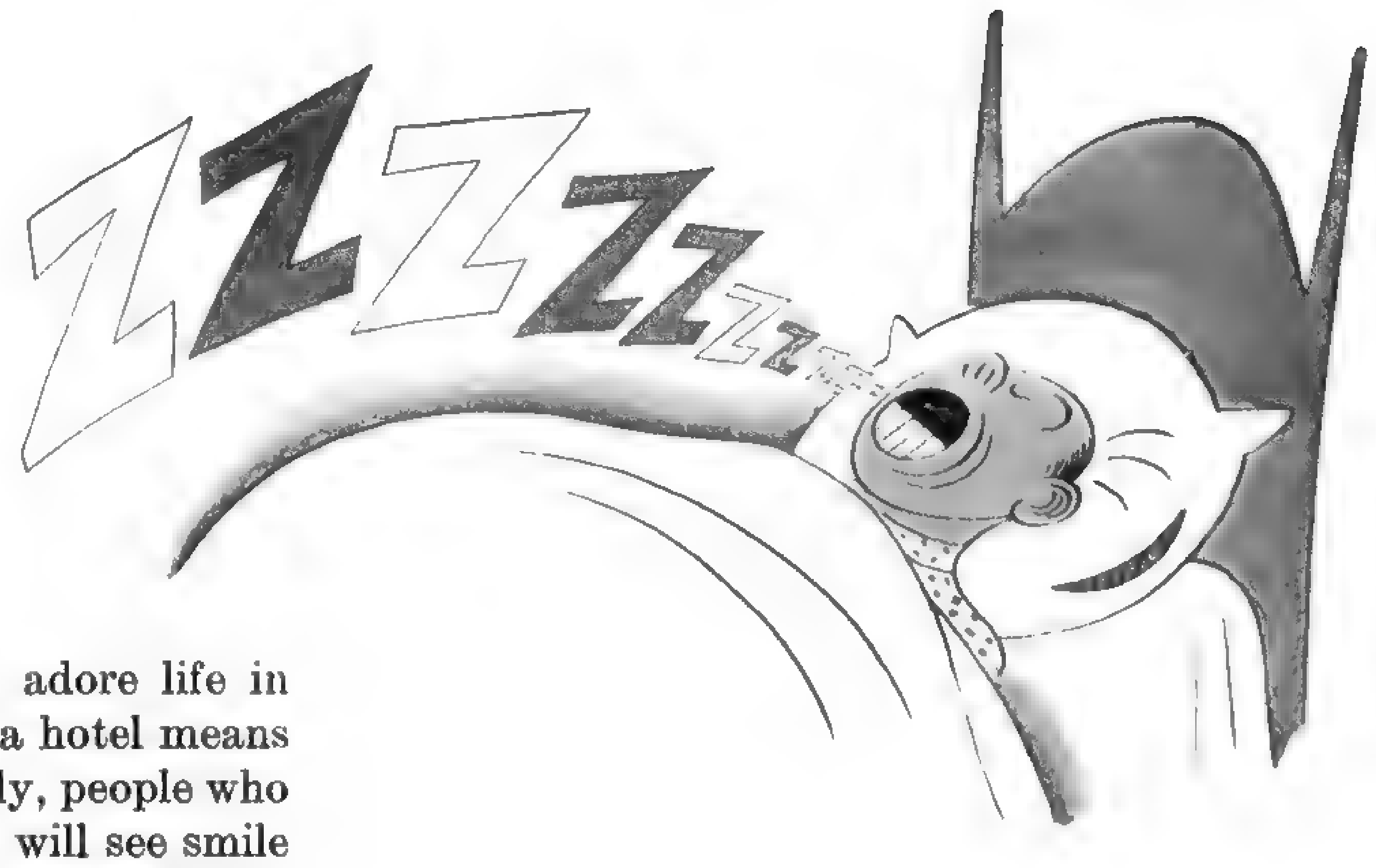
Continued at top of page 147

The Prince and the Piper

Would you take ten thousand francs a month and expenses for the labor of sleeping?

by ANDRÉ BIRABEAU

SATIRE



THE lawyer said:

"I will be there to defend your interests, and so I will demand the sum that you want. But let me tell you this: it is my impression that you exaggerate your case a little."

The man shook his head vigorously.

"No, my dear attorney. Quite the contrary. And you will be able to judge for yourself when I have explained matters.

"Here is how things stand: Last year I found myself at Deauville. I stayed at X . . . To be truthful, I must add that in this palatial hotel I occupied one of the most modest rooms, for if I always have a taste for luxury, I do not always have the means for it. One night just as I was falling asleep with difficulty, my evening at baccarat having been a sorry affair, I was awakened with a start: someone was knocking at my door. I cried very disagreeably:

"'Who is there?'

"A voice answered me: 'Archag Pacha.'

"I thought it was a joke. I knew that that fabulously wealthy prince was staying at the hotel, I had met him in the hall, but I could not believe that he had climbed six stories to knock at my door at night.

"It was he, however. He was in his pajamas. Behind him a man, more modest in appearance, was smiling.

"'Monsieur,' he said to me, 'for the past half hour I have been listening to you sleep from the room of my secretary, who is your neighbor and whom you see here. And I am ravished by it. You have exactly the slumber I am looking for, the slumber that I need.

"'My secretary brought it to my attention. I have checked it for myself. It is perfect. Information that I immediately got elsewhere about your character is excellent. Indeed, there is now nothing for me to do but put myself in the hands of an honest man.'

"Thereupon he asked my loyalty in keeping the secret which he was about to confide to me. I really think that he unburdened to me there his most painful weakness. This opulent lord, this favored of the earth, this man showered with all blessings had in his enviable life one little defect which was enough to make him unhappy: he snored. And he, young, handsome, wealthy, delicately-reared, was deeply humiliated by his snoring.

"'The trouble is not only that I like to travel,' he explained, 'but that I like to go to places which smart people frequent. Eight days here, eight days there. So I must go to hotels. Besides, I adore life in palatial hotels. But to stay in a hotel means to have neighbors. Consequently, people who hear me snore. People whom I will see smile when I meet them later. It is humiliating! It is insupportable!'

"I thought that he would find it particularly humiliating when his neighbors were feminine.

"One solution lay in renting a villa wherever he planned to spend even forty-eight hours. His means easily permitted this. But it was extremely difficult to find villas. A young man like him, accustomed to every comfort, to every luxury, was forced to stay in summer-houses 'where there were no elevators and no hot water in the bathroom.' Another solution—and that which he had at last adopted—was to rent five rooms at a time: his own, that below, that above, that at the right, that at the left.

"'But,' he told me, 'my—this word embarrasses me but I really must use it—my snoring is very . . . sonorous . . . very powerful . . . two rooms are not enough to deaden it entirely. Besides, at Deauville, at Venice, at Cairo, during the smart season, it is extremely difficult, if one does not make reservations months in advance, to find in a hotel five rooms so placed. So . . .'

"Then he had had an idea. Oh! A simple idea, an infantile idea, the idea of a child who, having committed an impropriety, blushes but insists stubbornly: 'No sir, it isn't I, it is someone else!' Here was his scheme: he had engaged a—what shall we say—a private secretary—a very private secretary—an employee whose job consisted solely of snoring beside him! . . . He slept in Archag Pacha's room and they snored together . . . it remained only for the prince cleverly to spread that: 'I have a secretary who has a terribly bad habit. He snores frightfully, and I have to have him near me at all times. But I put up with it because he is such a capable chap I cannot dispense with him.' If neighbors complained (and his neighbors frequently complained): 'It wears one out. I couldn't close an eye. In heaven's name who is this person who snores that way?' the hotel manager naturally answered: 'It is Archag Pacha's private secretary.'

RODNEY deSARRO

"'But,' Archag Pacha told me, 'the Creator, alas! does not work like a machine. That divine potter uses the same molds, but his thumb print is never exactly the same. There are no two fingerprints which are identical, all eyes are not blue and blue eyes are not the same blue. So it is with snorers; they too have their nuances. It is not enough to have six feet from me each night a private secretary who snores as loudly as I, it is necessary to have one who snores in exactly the same key as I. If not, if one of us plays the fife while the other plays the drum, it is easily perceived that the music does not come from the same instrument! . . .'

"This was, indeed, true. The prince continued:

"'It was necessary, then, to find my . . . sonorous double! my nasal second-self . . . I have already tried many snorers, but none has really given me satisfaction. An initial difficulty arises from the fact that one cannot hear oneself snore. One does not know the sound of his sleep. I have had five or six of my nights recorded on phonograph records. When a good snorer is brought to my attention, I give him an audition, comparing him with my records. I have one at this time who isn't bad but who isn't entirely right. An attentive ear could not fail to detect him. And people whom one prevents from sleeping have a terribly attentive ear. As for you, you are marvelous. You are exactly I. So the arrangement suits you, I hope. I engage you. Ten thousand francs a month.'

"'At that price it certainly does suit me.

"'But there is one thing that bothers me,' I said. 'It is that I really didn't suspect that I snored.'

"The prince smiled bitterly.

"'Neither did I,' he said. 'I never suspected

Continued in center of page 161

TONI NOVISKA
Hurrell Photograph

MARY CARLISLE
Hurrell Photograph

Ghost-Town Bonanza

Recalling the years out West when hash sold for gold dust and necktie parties were in high fashion

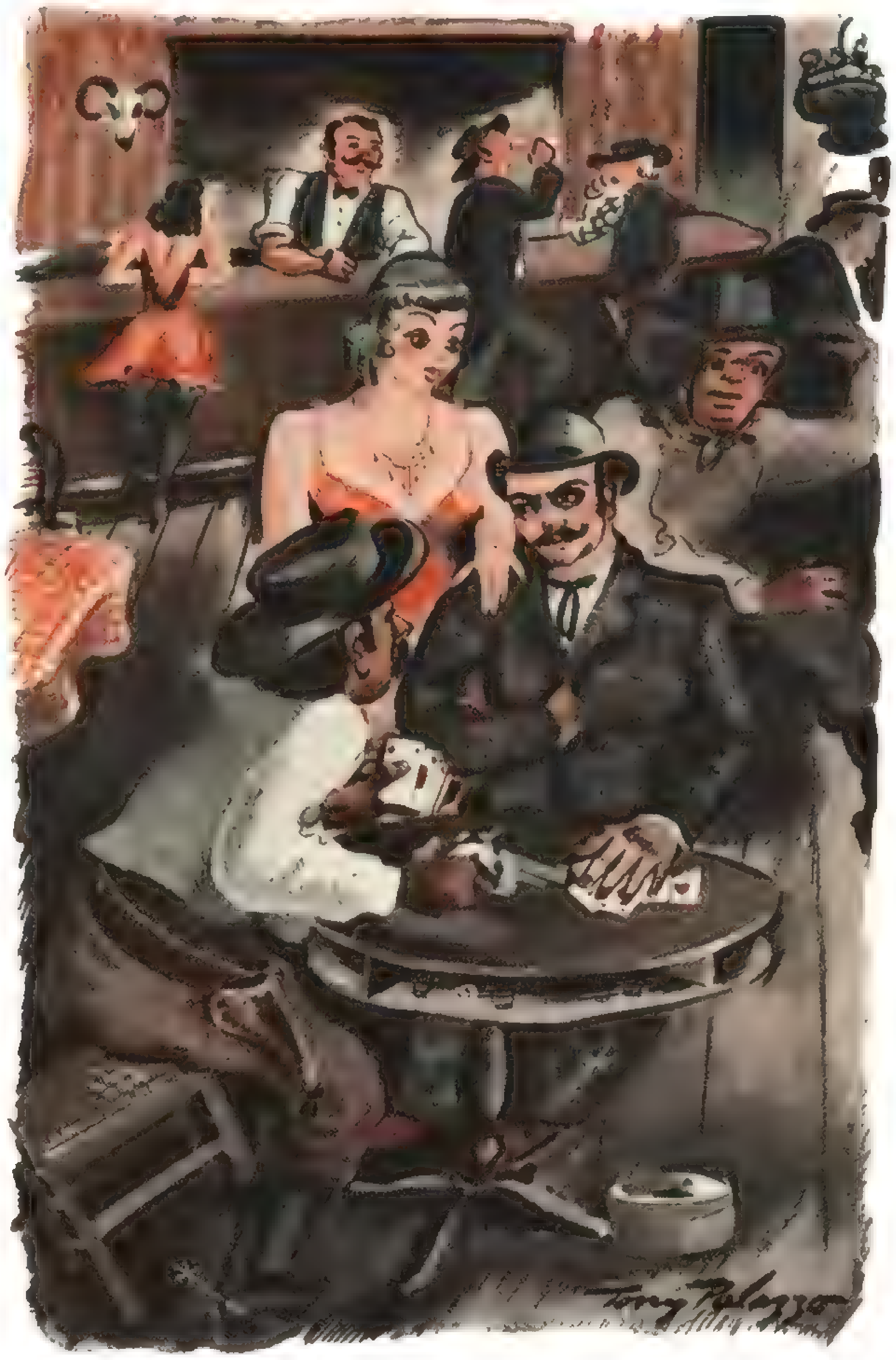
by LOUIS ZARA

• ARTICLE •

THE mirrors gleam on the swinging doors. The sound of miners' revelry and the tinkling tones of a piano. Inside smoke and liquor fumes swirl. Hope and chagrin play on the faces of the bearded men at the faro layouts, the roulette tables and the primitive slot machines. At the huge mahogany bar broadbacked customers stand. The bartender serves with dispatch, moving always within reach of a concealed single-action Colt. Hard liquor on the bar, the brass rail and a row of private spittoons below: Each man worth his stake commands his own cuspidor. On the back bar is an array of bottles of liquors, wines and bitters. Antlers and the heads of elk and buffalo are mounted on the walls.

At the piano a buxom lady, properly rouged and exposed, picks out a tearful ballad. Several other ladies, equally generous with their persons, circulate through the barroom. The "Gold Rush" was not for men alone.

The gambling tables are two-deckers, the top for the cards, the deck below for drinks so that the playing surface need not be cluttered up while the deal is in progress. A hard-looking miner, who has been watching his poke of dust get thinner and thinner during the evening, chances to look up when the sharper's hand makes a hasty move to the lower deck. A short-nosed derringer flashes from the miner's shirt. Show the cards, pardner! Another player turns them up: an extra set of pictures and aces. A brief moment of tension as the spectators wait for what they know must follow. Then the sharper's hands dart to his holster. The derringer flames. The customers duck. The sharper folds. A grown man had ought to know the lower deck of the table is for drinks only. The bartender obliges all parties by consenting to inter the deceased in his private burial grounds. The customers click their teeth and go back to their games.



Assuming the archaeologist's privilege to reconstruct the social life of the peoples of yesterday, the above scene has been reconstructed after a visit to the old mining-town bar that W. Parker Lyon has restored in his unique Pony Express Museum at Arcadia, California. For here, among the relics of the first "Gold Rush" and the miscellaneous artifacts of pioneering life through the nineteenth century, is the last stand of the Old West as it was before the open range disappeared and the barriers of time and space were surmounted by modern means of locomotion and communication.

This writer is of the generation that never knew Beadle. That famous dime-library was ancient history when he began his thrill-reading. Instead, there was Young Wild West, whose adventures appeared in a seven-cent weekly, a series of stories issued by Street & Smith under the name of Colonel Cody, and always Zane Grey. But all of these somehow failed to convey the true meaning of the West and of the qualities of the men who won it. For there was more to the Old West than the cattle-rustling and train-robbing episodes of lurid fiction. We who do not make a hundred-mile trip by automobile on fine paved roads through built-up country without equipping ourselves with maps and miscellaneous information should appreciate the magnitude of the pioneers' accomplishments.

Here was a wilderness, plains, hills and valleys, no roads and only a few marked trails, unfriendly Indians on all sides, and the crudest of means of travel. A trip by covered wagon meant months of wearisome journeying and untold dangers. Money was scarce and the food supply might be uncertain. On top of all this the available maps were not trustworthy.

Why, then, did any of the pioneers ever embark on these arduous expeditions? Greed? Even before gold was discovered clusters of families banded into wagon trains for these month-long journeys. Ambition? Yes, if the desire for a bit of land and a rough home of one's own can properly be termed ambition. Adventure? Undoubtedly that stirred the younger people. But above all there was a national urge to move westward, to occupy the new lands that had been acquired by the Treaty of Paris of 1783, by the Louisiana Purchase and by the Mexican War Treaty. That feeling may be called liberty of movement, a privilege that nature and not the Bill of Rights made possible to the inhabitants of this land. Elbow room—move over, it's a big country! It stirred Daniel Boone and after him Lewis and Clark and after them the men of the prairie schooners.

The history books generally fail to convey the idea of this motivating spirit. Indeed, it was not until I walked into W. Parker Lyon's Pony Express Museum that I realized what a hardy lot those Westerners of another day must have been, what roaring years those were. For here in the three sprawling old ranchhouses with their narrow verandahs, standing on land that was once the historic "Lucky" Baldwin Ranch, a hundred years of Western history is on display. Nor has any censorious hand had an opportunity to select only those items that would make of a race of tough, rough men the glorified heroes of partisan history. From its plunder to its plumbing the whole West is here.

To begin with the Gold Rush itself: Upon entering the Pony Express Museum one is faced by huge gold scales from Virginia City, Nevada, which was in 1862, because of the gold mines in the vicinity, the richest town in the world. Millionaires were literally made overnight. These gold scales, nearly five feet high, cost five thousand dollars and are jeweled like a watch, so sensitive they could weigh the writing on a piece of paper, and up to several thousand ounces. In an alcove devoted to a collection of such scales

Continued on page 119

The Candid Cameraman

Shells keep falling, and people go to the movies to see the Four Marx Brothers and Ginger Rogers

by MEYER LEVIN

• MOVIES •

LOS
CUATROS
HERMANOS
MARX

MADRID

The names of some of the movie theatres are Tivoli, Capitol, Rialto, Hollywood, and Palace of Music. There is an exciting, war-born art of the poster in Spain, and the posters for *Rose-Marie, Bengal Lancers, Black Roses*—third week—*Things to Come* are patchworked among the posters about the war. Not so many of the war posters are about fighting. Just now, there is a strong campaign against illiteracy; a four-foot smirk of Joe E. Brown is sandwiched between a poster showing a soldier with a bandage over his eyes, groping toward a book: the caption is Not Only Bullets, but ILLITERACY Can Blind You. On the other side of Joe E. Brown is a poster for the Academy of Art, headed, Talent, Not Money, Buys Admission to the Academy.

The posters are on a wall somewhere along the Alcala, which is a sort of Madison Avenue, a fancy shopping street, Wabash Avenue in Chicago. Against the wall, below the posters, are sandbags; and above, the wall is pockmarked from bits of flying stone, or shrapnel. Maybe a shell has taken a bite off a corner of the building. Most of the windows, naturally, are out.

You go up the Gran Via, a sort of Broadway, a sort of State Street, and at the Times Square plaza of the apex stands the Paramount building, quite a modernistic structure; they were putting up a lot of good modernistic buildings in Madrid, in Valencia, when the war struck. There is a higher proportion of smartly designed, large-windowed apartment and office structures in the latest, functional style than you have seen in any American city. Republican Spain was going good when the war struck. The Paramount sign still dominates the square, though RKO and 20th Century-Fox and MGM and Warners are on display here too; the shutters are down on the Paramount office floor; and in fact part of the shutters have been blown away. It does not look as though the office is in use. In fact, those windows look out upon the spot across the square where the death-of-a-bookkeeper scene was caught, for the *Spanish Earth.* Remember the scene: you see the little man coming along, on his way to work. The next moment he is spattered on the pavement. We just walked over the spot without noticing that the sidewalk was broken, and filled in with a round space of earth. There are a great many bits of pavement missing. But the gaps have been cleanly and smoothly filled with earth.

You go into the Palace of Music to see Lillian Harvey in *Black Roses.* It is a big movie theatre, sort of like the Palace in Rochester, the Roxy in Manhattan, the Palace in Los Angeles, or Balaban and Katz's Roosevelt in Chicago. The best seats are a couple of pesetas—about a dime. In the neighborhood theatres the prices range from the equivalent of four cents, to fifteen. All the movies are practically always full. At the Junta des Espectaculos—the Theatres Commission—you can get the figures: an average of 105,000 people go to the movies in Madrid every day. The population is about 900,000. In addition, about 33,000 go to the theatres, daily.

The Junta is running the 42 movies, the 21 theatres open in Madrid. It's a good example of how things are carried on during the war. In the Junta are people who know about theatres. There is a musician, a writer, there are representatives of the motion picture operators' union and of the stage-hands' union and of all the other organizations of people who work in and around theatres. This Junta was formed at the outset of the war when the owners of the various motion picture houses and theatres became confused, panicky. They didn't know what to do about getting new films: there had to be some central control of film exchange, as the foreign producers stopped sending pictures into Spain. Some of the theatres were owned by corporations headed by fascist sympathizers who fled the country and left affairs in confusion. Finally, the managers and owners who remained in Madrid asked the government to take over the job of running the theatres. The Junta was formed.

The Junta prefers it to be made clear that theatre owners were not dispossessed. They were placed on salaries as technicians while their property was operated by the government. At present, with the industry running fairly smoothly, new arrangements are being made by which owners will receive either a flat rental for their theatres, or a percentage of receipts.

Now as to movies: the Junta rounded up around 4,000 feature pictures, put the newest ones in reserve, and organized a complete system of distribution so that, during the first year of the war, there was no dearth of movies in Madrid. Many theatres are even playing double bills. Salesmen from the big motion picture producers were wont to come to Spain in the summers, when the local distributors would stock up for a year. There was, therefore, a year's stock of pictures on hand. Now, however, only about a hundred films remain that have not yet been released by the Junta; and there are people in Madrid that have gone to see the same films three and four times over, because they have to go to the movies. The cinema is a war-time necessity.

The film companies did not send in their salesmen last summer, as they felt there was no great business to be done in Spain; the Junta, however, sent men to Paris and to London, to buy films and bring them back for the people.

The Four Marx Brothers are popular, and Ginger Rogers is popular, and somehow there seem to be a lot of films of violence running: *China Seas,* and *Things to Come, Captain Blood,* and *Bengal Lancers;* though, according to the Junta, the public shows no preference for any one type of movie during wartime; people just want movies, they just have to go to the movies; death on the screen is somehow unrelated to death on the streets. Perhaps subconsciously it makes them feel that the shelling on the streets is a fiction too, that the machine guns heard at night are merely shadow-sounds from behind a cloth screen.

The film you see at the Palace of Music—*Black Roses*—is in German speech, with Spanish subtitles. It must have been made before the Nazis took Germany, for it has freedom as its theme. It deals with the invasion of Finland by old Russia, White Russia. Lillian Harvey is a star in the Russian ballet; the suavely insolent Russian Commandant is attempting to make her his mistress by giving her châteaus and champagne suppers. The hero of the film is a leader of the last-ditch Finnish patriots, and involved in underground plots to gain freedom from the foreign invaders. By chance, he takes refuge in the house of the ballet dancer; she shields him, and later goes to live with him.

There is a beautiful scene when he takes her out into the suburbs to a native festival: there are long, slow choruses of folk songs yearning for freedom. (Last night, under the windows of the hotel, a band of men passed; perhaps they had nowhere to sleep; perhaps they simply could not sleep, but they paused in the narrow street for a while, and sang a

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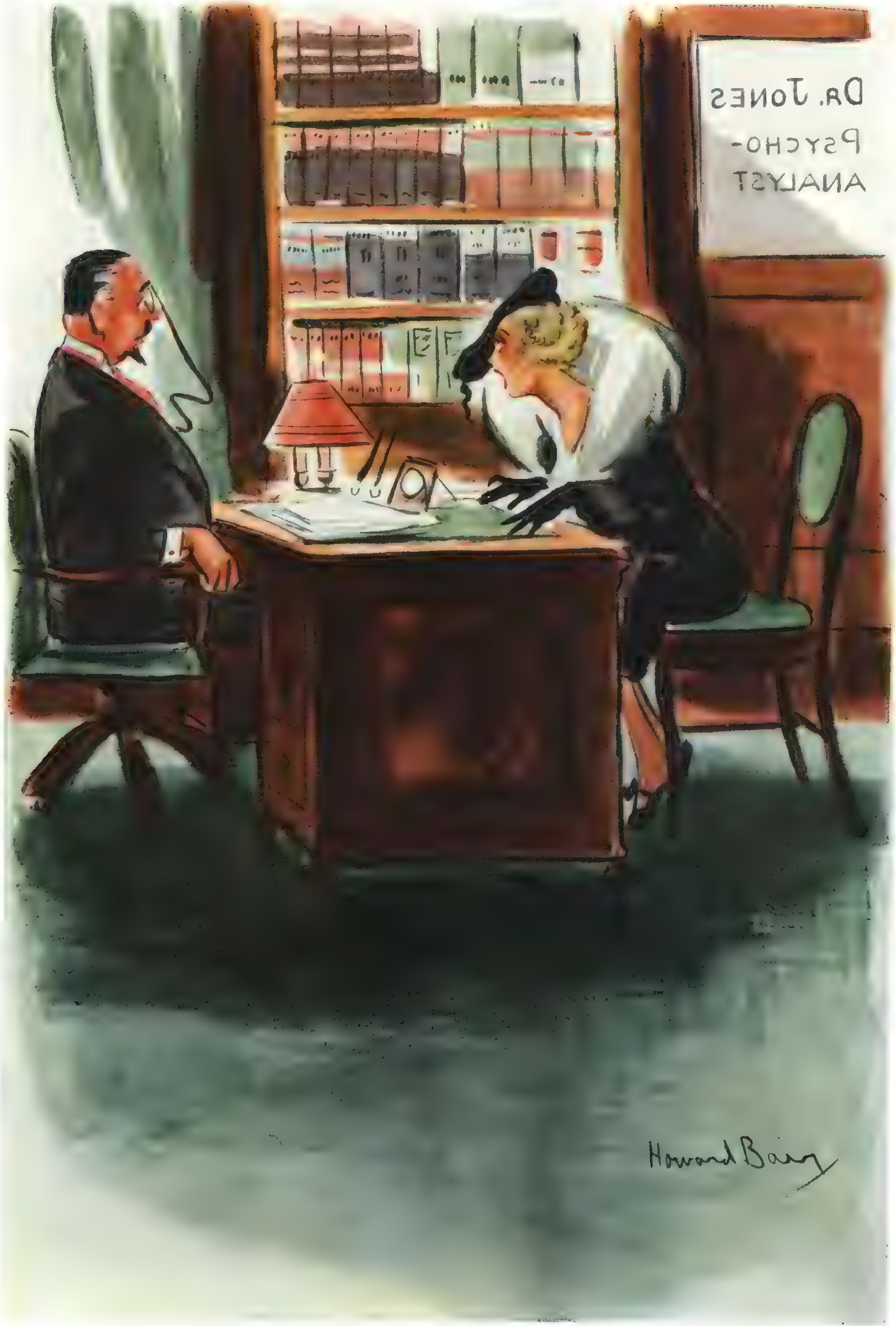
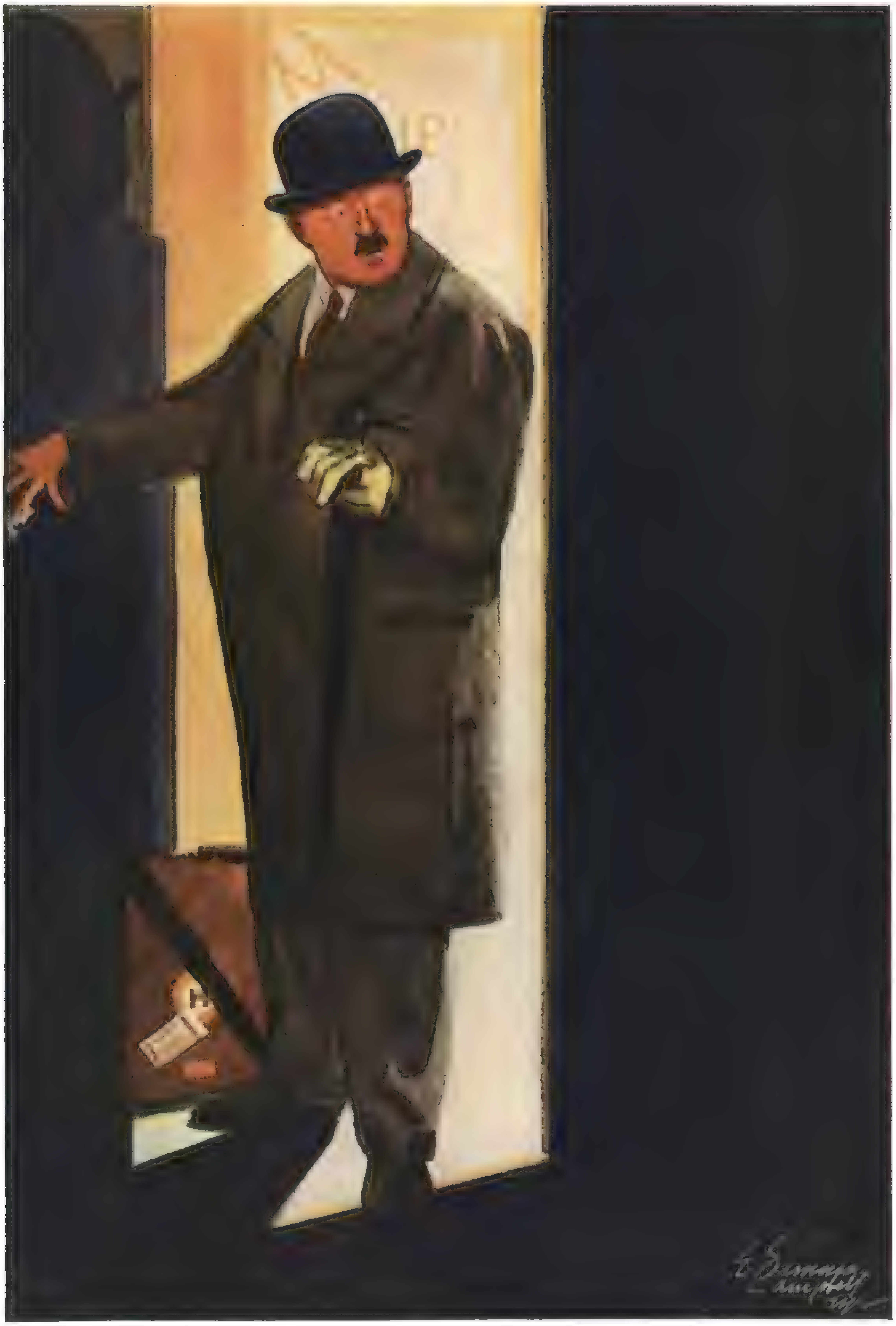

DR. JONES
PSYCHO-
ANALYST
Howard Baer

"And there was Clark Gable on one side of me, Robert Taylor on the other and Mickey Mouse sitting at the foot—leering"


E. Simms Campbell

"Good heavens dear, don't turn on the light—Mr. Arturo is telling me a ghost story"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Theme and variations on the literary scene with a fanfare of trumpets for Deems Taylor

by BURTON RASCOE

• BOOKS •

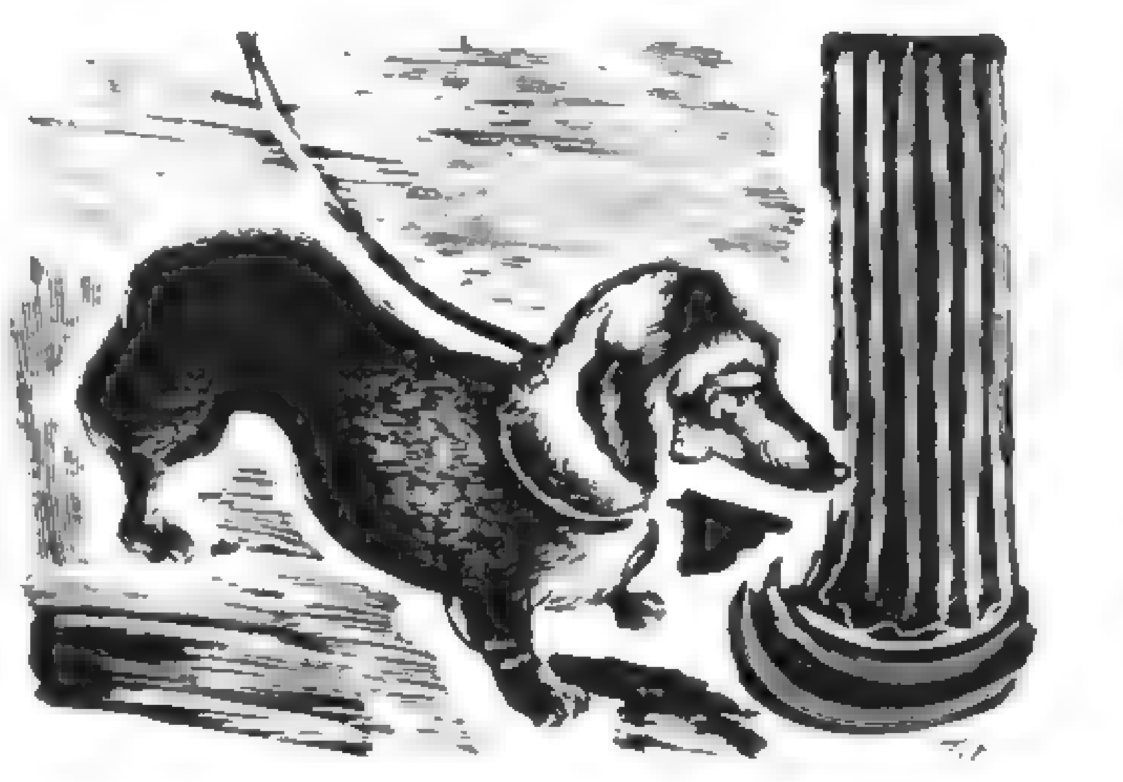
BY STALIN! I've been all shot to Siberia! You know Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Dorothy Parker, the sophisticated quip-gal whose funny, such terribly bright sayings, tickled the blunt edge of New York's crawling-around society so much that when an amateur under-study of a bird called Bisbee or something like that from Boston——who writes a column telling you what high society he is and making fun of poor rich, youngish eggs because they have a quarter-inch of white vest showing below the V-dip of their tail-coats at El Socco——thought up something he imagined was cute, he attributed it to Dorothy Parker, wrote it down so he would remember it, paid his $38 check, and called it a year?

Yeah. That's the Mrs. Parker I mean. You and Mr. Bisbee may know her as "Dotty," but she is Mrs. Parker to me.

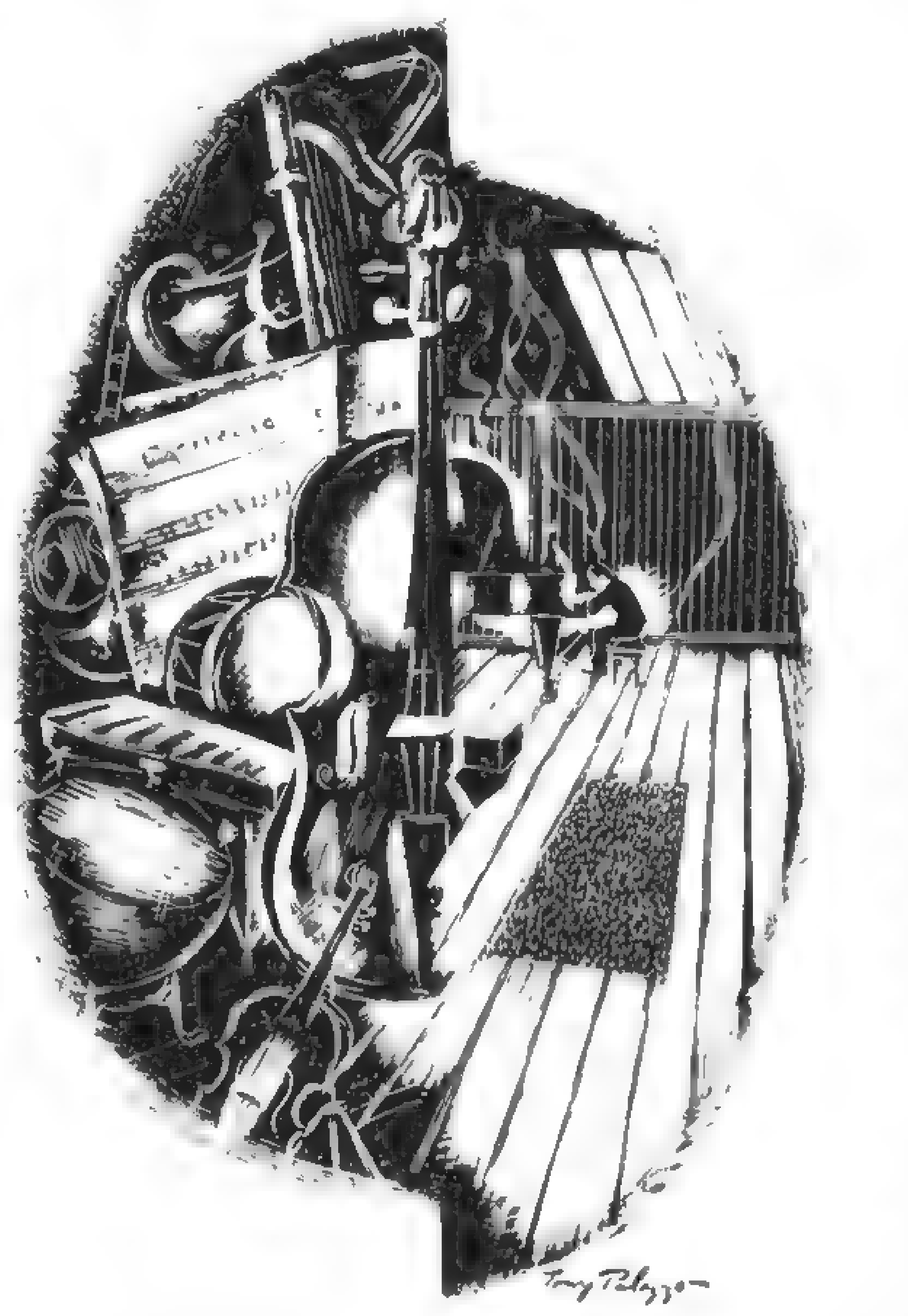
Just so that we can get together, you'll reminisce. And then I'll reminisce. We'll tell Dorothy Parker stories. I'll beat you to the gong. You remember her quip about her dachshund, Mr. Robinson? If you do, and if you break in on me I'll hit you over the head with a brickbat. That's the only one I can remember and I know, when I am remembering well, slabs and sloughs of them.

Well, it goes like this. Mrs. Parker was taking her Hitlerian pup, which she calls Mr. Robinson, (she insists that you put in the "Mister," which I think is mighty nice of her: it goes to show she has the true, right aristocratic sense, because there might be some sons-of-bitches around who have no right to be mistered), out for an airing and she was walking him slowly down Fifth avenue, [New York]).

She (they) encountered one of these timid souls (like me and H. K. Webster)—the pathetic kind, who tip their hats when they meet somebody they have met who is as clever as Mrs. Parker and hope she won't say something so devastating to our little, weakening, self-esteem, that, in confusion, we ram our hats into coat pockets and totter away crying, "Why, oh why, couldn't God be just and make me clever? Not *very* clever: He would not have to do *that* much for me and I wouldn't expect it of Him. But He might at least give me that talent to say 'Toodle, oo' or something Noel Cowardly" . . .



Well, Mr. Robinson, it seems, was in an unfortunate physiological condition. The appearance of the mechanism by which he was decreed by God to propagate his kind was such as to excite the deepest professional interest of really good veterinarians, who, like specialists in doctoring up human tissue, look upon all *common* ailments, deformities and inflamed conditions nonchalantly, but begin to glow with the fervor of Keats (when he looked out from that Peak in Darien and foresaw the marvelous Sino-Japanese question) if they spot the visible evidence of where a spirochete has done some unusual somersaults or some other germ has produced a new, extraordinary and very repulsive pattern in the cellular make-up of the genus *homo sapiens*. . . .



Mrs. Parker's encounterer, hat doffed, had his eye drawn to Mr. Robinson's disability. The man couldn't help it. Were he more gallant, he would have looked steadily and enchantedly at Mrs. Parker. But Mr. Robinson's ailment was such that it was like a passing steam-calliope. One looks at a steam-calliope when it goes by, even when Mrs. Parker is around. So Mrs. Parker's encounterer glanced. Mrs. Parker's wowem was:

"He says he got it from a lamp-post."

Now you tell your Dorothy Parker story. Finished? I ask because I wasn't listening. No one who has a good Dorothy Parker story ever listens when somebody else is telling a Dorothy Parker story. He is thinking how good he can tell his own Dorothy Parker story, or, if he has already told his, he is not interested in hearing any more Dorothy Parker stories.

You've got some more? Well, let me tell you how washed up you are, me lad! Mrs. Parker has just gone to Spain——and come back. I don't know what for; but she went over there. She has a piece about it in a recent issue of *The New Masses*. Here's what she has got about you and all the people she used to think up funny sayings for: "The only group I have ever been affiliated with is that not especially brave little band that hid its nakedness of heart and mind under the out-of-date garment of a sense of humor. I heard someone say, and so I said it too, that ridicule is the most effective weapon. I don't suppose I ever really believed it, but it was easy and comforting and so I said it. Well, now I know."

Where does that let you off, you dumbcluck, you with your Dorothy Parker stories? Mrs. Parker has been to Spain. . . . There she saw a broken doll and a dead kitten. You ought to have seen enough movies by now to have that break you down. Mrs. Parker was in Valencia and while she was there, she says, "the fascists raided it four times." . . . When fascists or loyalists are busy committing the atrocity of death (thanks, J. M. P.) in air-raids, bombardments or other activities of war or civil war, the scene generally is not idyllic. Mrs. Parker, away from "21," found this to be so when she took a flying visit to Spain to see what was going on over there. She tells you about what she saw, including "an old, old man" (the two adjectives are beautifully stressed) looking for his wife. And then. And then. And then. (This is after an air-raid) . . . "There was a great pile of rubble, and on the top of it a broken doll and a dead kitten. It was a good job to get those. They were ruthless enemies of fascism."

This brings me around to *Of Men and Music* (Simon & Schuster, $2.50) by Deems Taylor. Deems Taylor has been arguing for years that when a composer drags in a broken doll and a dead kitten his composition is not necessarily profound. He has driven the point home in books that really are profound (though entertaining) from an aesthetic, musicianly and every other point of view. He has tried to make this clear to his radio audience. But every time the Philharmonic Symphony orchestra plays something that is light, airy, refreshing or inspiriting he has to apologize for it to the music lovers who hear the orchestra and him over the radio, and the more he apologizes, the more the music lovers write in to demand more broken doll and dead kitten music.

There is a remedy for that. If I were Mr. Taylor, I should say to these music lovers, "Music isn't what you think it is at all; and the gentlemen who perform in this great orchestra, the composers who have sweated blood for little or no financial reward to

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

It required a couple of tough barley binders and a tender monk to restimulate the stage

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

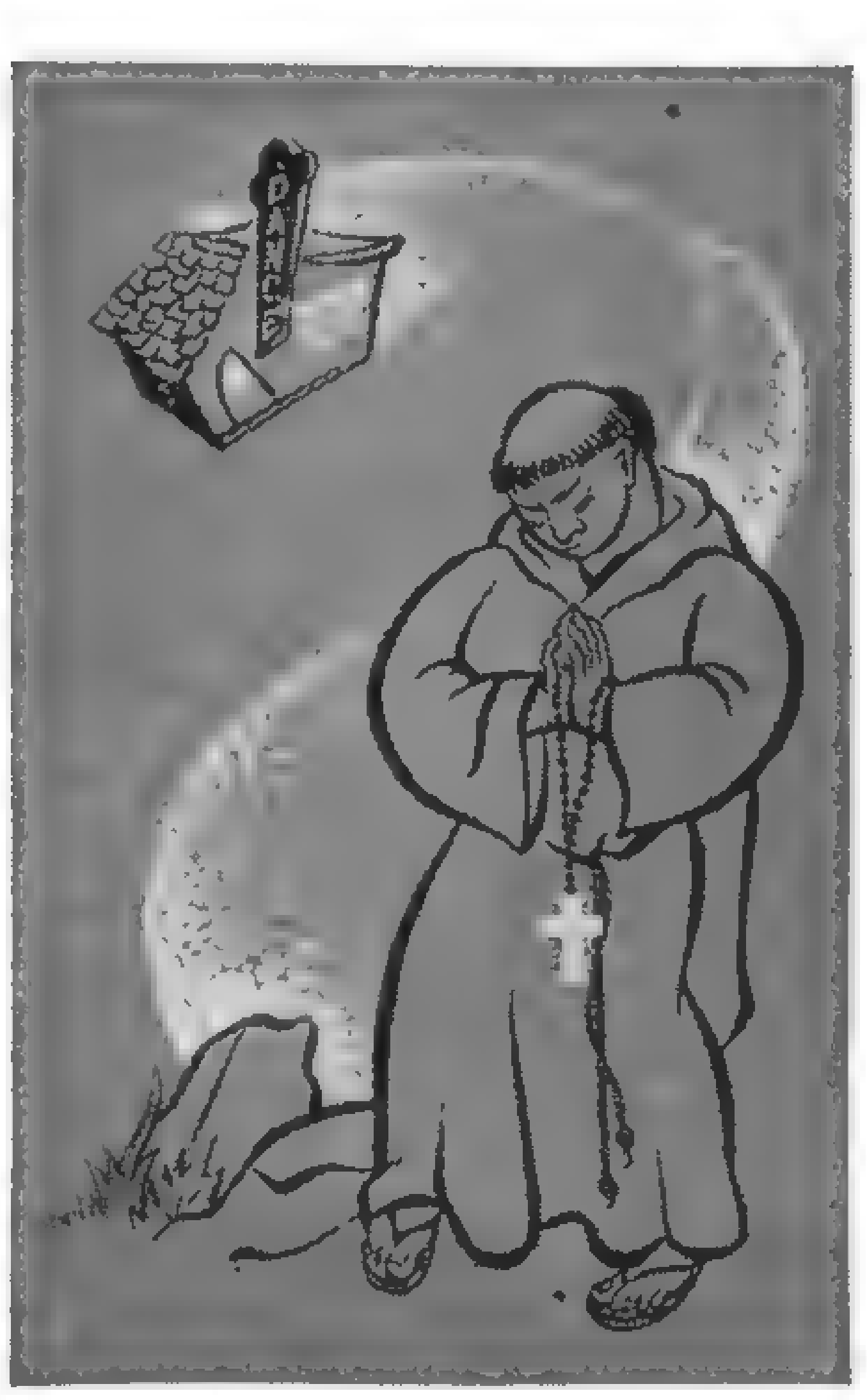
INTO a theatre and drama surfeited with the theoretically significant amours of wholly negligible females, the metaphysical kidney troubles of young intellectuals who can't decide between Communism and their best girls, the strange preference of the rebellious younger generation for the comforts of Jack and Charlie's as opposed to the discomforts of the battlefield, and the soul-torturing agitations of actresses torn between a desire for a baby and a contract with the Shuberts, there came not long ago, with the freshness of a window suddenly opened in a glue factory, a simple little play about a simple little Benedictine monk who believed in the miracles of God and at the same time as intelligently amusing, as happily imaginative and as welcomely original an evening as the stage had uncovered in quite a spell.

Brewed from the novel of Bruce Marshall by Brian Doherty, who had never written a play before and who had devoted his earlier life to twitting critically in a Canadian gazette the bad plays of others, the exhibit has in it a vague flavor of Dunsany and a considerably more positive flavor of the *Magic* of Chesterton. Combining gentleness with irony, fantasy with fact, and laughter with tender meditation, it tells, very briefly, how the little monk in question, challenged by a brusque and skeptical Anglican cleric, replies that at a certain hour he will demonstrate that miracles have not passed from the hand of Heaven, and bids the cleric specify the nature of the phenomenon he wishes to behold.

The latter derisively tells the little monk to transport a neighboring dance hall and its performing houris to a rock by the sea twenty miles away. No sooner said than done. The little monk prays and—poof!—the dance hall duly scoots through the air. Then, hell to pay. The miracle brings the wrath of everyone from the Bishop to the dance hall proprietor and from the Edinburgh police authorities to the Church of Rome down upon the devout little monk's head. And to establish peace again in the world, the little monk has to pray the dance hall back into its original position.

The implications are rich in sardonic humor and the most is made of them. Aside from a lapse in the second act, when the imagination wears a trifle thin, and a too slowly paced first scene, the evening is full of a thinking jollity, and the cast, headed by Al Shean, Gallagher's old vaudeville partner, is with a few exceptions—Frank Greene, Margaret Curtis and St. Clair Bayfield certainly not among them—equal to the general demands. I observe that one of my esteemed colleagues finds fault with the play because "the conclusion is apparent at the beginning of the second act." Let us agree that this is true. But let us at the same time politely inquire how many conclusions of the better plays are, oddly enough, not equally apparent at the beginning—or at least by the middle—of their second acts? In the main, it would seem that only the conclusions of the trashier plays—murder mysteries, detective sprees, English gimcracks such as *French Without Tears*, and the like—are *not* apparent, even to a critic, at the beginning of the second acts.

A second and very considerably more important gift to the theatre came in the shape of John Steinbeck's surprising dramatization of his auspicious novel, *Of Mice and Men.* Here was, and is, what would appear to be a genuinely significant new American dramatic talent. If I seem somewhat conditional and reserved in the matter, it is only because altogether too often such a talent lifts its bright sails on the horizon and then, after a single fine performance, either vanishes from sight altogether or resolves itself into a leaky vessel. But, taking things as at the moment we find them, there surely has been no native newcomer into the field of drama in a number of years—and that includes Odets and others whom the critical diocesans have overnight anointed—who indicates so convincing a competence, whether in the writing of dialogue, insight into character, grasp of dramatic situation, or orchestration of emotional effect.



The characters in most of the plays we get in the theatre these days are the sort who would look comfortable on the top of a cake. They are fashioned out of so much confectionery for the popular sweet tooth, and they melt into nothingness, profusely dripping glucose, after fifteen or twenty minutes in the footlights' hot, realistic glare. Steinbeck, on the other hand, gives us in his two barley-binding bums no less than in his other stage figures not only vital humanity without cheat and without equivoque, but beings so unashamedly forthright and vulgar and true that all the ache of their hearts finds an echo in those of his auditors. The story you know from the novel. Briefly, it is the tale of a Damon and Pythias of the nether world, the one, a little fellow rational and strong, steadfastly protecting from those who do not understand him the other, large and weak and bewildered. If you have lost faith in the power of the stage, see this play. Not all the movies made since the days of *The Great Train Robbery* have in them one-sixth the cacophonous but moving music of the human spirit that it has. The acting company is for the most part excellent and is headed by Wallace Ford—hitherto, strangely enough, one of the ten worst hams on the stage or in the films—as George, a neophyte named Broderick Crawford in the role of the lumbering Lennie, and Claire Luce as the sex-peddling wife of the chip-on-shoulder Curley.

* * *

The Theatre Guild is still proudly living up to its reputation as a sour play picker. Take Benn Levy's adaptation of Gaston Baty's dramatization of Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, upon which it recently lavished its fond, if dumb, care. One would think that the notion of making a play out of a novel whose entire force and drive lies in its superbly unbroken literary style would, because of the inevitable jumps and hurdles of the drama, be dismissed by any perceptive person the moment it occurred to him. For he would appreciate that all that might be retained of any such novel, aside perhaps from a periodic faint suggestion of that style, would be its plot and, in the case of *Madame Bovary*, he would also appreciate that the plot would not, when set out upon a bare stage, be markedly different in motives or actions from the usual hackneyed one of the romantic young wife married to a prosaic husband who seeks love and its esoteric spasms elsewhere and in due time pays the price of her folly. But not so with the Guildisti. The result was magnificently bald and somniferous. The dramatization resolved itself into an evening so interminably garrulous that, recalling the Guild's earlier experience with Ben Hecht,

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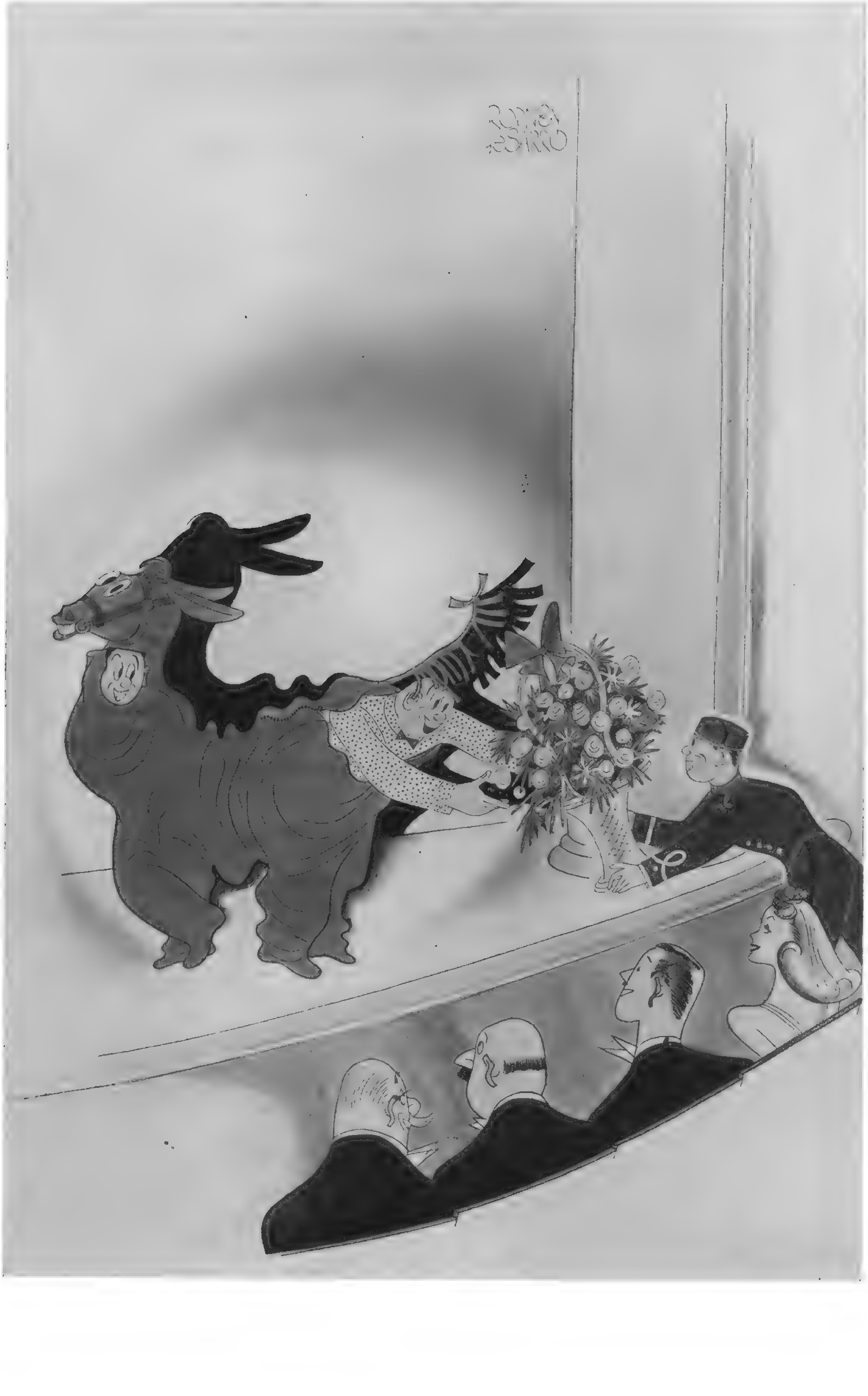

Roulades and Cadenzas

May the Norse gods bequeath us a tenor and a baritone worthy to sing with Kirsten Flagstad

by CARLETON SMITH

• MUSIC •

DEATH is preferable to another month of attending sixteen musical performances a week. Deafness, insanity, amnesia, the seven-year itch—anything is easier on the nerves than overdoses of the mediocre noise that passes for music in New York concert halls. This plague has so far benumbed the habitual music-critics that they have abandoned all notion of standards and turn out daily dithyrambs of praise. It is easy, however, to understand why the harassed guardians of public taste drool indulgent or, as it is called, "constructive" criticism, which sees good in everything. That kind of stuff is easier to write in advance and leaves more time for the giving of lectures and the compilation of books, further to befog lazy listeners and, incidentally, to add to the critic's depleted exchequer. For my part, I prefer to "see sermons in stones—and to throw them."

Nothing can exceed my joy in noting an improvement in a bad or complacent performance after some well-directed shot of mine. For example, I considered myself eligible for a date with the Muse herself when Mr. Artur Bodansky forewent his usual anxiety to get to his poker game and allowed the music of *Tristan und Isolde* on the opening night of the Met season to proceed to its rightful end at the tempo Wagner indicated. So you may be certain that my gratification was not just wishful thinking, I point out that Mr. Olin Downes discovered the fact all by himself and set it forth in The New York *Times*, thus removing it from the realm of dispute: "The second act of *Tristan*," he said, "happily was free from the breathlessness and sense of hurry that often have been substituted for general excitement."

Moreover, no event in modern history except the Russian Revolution has impressed me more than Madame Lotte Lehmann's careful effort to improve her vocal production in the last act of *Der Rosenkavalier* (heard during the Metropolitan's opening week). No matter that she had to resort to a different voice—that of a timid soubrette—when she came to the phrase *"ihn lieb zu haben"* in the opening bars of the *terzet*, instead of being able to continue in her upper register with the natural quality of her voice. Her tones were more beautiful and she did not scream as in Salzburg. But, important is her intention: *she wanted to improve.*

This, whether you believe it or not, is rare for a prima donna. Canny as most of them are, they know their position—made possible by publicity and the good nature of an ignorant public—is as secure and as little dependent upon their intrinsic merit as that of the leading brands of chewing gum, cigarettes or mouth-wash. Therefore, it is not to be expected that they will be budged by any words which do not harm their pocketbooks.

For that reason, I forego the customary courtesies and bombard them in the strongest language of which I am capable, hoping that one reader, at least, will be deterred from patronizing their cruder efforts.

Sensitive souls who come across the more angular of my rocks write in to accuse me of personal animosity in my writing, as though they were accusing me of some misdemeanor. They seem to have no sense of the weightiness of my national responsibility in such matters and, besides, to be abysmally ignorant of the fact that a notice written without personal animosity is not worth reading. As Shaw carefully explained:

> It is the capacity for making good or bad art a personal matter that makes a man a critic. The artist who accounts for my disparagement by alleging personal animosity on my part is quite right: when people do less than their best, I hate them, loathe them, detest them, long to tear them limb from limb and strew them in gobbets about the stage or platform. (At the Opera, the temptation to go out and ask one of the sentinels for the loan of his Martini, with a round or two of ammunition, that I might rid the earth of an incompetent conductor or a conceited and careless artist, has come upon me so strongly that I have been withheld only by my fear that, being no marksman, I might hit the wrong person and incur the guilt of slaying a meritorious singer.
>
> In the same way, really fine artists inspire me with the warmest personal regard, which I gratify in writing my notices without the smallest reference to such monstrous conceits as justice, impartiality, and the rest of the ideals. When my critical mood is at its height, personal feeling is not the word: it is passion: the passion for artistic perfection—for the noblest beauty of sound, sight and action—that rages in me. Let all young artists look to it, and pay no heed to the idiots who declare that criticism should be free from personal feeling. The true critic, I repeat, is the man who becomes your personal enemy on the sole provocation of a bad performance, and will only be appeased by good performances.

Now to come to the performances at hand: As nearly as I can remember, in the weeks since the customs filtered my luggage into our musical land—where *Rheingold* beer proclaims the ascendancy of Wagner, hotels advertise not the quality of their rooms but their dance bands, Grace Moore "quack-quacks" at night-club singers, Los Angeles Wagnerites enjoy a hot-cha Negro band during the intermissions of *Tristan und Isolde*, and a mentholated chestrub is wafted to our consciousness as Jeanette MacDonald tells us *We Will Always Be Sweethearts*—Josef Hofmann celebrated his Golden Jubilee, Koussevitzky and Stokowski led their fife-and-drum corps on to Mr. Barbirolli's battle ground, the most gifted young violinist and the greatest living soprano appeared on the same stage on successive nights, Mr. Bagby started another season with his 397th Musical Morning—it is Monday—at the Waldorf, a new symphony orchestra was born, and the Metropolitan Opera opened with *Tristan* and Elsa Maxwell on opposite sides of the footlights.

* * *

Mr. Hofmann's jubilee concert was a unique occasion in American musical history. Never before in this country has any great artist completed a half-century of public performance in the fullest possession of his powers.

The more I grow, the more I appreciate Josef Hofmann's excellence as an artist. His skill as a pianist I knew when I first heard him, and as far as mere playing goes I am told certain youngsters can do as well as he. But no other pianist that I know has, to such a degree, his mature comprehension of the works he plays and his complete and ordered conception of their emotional content. Never cheap nor tawdry, with superb ease and sureness, he finds the correct handling and expression for every phrase, so that it becomes a living utterance and not a pianistic finger trait.

On this occasion, he surpassed himself. The celebration, too, was a model fit to serve as the pattern for all future jubilees. There was no gush, no sentimentality, no long-winded eulogy. Walter Damrosch made his laudatory interruption brief. The audi-

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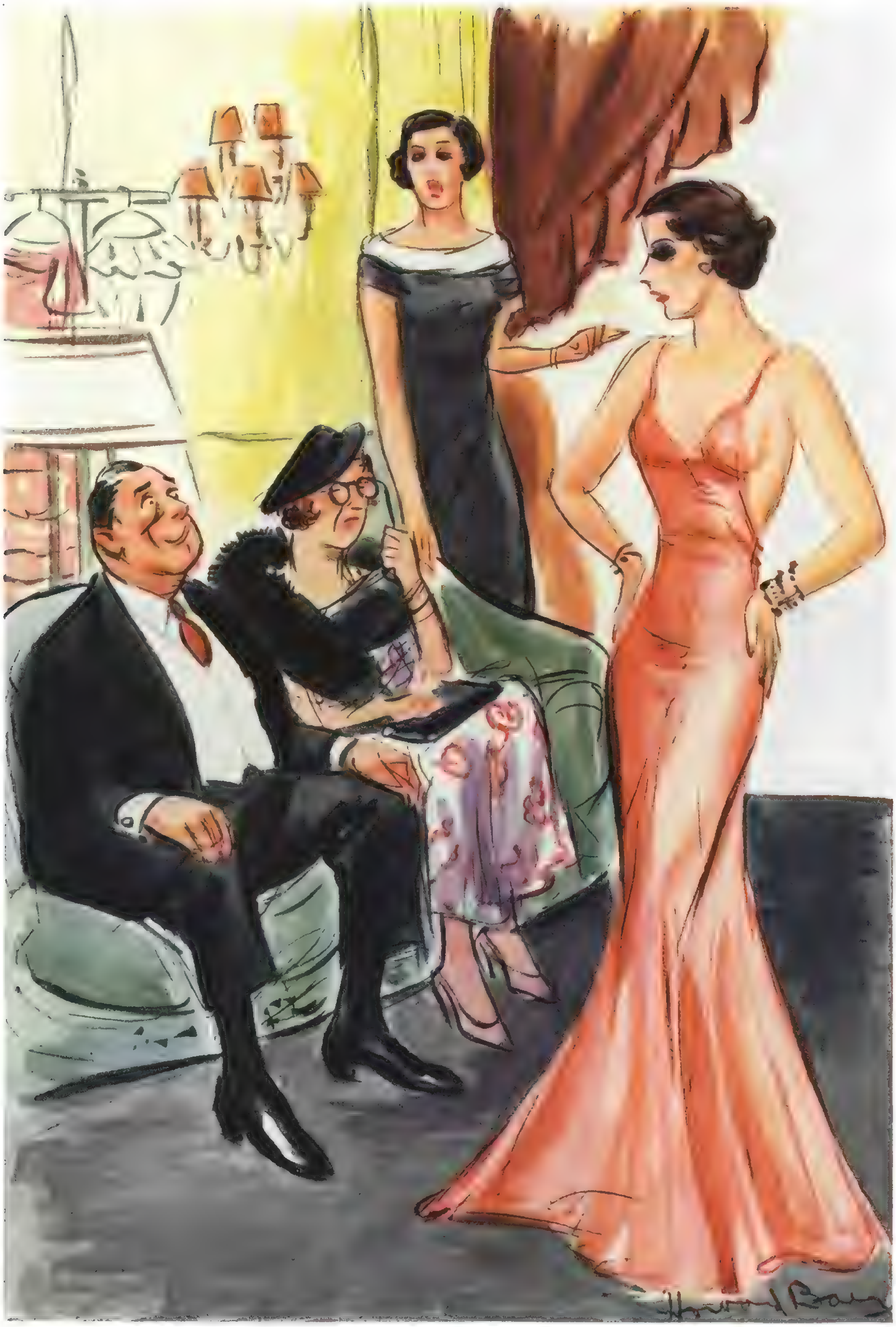
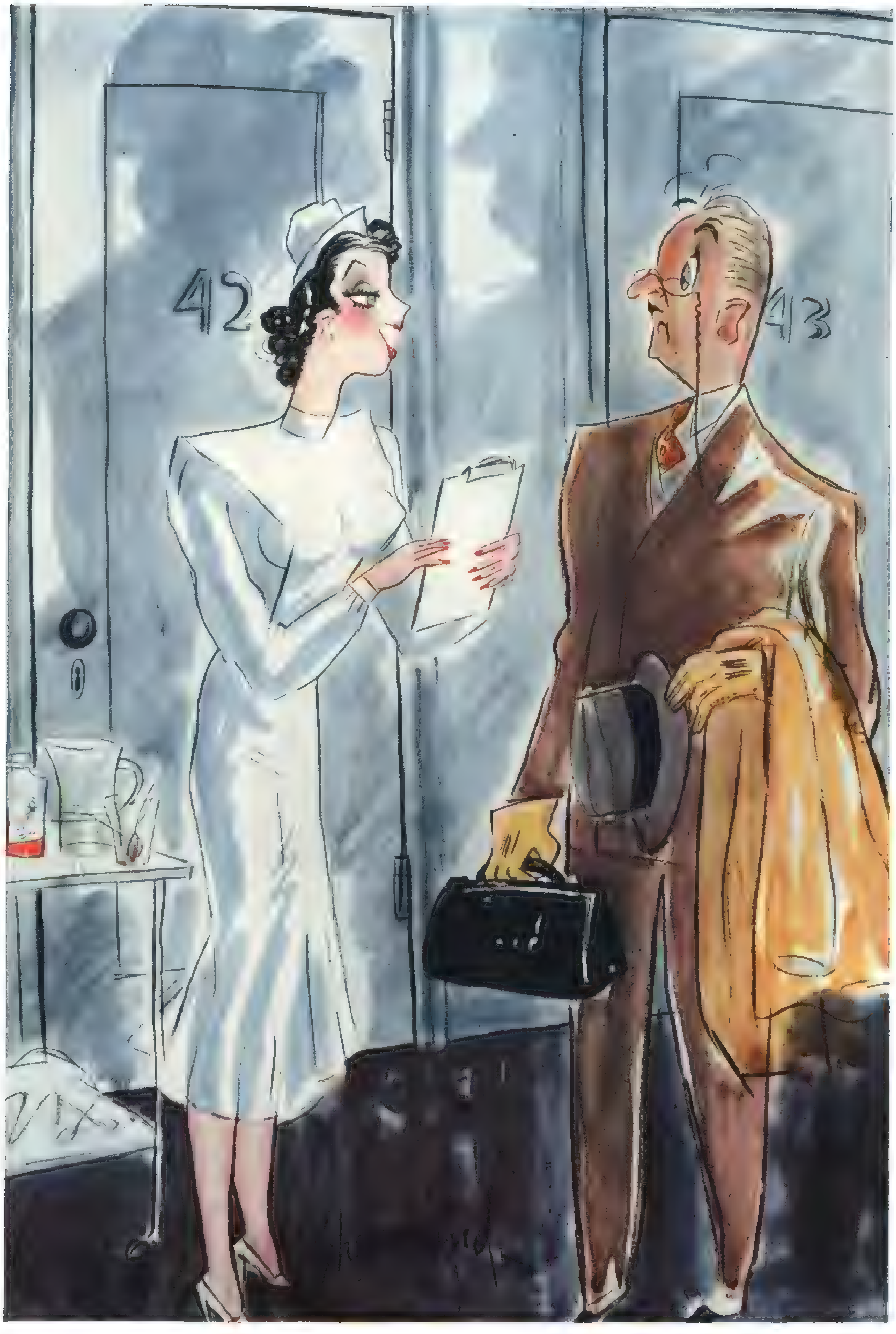


"Perhaps madame's husband would like to feel the material"



"Oh yes, doctor—the patient in 42 has no pulse, no temperature and no heartbeat. That's all."

Tales from a Chief's Tent

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But who art thou, stranger?"

Still covering Primo with his pistol, Farhan drew his rifle with the right hand and with a single shot felled the man who dropped from the back of his camel and, writhing on the ground, asked for mercy as Farhan was leveling the gun at him again. Farhan did not fire but turned his head to Primo with a strange gleam in his eye and said, "I'll save this bullet. He's dying anyhow."

Poor Primo, already covered for hours by the pistol of this insane companion, must have suffered unspeakable anguish and fear. This must certainly have climaxed his suffering when he saw the wanton killing of an innocent human being, feeling perhaps quite sure that he would be the next victim of this madman.

"I was sweating blood," Primo whispered in my ear while Farhan sat only a few feet away in humorous conversation with Fuaz. "The man died within a few minutes, and Farhan forced me to step out of the car and turn the man over and over again, exposing his wound to make sure the poor herdsman was dead. After this we returned. Luckily I am now here and this nightmare is over."

Next morning I took Amir Fuaz aside and told him Primo's story. I ended by saying, "Let me take Farhan to Damascus and turn him over to the French authorities, and I will see to it that no harm will come to him. The authorities will just put him into the insane asylum where he really belongs."

Fuaz was astonished and exclaimed, "But, Aziz, he only avenged a blood feud in his clan and if he is insane, then we have to leave his fate to the judgment of God. Though his body and soul are here with us, his spirit is in another world and we are not allowed to take his life or his liberty, as you of the western world do with insane people."

Knowing I could not alter his conviction in regard to this matter, I changed the subject and asked Fuaz about Farhan's whereabouts during those months when he had been considered dead. It seems he had been with relatives in an allied clan in northern Syria. They had protected him, but his alien and restless spirit felt suddenly that he was being pursued, and he left hastily, determined to throw himself into the arms of his own tribe.

I had nothing more to say, but I was quite sure that I was going to look out for my "friend" Farhan. Primo from that night on made circles around Farhan, and I had no reason to blame him! But poor chauffeur-spy he was, ran suddenly into great misery with Farhan again.

Among my gifts to Amir Fuaz and his relatives which I had brought with me from America and Europe were hunting rifles with telescope sights, field glasses, powerful flashlights and a radio outfit for one of his twenty-one automobiles. I also had brought half a dozen bullet-proof vests of Swedish make, tested in various revolutionary countries. The day came when Fuaz, Bender, Khalid and Farhan put these steel vests to a real test.

Unfortunately I was not in camp when this happened. I was only a few miles away in a neighboring camp when suddenly Bender rushed up in a car, and a slave called to me to hurry back to Fuaz' tent. Some of the men had been wounded, and would I please bring my operating kit?

When I returned with Bender I found that three of the slaves had injuries, though only slight—arm and chest wounds. But Primo had one bullet stuck between his left ribs. It was a steel bullet, and I asked who the raiders had been and what had happened.

Fuaz said in an off-hand manner, "Oh, I asked for volunteers to test your steel bullet-proof vests, and most of my slaves responded. Everybody joked so about it that Primo thought it was only a game."

He always was a braggart and probably had had one or two quarts of arak too much that morning. Feeling very heroic, he had asked for a steel vest, and the slaves helped him to put it on. At about a three hundred-foot range Fuaz and the other chiefs actually began firing at the volunteers.

Primo was the first one to run away when he felt that real bullets were fired at him. Some of the slaves, also scared, went on their knees screaming for the shots to stop, because they were sure they were wounded. The firing ceased at once, but the crazy chief Farhan, pleased, emptied his five rounds of ammunition at the fleeing Primo. Primo had to be picked up and carried into the tent where it was found that Farhan had used steel bullets and one of them had actually penetrated the armor. The slaves were not seriously hurt, and it was easy for me to fix their injuries. But I had a difficult time extracting the bullet from Primo. From this "game" Primo emerged a wiser man.

One night while he was still in sick-bed a rainstorm burst over the desert and our camp. Primo, worried about his beautiful car, asked one of the slaves to push it into a tent. Farhan obligingly directed the slaves, and as the car was already drenched he thought it a fine idea to put the vehicle near the coffee hearth. He gave further orders to start a brisk fire to dry the car.

We were all awakened unexpectedly, startled by the deafening explosion nearby, the screams of men, women and children, the howling of dogs, and by the vivid light of a burning tent in the dark night—the tragic end to Primo's precious car! I shall never forget the sight of Primo arising from his sick-bed and shedding real tears at the view of his car folding up under the heat of the consuming fire.

"I'll kill the dog who did this damage to me!" He clutched in one hand a bottle of his comforting arak, having already gulped down half of its contents to fortify himself.

"Who is it? Who did it?" he kept on crying, until one of the slaves answered him. "Farhan wanted to oblige you and help dry your wet car. It was an act of God," the slave insisted. "It was not Farhan's fault."

In this moment Farhan stepped up with a big, childlike smile and, patting the shoulder of the stupified Primo, said, "My brother, this will please thee. I will loan thee one of my race camels to go back to Damascus."

Primo dropped his arak bottle, and we had to support him back to the camel-saddle sick-bed on which he had been leaning the last few days to recover from his bullet wound.

His consumption of arak the next few days was such that his whole stock was exhausted, and I had to treat him not only for his bullet wound but for alcoholic poisoning. He did not have to return to Damascus on camel back, for when the time came to return to Syria we drove with a whole fleet of automobiles of the Ruala and reached the pass of Munqura just at the time when a great number of Fidan and Saba Bedouins were prepared to waylay or ambush our tribes in that narrow cleft in the mountains.

This pass of Munqura was a secret gate of the Ruala to enter the desert from Syria. The Romans had known it but not the French. An ancient cistern of immense proportions, hewn out of solid rock to keep rain water for a Roman legion, was near the top of the pass. I had often used this secret passageway in traveling with the Ruala, and the French had many times wondered how I was able to leave Syria so mysteriously and return almost like a ghost when they were watching every exit for unwanted travelers to join the Arabs of the wilderness.

We fought our enemies four days in this pass of Munqura but with hardly any success. They held their positions. We had one small success in reaching the topmost parts of the surrounding hills and from there could observe with our spy-glasses a great assembly of enemy automobiles in the distance below. Farhan, the great scout he was and the fearless fighter—insane fighter indeed, I should say—did fine work as a sniper and must have killed a number of our enemies during those four days of engagements. We were in fairly safe positions, but so also was the enemy. There was only a faint hope that we might in time force our way through the pass to the plains.

However, controlling scout planes of the French discovered the group of more than thirty enemy automobiles in the plains below and returned with a number of bombing machines and scattered their men and gun cars in every direction. We enjoyed the fun of seeing our enemies' cars shot to splinters and congratulated ourselves that the French had turned out to be our friends, actually helping us in a crisis.

Our joy was short-lived, for a few hours later the French also discovered our hiding places. Although we had pushed our automobiles under overhanging cliffs, the planes zoomed so low and spattered our cars and our men so efficiently with machine gun fire that we were forced to seek better cover.

For some unknown reason Farhan, Primo, Fuaz and I happened to find ourselves together in one hiding place which was not big enough for all four of us, when one of the heavy planes came diving toward us. Instinctively we all began to run for a cave-like formation opposite us, not more than one hundred feet away. The first bomb exploded and smashed a number of our cars to bits and the debris showered all about us. The next bomb fell so close that I was lifted bodily eight feet above the ground by the air pressure, and naturally when I hit the ground the rocks were very hard. Fortunately I was not seriously injured, as part of my body hit Farhan and Primo who were fearfully holding each other in a tight embrace under the overhanging ledge of rocks. I shall always remember the laughter of Fuaz when the three of us rolled over the ground.

We lost almost all our cars, one man was killed and a great number wounded. The pass was ours after this, but it was a miserable caravan that wound its way into the plains where we made a truce with our enemies. They had been as hard hit as we.

The fortunate embrace of Farhan and Primo was an involuntary one, but it cemented a real friendship of the two men in Syria. A great deal of gold-smuggling was going on in the Near East. Farhan knew the inside workings of it in Iraq and Primo the intimate side of it in Syria. Primo was by no means a poor man but the owner of a garage in Damascus and received good compensation as a spy from the French government. He bought a high-powered automobile; in fact, it was a racing car with extra gas tanks, to cross the desert at high speed. So the two men, Farhan and Primo, organized a gold-smuggling partnership, running bullion from Syrian merchants to the safer haven in Baghdad.

They actually outdistanced for six months every government car in the desert, even eluded many of the pursuing airplanes until

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Tales from a Chief's Tent

Continued from pages 71-99

they met their fate near Rutba when the British bombing planes placed their "tulips" so precisely around the speeding car that it was smashed to pieces. Primo as well as Farhan by some miracle escaped uninjured. Primo was captured by the airplane crew, while Farhan, the desert man, escaped by hiding in a dry river bed.

Farhan, I must tell you, met his doom year before last (1936) when he was shot down in cold blood by Fuaz on the desert near Damascus as he was leading a flock of his camels, singing and yodeling. He had objected in the Council of Men to the marriage of Fuaz to an eccentric French woman whom the tribe despised. For this dissension he paid with his life.

Farhan was a character of great originality and a great hunter, not only a cruel killer. I cannot say I felt affection for him, but I was often amused by his all too natural behavior as a wild man of the desert, outstanding among these gentle children of the wilderness. How often did I sit beside him next to the coffee hearth! He had slaves who attended to his household work, who helped his wife and children with the setting up and dismantling of the tents and packing of provisions and caring for the flocks. But he loved to do some of the work himself, which the aristocratic Bedouin ordinarily despises to do. He bathed his falcons personally in a little metal basin and then nonchalantly handed the remaining water to his coffee slave to be used immediately in preparing the coffee! Handing the bitter brew to me after it was finished, he would say with the manner of a connoisseur and lavish host, "Aziz, you are drinking with my ancestors. My coffee slave always keeps some of the coffee water to be carried on our migrations in one of those big pots over there. This is an old custom in our family and has been handed down from generation to generation."

I had noticed that Farhan never mentioned his children. I assumed that he had none or at least did not want to speak about them. One day I saw a very beautiful little girl four or five years of age and asked her who she was.

"I am Maha, the daughter of the prince," the little one answered.

"What prince?"

"Farhan," she said.

"Farhan Ibn Meshhur?"

"Yes," she told me.

Later I saw another girl, and she also turned out to be the daughter of Farhan. After this I made it a business to ask most of the children I met in this clan who their parents were. I discovered five girls and one boy who claimed to be children of Farhan. So one day I said to him, "Tell me the truth. How many children do you have?"

"By God," he said, "just one."

"But I found five girls who claim to be descended from you."

"Oh," Farhan answered, "they are entha (females)."

He would admit that only one was of his issue—the boy. The girls did not exist!

Farhan's son may never have to worry about a fate like that of his sire. Nuri saw to it that the child was spirited away from the hazards of desert blood feuds and revengeful raids. The last time I saw Farhan's son was in Damascus, pedaling his own bicycle down the poplar-lined avenue beside the Varada River to a French Jesuit school. A few books were squeezed under his arm and a tasseled red tarbush was cocked over his left eye. Gone was the spirit of the desert, with the steed, the lance, the falcon and gazelle hounds. A stone house instead of the black goat-hair tent; a knife and fork instead of nonchalant fingers in the meat pots of the chief . . . #

All Roads to Graves Are Dusty

Continued from page 57

Clara, clad in the discreet black dress and black lace shawl of mourning, smiled at Mrs. Morton and followed Chango out of the room. "Be ready in ten minutes: the procession will be here," Mrs. Morton called after them.

Ten minutes later, Chango clanged open the gate and the three stood waiting. Mrs. Morton, with expressionless face, stood in the middle, leaning on her black walking stick. To her right stood Clara, tall, beautiful, grave as an Aztec Madonna. To her left stood Chango, fidgeting, grinning, and looking down frequently to study his coat and pants. He was carrying a lavish bunch of flowers from the garden.

Along the cobbled roadway Mrs. Morton heard the approaching sound of many feet. The funeral procession emerged from around the bend of the road.

First came the coffin, covered with flowers and borne on the shoulders of six sturdy men. Then followed the mourners. There were about two hundred of them. The women were in black, with black shawls over their heads; many of them carried flowers or unlighted candles. A few of the men wore black coats, but the majority were dressed in the white jackets of everyday life. The women walked with dignity: the men did not. Mrs. Morton tightened her lips as she noted that most of the men were drunk. They staggered and tottered and chattered. Probably they had been up all night at the wake, drinking tequila. Mrs. Morton knew this was the custom at funerals, but it always disgusted her.

She noted that the widow of Pedro was not in the procession. Bitterly she said to herself: "Too drunk to come!" But she repented. "I must not think that: perhaps she is overcome with grief."

She signaled to Clara and Chango, and she and they took their places at the end of the procession. This was the first funeral that Mrs. Morton had ever attended in Chapala. Usually she merely sent the obligatory candle, and flowers. Today she trudged along, thumping the cobblestones with her black stick. "Funerals are ridiculous," she thought. "This is no way to honor a departed spirit." She plodded onward with the procession.

The road was long, and the feet of the crowd raised clouds of dust. Mrs. Morton coughed. Clara looked at her reproachfully.

"Señora, let us leave the procession and go home. People will understand. You have already done all that is necessary to show that you honor the memory of our Pedro. Everyone, already, is so proud that you have come."

Mrs. Morton shook her head and walked onward steadfastly.

At the grave the crowd stood silent while the coffin was being lowered. Mrs. Morton felt nothing. All her personal sense of grief evaporated into thin air as she noted the drunken staggerings of the male mourners. She wished heartily that she had not come. Clara had been right: she should have stayed at home.

At the end, the impassive faces and perfunctory wailing of the women, and the untidy mess of flowers that they flung into the grave, were not to her taste.

The formalities were finished: only the practical thing remained to be done. Two men with spades began to shovel earth onto the coffin. The crowd, in straggling groups of tens or twenties, turned back toward the town.

Mrs. Morton and Clara and Chango remained together. Mrs. Morton and Clara walked like images of stone; Chango sniveled continuously, murmuring "Good Pedro! Good Pedro!"

"Be quiet, Chango!" Clara said at last. She and Mrs. Morton exchanged silent glances as they noted that Chango had forgotten to leave his flowers on the coffin. He was still carrying them ostentatiously before him.

They walked onward. Mrs. Morton knew that she was very tired, but she concealed her fatigue from Clara as best she could.

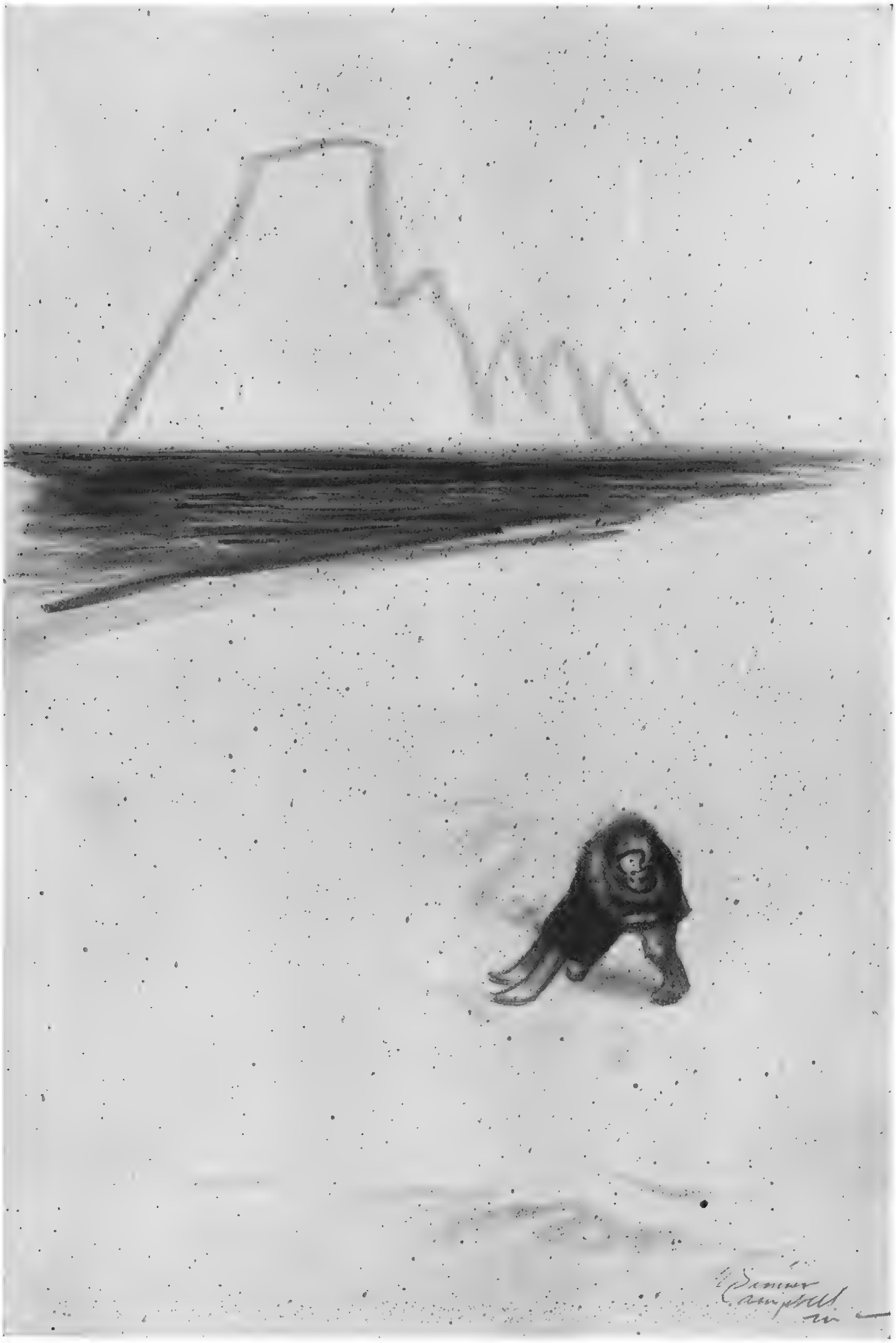
As the straggling procession approached the center of the town, Mrs. Morton began to listen intently to certain of the voices. Some of the men's voices were raised in raucous tones of quarrelsomeness. "Juan, I kill you if you push me again!" . . . "Hush yourself! You couldn't kill nobody!" . . . "Here, you two big fat *caballeros*, you stop fighting or I cut the ears off both of you!" . . . "Oh, you say that? You say that?" . . . "Yes, I say it!—and did you ever see a knife like this? See—like a razor! It's cut them off of better men than you!" . . . "What you mean by that?" . . . "Miguel, come over here; look at this man; he's a fool!" . . . "No need, my friend, no need; I've seen fools before: I've known you a long time! Haw-haw!" . . . "Miguel! Haw-haw! So you have! God be with you, my friend; you have always been my friend!" . . . "I love you as I love only the Blessed Virgin herself! I swear it, by the Holy Name!" . . . "Good day for killing some soldiers, friend!" . . . "Good day for catching some fish." . . . "Oh, go sleep with your burro: she's your grandmother, she is!" . . . "Do you want that I should cut your heart out?" . . .

Mrs. Morton marched sturdily on with the crowd, trying to ignore the quarrels and obscenities and to forget the dust. But her heart failed her. She thought she could foresee what lay ahead. The crowd would naturally drift toward the Plaza before dispersing, and this route would inevitably take them along the street of the Police Station, where the government soldiers were quartered. In the crowd's present ugly mood of drunkenness, danger hung overhead like a storm cloud charged with sudden lightnings. Some fool, some reckless fellow, would make some gesture that would inflame this perilous Mexican blood. And then! . . . In imagination, she saw the senseless attack; she heard the volleys of the soldiers' rifles; she beheld the carnage, the shrieking wounded, the bloody corpses, the grief-stricken women. And all of them her friends . . .

At last the Police Station was in sight. "Now I know what the Via Dolorosa was—and here is The Place of the Skull," she said to herself. As she glanced at the faces of some of the women, she felt that they knew it as well as she did.

The crowd approached the Police Station, stopped, and stood in confused inaction on the side of the street farthest away from the gateway that led into the interior courtyard. Not a soldier was in sight. The crowd began to mutter. There were excited arguments, cries, exclamations, disputes. Mrs. Morton saw knives gleam here and there, and a few pistols. It was as she had feared. The catastrophe was at hand. It had happened before this in Vera Cruz; it had happened in Guadalajara; now it was to happen in her beloved Chapala . . . She began to reflect—How many wounded could she and Clara take care of in her house? Ten? Twelve? How many? . . . No hospital within sixty miles . . . And the only doctor here was a fool . . .

Continued on page 102


E. Simms Campbell

"To hell with you and your excuses!—I'm on fire, do you hear—on fire!"

All Roads to Graves Are Dusty

Continued from pages 57-100

A man with a knife in his hand left the crowd, staggered across the street, and shrieked into the gateway: "Come out, you cowards, so we can cut your guts out, the way Pancho Villa did!" Then he ran back to the crowd, stumbled over his own feet, and fell down.

Mrs. Morton listened intently. She heard a sharp order given inside the courtyard. Yes, she thought; of course the commanding officer has been expecting this. The matter is hopeless. He is ready . . .

Suddenly in a moment of blinding illumination she realized that she too was ready.

She pushed her way through the crowd, crossed the street, and stood peering in through the gateway. She could see a company of young soldiers lined up around the walls of the courtyard.

A tall heavy-jowelled man strode swiftly toward her. She noted that he wore the uniform of an officer.

She spoke impetuously. "Who are you?" Her voice had no kindness in it.

The grim face of the man smiled a little as he looked fixedly down at her. "I am Captain Roderigo Hernando Montez, of the Army-Federal of Mexico—at your service, Señora!"

"Can you control your men?"

His sinister smile deepened. He did not reply, but turned toward the courtyard.

He barked:— "Attention! . . . Lower arms! . . . Fix bayonets! . . . Load rifles! . . . Lower arms! . . . Stand at attention!" . . .

Mrs. Morton heard the successive sounds of the rattlings of rifles as the orders were obeyed. The courtyard became silent.

The officer took his pistol from its ornate holster.

"I am unarmed, Señor," Mrs. Morton said.

"I guessed as much, Señora." He inspected his pistol calmly and put it back into its holster. Then he looked at Mrs. Morton pleasantly.

"Yes, Señora—to answer your question—I can control my men . . . Can you control yours?"

Her severe face did not relax. She did not know the answer to this terrible question. She made no reply, but turned and began to walk toward the street.

Behind her, the officer said in a low voice: "It is my prayer that you can; if you cannot, Señora, I shall be obliged to do my duty."

"I understand," she said quietly.

He gave her an appraising glance, and walked rapidly back into the courtyard.

She stood alone before the gateway, facing the crowd of black-shawled women and staggering angry men who were muttering and jostling on the other side of a narrow street that had become a canyon to her. Her courage was gone, her sense of power was gone. It seemed to her suddenly she understood all the horrors of life, as if she did not care to live any longer.

For an instant, she laughed to herself, in the bitterest moment of her whole life. "Well, if I can't *be* this, I can at least *act* it!" Raising up her old voice to its full range of power, she spoke: and as she spoke, her courage returned to her.

"My friends, there is not one among you who does not know me. There is not one among you who has not seen Pedro serve me all these years—faithful as a son and gentle as a daughter. You cannot doubt what I feel today.

"But I say to you that you will dishonor his gentle spirit if you now try to avenge him. Nothing can restore him to life. His spirit has departed from the earthly world. Will you not do him the honor of being kind in his name?

"If you go on with what you intend, I see twenty of those poor young soldiers who now stand in the courtyard—I see them lying dead here in the street. And I see you, Maria Rivera, and you, Josophina Manchez, and you, Estancia Villa—and you—and you—and you—and many more of you—I see you weeping tonight over the corpses of your husbands or your sons or your brothers who will surely die today if you attack the soldiers."

Now she was no longer acting a part. Her whole heart was in her words.

"Women of Chapala! It is to you that I speak! We must protect our men from the dangers of their own courage. We are their mothers. Cross the street—come here—and stand with me before the door!"

There was a moment of confused murmuring. Nothing happened . . . Then Clara crossed the street and stood beside Mrs. Morton. Her composed face confronted the crowd as if it did not exist.

No one else stirred.

Suddenly Chango struggled to make his way through the crowd and ran across the street. He was carrying his bedraggled bunch of flowers. When he reached the side of Clara he said: "See, I'm a soldier too: look at my pants! I belong here with the soldiers, don't I, Clara?"

Clara said: "Yes, you belong here. But be quiet, now."

"No others? No others?" Mrs. Morton called out in a severe voice.

There was no response. She could hear mutterings of discussion here and there in the crowd, but she could distinguish no separate words of what they were saying to one another. She stood silent. Clara was silent. Chango was obediently silent, holding up his flowers and smelling of them.

Mrs. Morton realized that every half-second of delay was a gain for her side of the battle. Some of the drunken men were beginning to sober up a little. Some of the women were stirring uneasily as if with the recollection of household duties left undone and midday meals to prepare for children. Some of the older people were getting tired. Two old men in the crowd seemed to be talking conciliatingly to those around them. It seemed just barely possible to Mrs. Morton that the counsel of the cooler heads would prevail. She stood motionless, and spoke no more.

She was startled to see a man dash out of the crowd and rush stumblingly across the street. She knew him; he was Ysidoro Juarez, whom she had sometimes employed as a carpenter. When sober, he was a good workman: now he was stupidly drunk. He was waving a pistol in his right hand.

Mrs. Morton placed herself squarely in his path.

"Ysidoro, where are you going?"

"I'm going into the courtyard, Señora, and shoot some soldiers!"

"You will be killed!"

"I don't care! I'll kill a few of them first!" He started to walk past her.

"Very well," she said, holding onto his sleeve. "Then I am going in with you."

He stopped, perplexed, and stared at her out of his alcoholic daze.

Two women rushed to him from across the street. Mrs. Morton saw that they were his wife and his mother—one a handsome dull-looking woman of thirty, the other wrinkled and grey but with snapping black eyes.

The mother spoke. "And we too are going in with you, my son. If you wish to kill your mother, you may. You almost did, when I bore you!"

Ysidoro peered stupidly at his mother. From under her black shawl the old woman's eyes flashed angrily as she stared back at him.

Ysidoro's glance fell. Bitterly cursing, he turned away and walked somberly off down the street. The two women followed, whispering together.

The crowd in front of Mrs. Morton began to divide itself into little groups—conferring, growling, arguing, cajoling. Here and there a woman was whispering gently or scolding angrily to her man and tugging at his sleeve; several men responded with sullen reluctance and permitted themselves to be coaxed onward down the street toward the Plaza.

Three elderly men, still very drunk, exchanged hats and began to sing the popular song, *The Cockroach.* In a moment they linked arms and were marching down the street together in the direction of the cantina, bawling their happy song at the top of their raucous voices.

Slowly, uncertainly, the rest of the crowd began to disintegrate. Gradually it melted into nothingness—as a dark thunder-cloud sometimes dissipates its force without striking, is blown apart into small wisps of momentary vapor, and disappears. This had ceased to be a mob, dominated by a mob-will: these people had become individuals again. One after another strolled off toward the marketplace or the Plaza or the cantina or homeward—until only a dozen gaping small boys were left opposite the Police Station.

Mrs. Morton heard from inside the courtyard the sharp bark of the officer's voice.

"Attention! . . . Unload rifles! Unfix bayonets! . . . Stand at ease!"

Mrs. Morton looked at Clara. "We can go home now."

"Yes, Señora. You are very tired."

She glanced back into the courtyard. She saw the soldiers standing motionless. Mere boys, most of them. They looked very tired, too.

The officer walked toward her. Apparently he wished to speak to her. She paused.

To her horror, she saw Chango rush impetuously toward the officer.

The officer drew his pistol. Mrs. Morton noted as in a lightning flash that the pistol was cocked. "Oh, not that!" she prayed in frozen silence.

Chango drew himself up clumsily before the officer, and gave a recognizable imitation of a salute.

"Señor General—I am a soldier too! So I give you my beautiful flowers. They were for Pedro—but I can't find him—so I give them to you."

The officer stared at Chango, put his pistol back into its holster, and took the flowers.

"Yes, soldier, they are very beautiful flowers. Many thanks, many thanks! And since I see that you are a good soldier and a credit to the Republic of Mexico, I hereby promote you to be a Corporal!"

Chango beamed with delight, saluted, and came out to the gateway. The officer followed him, and paused before Mrs. Morton. His face was grave.

With formality he drew himself up, clicked his heels together, and saluted.

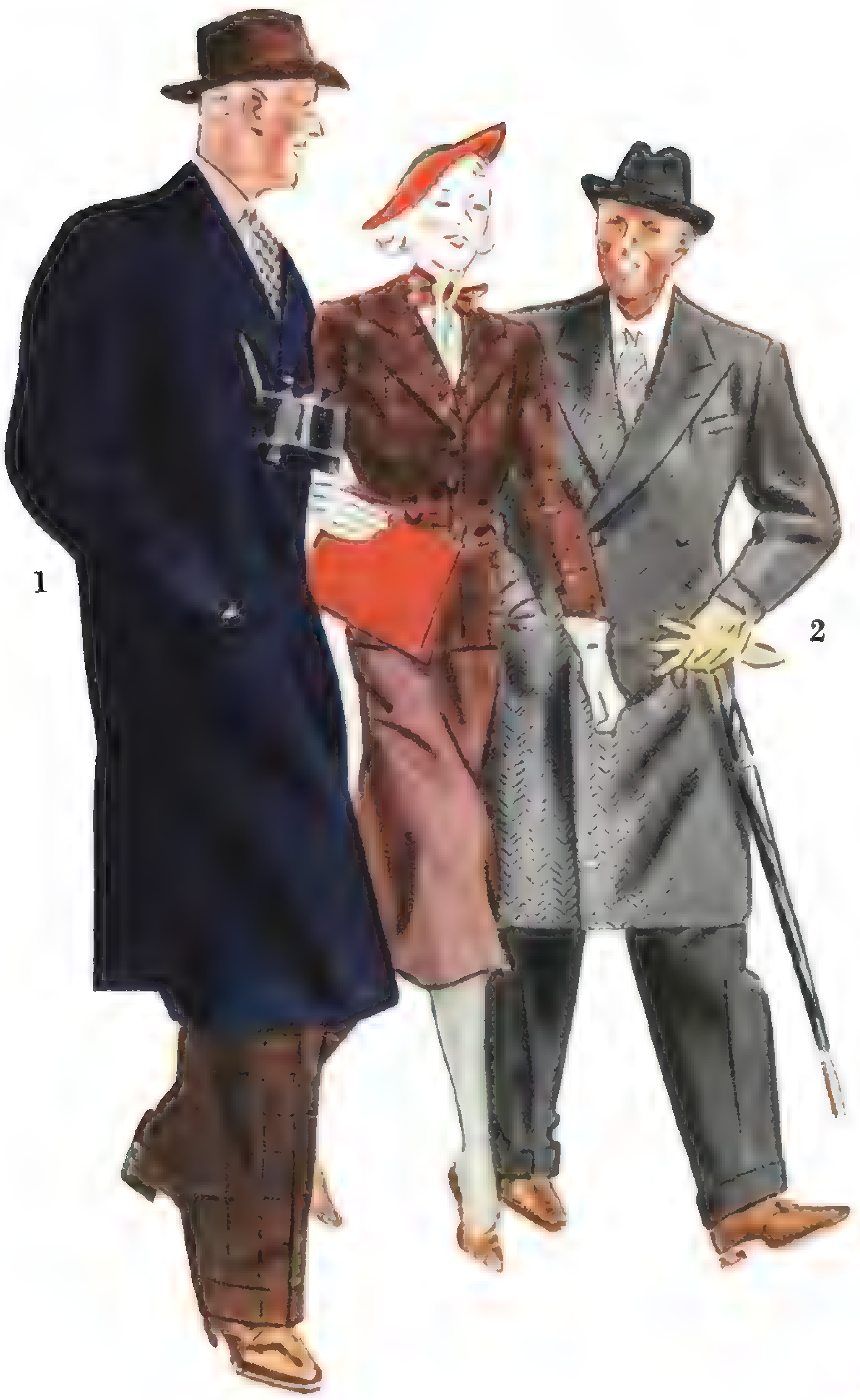
Mrs. Morton smiled to him, took Clara's proffered arm, and started wearily homeward.

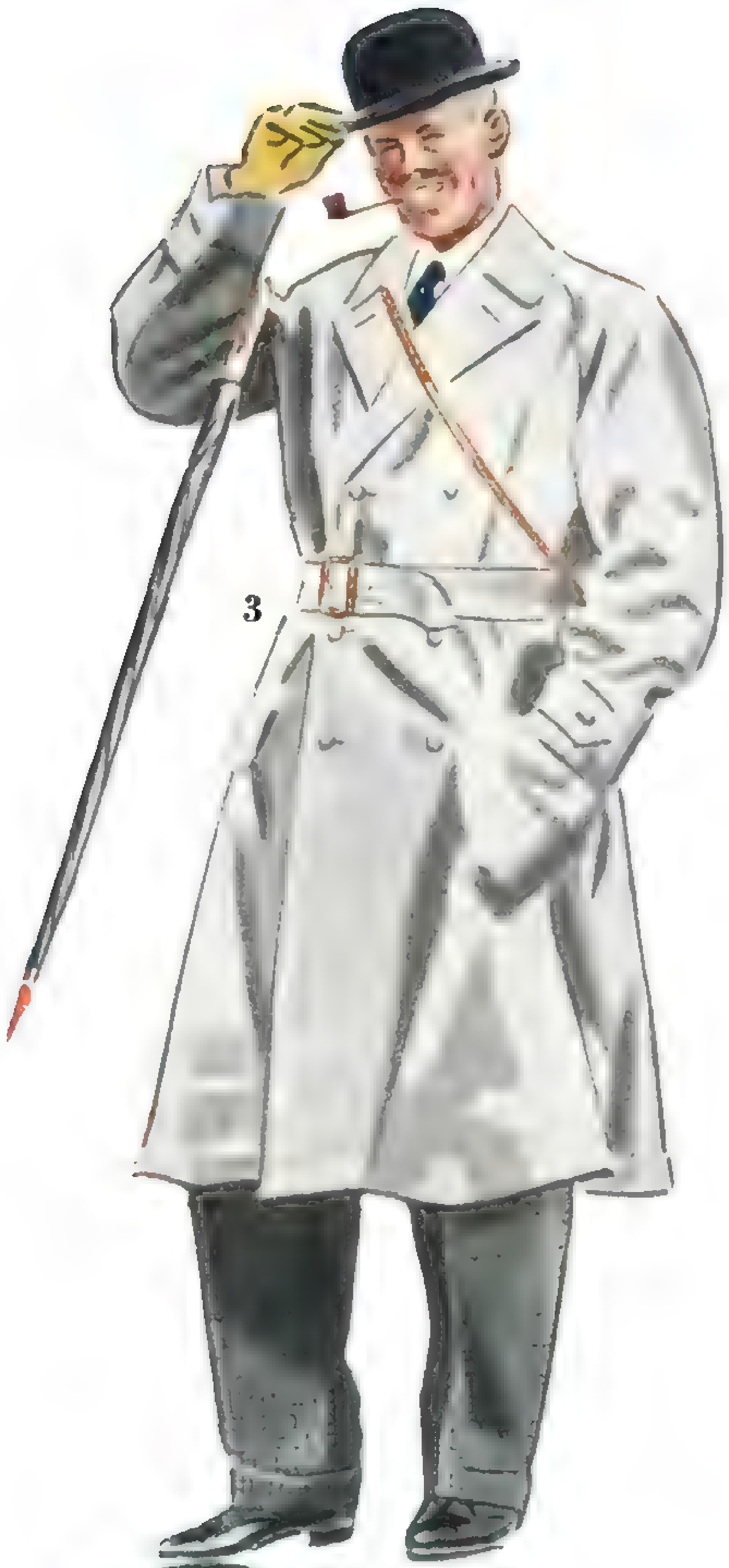
Chango trailed behind them, singing to himself a popular song about—

> *"For I'm a soldier of Pancho Villa now!*
> *I will drink the pulque,*
> *I will love the maidens,*
> *For I'm a soldier of Pancho Villa now!"*

Neither of the women spoke on the way homeward. Chango continued to trail behind them, singing his song—

> *"I will burn their ranchos*
> *And their haciendas:*
> *I will cut their hearts out,*
> *I will take their women:*
> *I'm the wildcat of the mountain,*
> *I'm the brother of the lions:*
> *For I'm a soldier of Pancho Villa now!"*





Topcoats for Spring

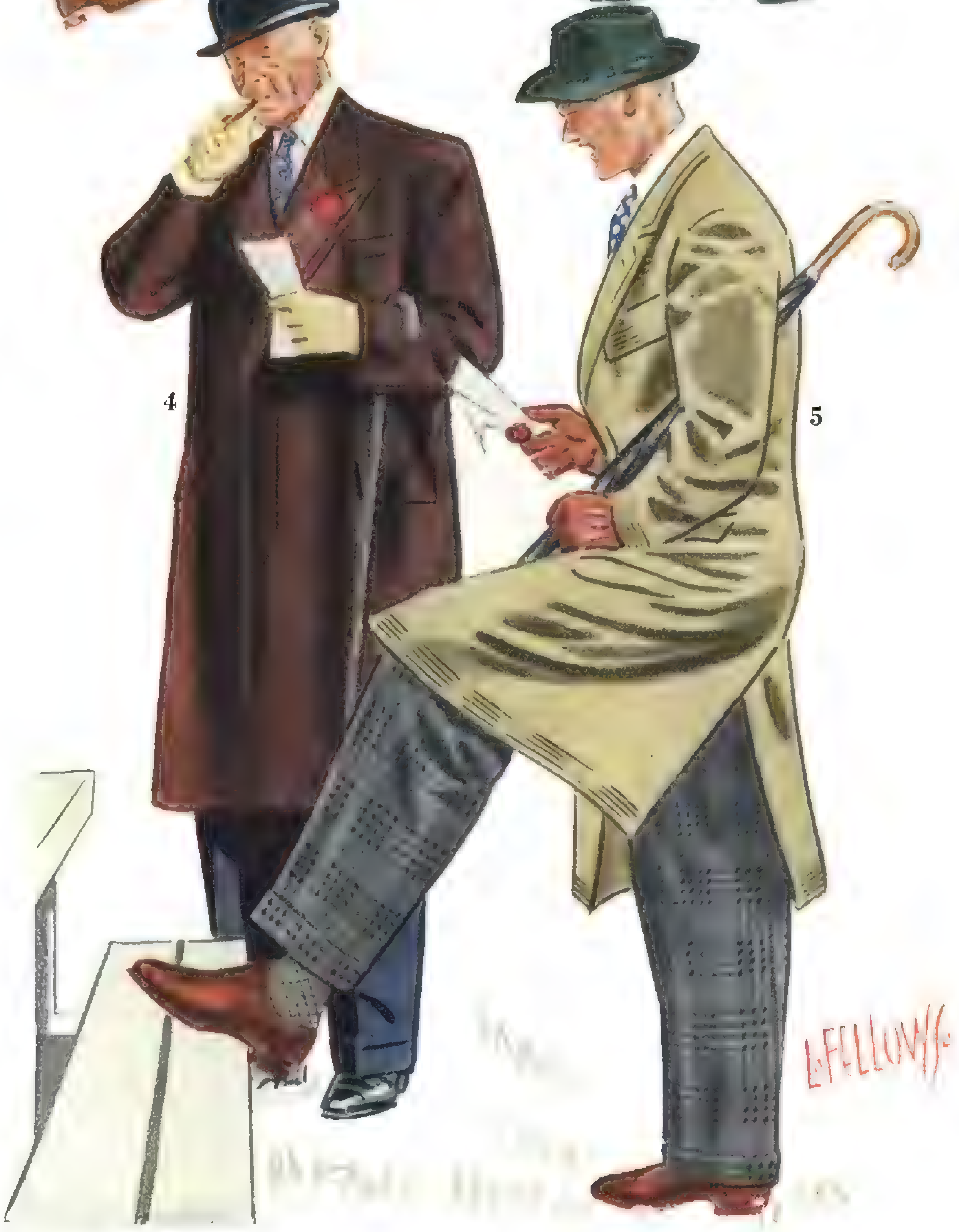


Fig. 1—Blue tweed single breasted button through topcoat with peak lapel, worn with brown Cavalier hat, brown monk front shoes, and blue and brown accessories.

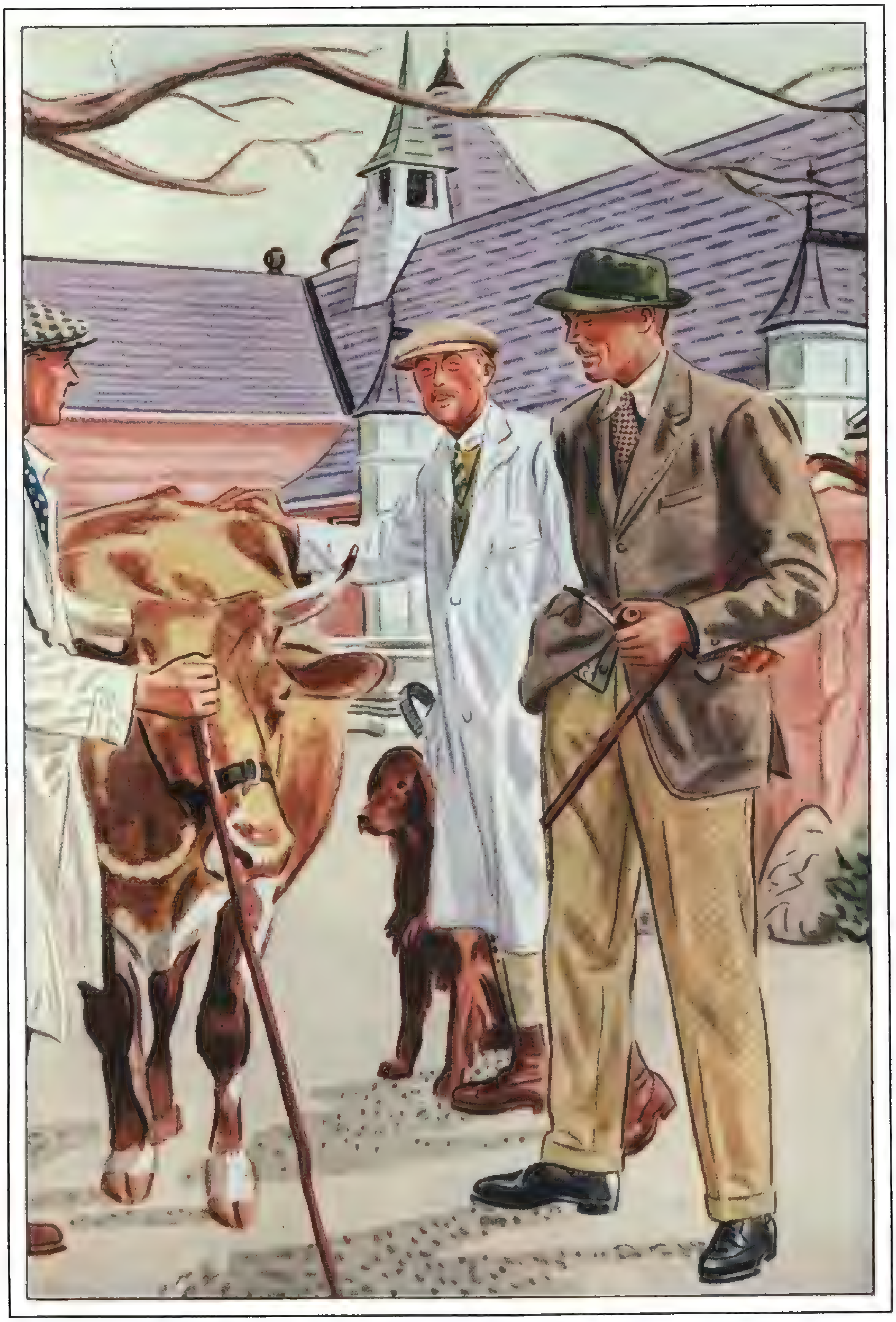
Fig. 2—This shorter length double breasted grey herringbone topcoat has a four-button front, and is worn with a white ground shirting, a white stiff collar, black Lord's hat, worsted suit, brown monk buckskin shoes and yellow chamois gloves.

Fig. 3—The double breasted lightweight rubberized hunting raincoat has an all-around belt. A grey cheviot suit, a bowler hat and yellow string gloves complete the outfit.

Fig. 4—Single breasted tweed topcoat, two-button front, and low roll lapels. The coat is also shorter in length, and rather loose-fitting. It is worn with a blue town suit, white stiff collar, and bowler hat.

Fig. 5—A single breasted notched lapel covert coat in natural color, accompanies a suit of grey Glen Urquhart plaid, reverse calf town shoes, green Cavalier hat, white stiff collar, and a pair of red capeskin gloves.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



THE CLOTHES OF THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

The country gentleman in this instance seems to lean heavily for his sartorial inspiration on the habits and peculiarities of the English country squire. The jacket is of soft Shetland tweed in the new fawn color which is, as a matter of fact, no color at all, but the natural shade of the wool of the Shetland sheep, made up without dye. One of the characteristics of these tweed jackets is that in the course of the years they fade out at the neck and shoulders, just as the wool would do if it were left on the sheep's back instead of being transplanted. It is made in a three-button notched lapel single breasted model, cut rather long, with side vents and extra fullness in the shoulderblades, worn with the two top buttons fastened as is now customary. The shirt is blue flannel with a separate ivory flannel collar. Narrow cotton trousers, knitted mohair waistcoat, Norwegian black calf shoes, green pork pie hat.

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The Initiation of a Pythoness

Continued from page 51

From that day Ramini grew up healthy, strong, intelligent and sweet, protected against all the sicknesses that the evil spirits blow in the bodies of other poor children by the enchanted necklace of red and black beads which Tuadekili had put around her neck when she was born.

Everybody in the kraal treated her, in their own way, as if she were a princess. For her were the best morsels of food, the most desirable pieces of cloth, the softest mats on which to sleep.

When she was still a tiny thing of eight or nine years, her father began to take her into his hut and to make long speeches to her, as he would not so honor even a grown woman. From that time, never an *induna* or another witch doctor came to visit him but what before he left he imparted to the little child some new knowledge, told her some ancient secret of deep wisdom. And Ramini listened, understood, absorbed, learned, with a seriousness and maturity of intelligence far beyond her years.

Then, when twelve years had passed since the day of Ramini's birth, the spirit ordered Tuadekili to go and fetch the child. An elaborate ceremony took place during which the pythoness assured herself of the intact virginity of her new disciple and publicly placed upon her another protective charm.

All the inhabitants of the kraal came to bid Ramini farewell, crying and pulling out locks of their hair, their faces smeared with ocher as a sign of mourning, for from that day she would be as dead to them, and no one would be allowed to see her until the time when, consecrated by a python, she could be consulted in her capacity of new pythoness.

Years and years passed, solitary ones for Ramini as far as the outside world was concerned, but filled with interest as she absorbed the secret instruction of the pythoness. For hours and hours every day the two women would close themselves in the hut of the python, accomplishing together strange ceremonies, preparing secret formulas. And now the day was approaching in which Ramini, having reached the maturity of her art, would receive from Umkulum Kulu the counselor who would be her companion for life—the python.

Once consecrated as a pythoness, she would begin the practice of her powers, and in a hut of her own would again come into contact with society, giving consultations and treatments under the spiritual protection of Tuadekili, who would pass to her the simplest cases. Half of the compensations she would receive from the patients would be her own, the other half going to the teacher.

And so she would serve as a disciple and assistant until the day when the spirit of the old pythoness would join the ancestors. Then and only then, Ramini would become a master of her art, for to her would pass the supreme knowledge of the dying pythoness, and around her would gather the spirits of the "old wise wise man" buried in the great hut and of Tuadekili's python which, as always happens in such cases, dies in the same instant as his pythoness.

These revelations were intensely interesting to me, but they served to make me even more curious as to how Ramini would come into possession of her python. To all my questions on this subject, however, both the old witch doctor and the pythoness refused to answer.

But the information I had so laboriously acquired did explain to me the purpose of a fine new hut which had just been erected in the last few days, and as I knew already only too well that in the life of a pythoness everything is foreseen in detail, nothing left to chance, I understood that the consecration of the novitiate was at hand.

So, I established myself in a small tent which I pitched some hundred yards from the kraal of the pythoness in order to keep it constantly in view and to be able to continue my interesting talks with this wise woman in greater comfort.

One afternoon I was taken with a strange presentiment, and was consequently more than ever insistent with my questions. Tuadekili seemed to think deeply for a few moments and come to some decision, for with a knowing smile and a twinkle in her Mongolian eyes, she told me:

"When the moon is full, she sees many things which happen on earth. And other eyes also can see those things, if the one who has them is prudent, alert and patient."

And before I could reply, she disappeared into her hut where, frankly, the presence of that huge python gave me no particular urge to follow her.

Six days had passed since the first quarter, so that the moon would be full on the following night.

Taking no chances, I posted myself at the entrance of my tent that evening and kept watch over the huts of the pythoness and Ramini until dawn broke. But nothing happened. I slept until lunchtime and spent the afternoon and early evening in an unsuccessful attempt to see Tuadekili for I wanted very much to ask her further explanations.

When nine o'clock came, I abandoned the effort and once more took up my post of observation. In spite of all my struggles, sleep weighed heavier and heavier upon my eyelids and at last, a little past midnight, I got up and walked slowly around outside my tent, smoking a pipe, to rouse myself thoroughly.

My almanac calendar had given the time of the full moon as 12:51 and looking at the dial of my watch, clearly visible in the bright moonlight, I saw that the hands stood at 12:53. Involuntarily I glanced into the kraal and thought I detected something stirring in the dark shadow of a hut.

I moved a few paces nearer, straining my eyes to see into the black shadow. A moment later the figure of a woman appeared, stiff and straight, seeming to glide silently over the ground instead of walking, her arms stretched rigidly before her. She crossed a clearing illuminated by the silverish light of the moon, and I saw that she was completely naked and moving with the unearthly peculiarity of a somnambulist. She disappeared in another shadow, emerged once more into a patch of light, melted again into obscurity.

By this time she had reached the edge of the kraal and she headed unhesitantly in my direction, advancing swiftly and surely toward me.

I waited, keeping perfectly quiet, but my dog who was beside me, gave a low whimper of terror, tucked his tail between his legs and ran quickly into my tent and stayed there.

The woman passed within a few yards of where I was standing, but took not the slightest notice of me in any way.

"Ramini," I tried to call to her, as I recognized her. But something stronger than my will strangled the words in my throat. The girl walked steadily on, silent as a shadow, with that strange movement of a statue gliding over the ground.

Where was she going, so alone, mysterious, into the treacherous night where never a native woman dares to venture?

I waited a few minutes and then the temptation to follow her was too much for me, and being careful to avoid making any noise I started in pursuit. On we walked, she ahead, I following her at about a hundred yards, for some twenty minutes until the shadow of the girl lost itself in a grove of trees and bushes.

Then I suddenly realized that we had reached a sinister little ravine, feared by everyone because of the many snakes that inhabited it.

A little chill ran down my spine as I thought of the girl, alone and defenseless, in the darkness of that infernal spot. I rushed forward until I came within a few yards of her; she had stopped now and stood immobile, framed by the arches of branches where a tiny path penetrated into the bush. Again I had the impulse to call to her, even if my warning shout should awake her abruptly from the state of somnambulism in which I believed her to be. But once more my words died in my throat, this time for a very apparent reason.

Immediately before the woman, the silhouette of an enormous python suddenly appeared. I could see its stupid head waving malignantly a few feet from the face of the girl, its little eyes shining like two precious stones reflecting the light of the moon.

A few moments of sharp tension ensued.

Then the woman gave a convulsive sigh, turned like an automaton and started back toward the kraal, her arms still stretched rigidly before her, her eyes, which I could see now, wide open and staring.

Once more she passed very near to me, and I stood rooted to the ground, unable to move. At the heels of the woman came the python, a monster certainly seventeen or eighteen feet in length, following quietly and harmlessly like a well-trained dog.

I waited until she had covered a short distance, and then again I followed.

The scene was fantastic. Under the brilliant light of the moon, in the utter silence and emptiness of the African night, the woman advanced swiftly and mechanically, followed by the contortions of a sinuous body from which metallic reflections vibrated and sparkled. I, myself, walked as if I were under a spell, incapable of understanding or explaining anything, and I was glad to fix my attention on the tangible marks left on the dry ground by the heavy body of the snake, for those prosaic imprints seemed to carry some assurance of reality to my brain.

Forgetting the necessity for silence and caution, I plodded after the bizarre procession, but neither the woman nor the snake gave any recognition of my presence. At last Ramini reached the kraal, entered it and walked unerringly to the new hut, disappearing into its blackness, the python at her heels. Not a voice, not another movement in the entire kraal.

I went to my tent where the lamp burned very low. My dog was there awaiting me, his body trembling, although the night was not at all cold. His first impulse to show me his normal joyous welcome died abruptly as soon as he had smelt me. With a panic-stricken yelp he ran to the farthest corner of the tent and rolled up in a small ball of misery.

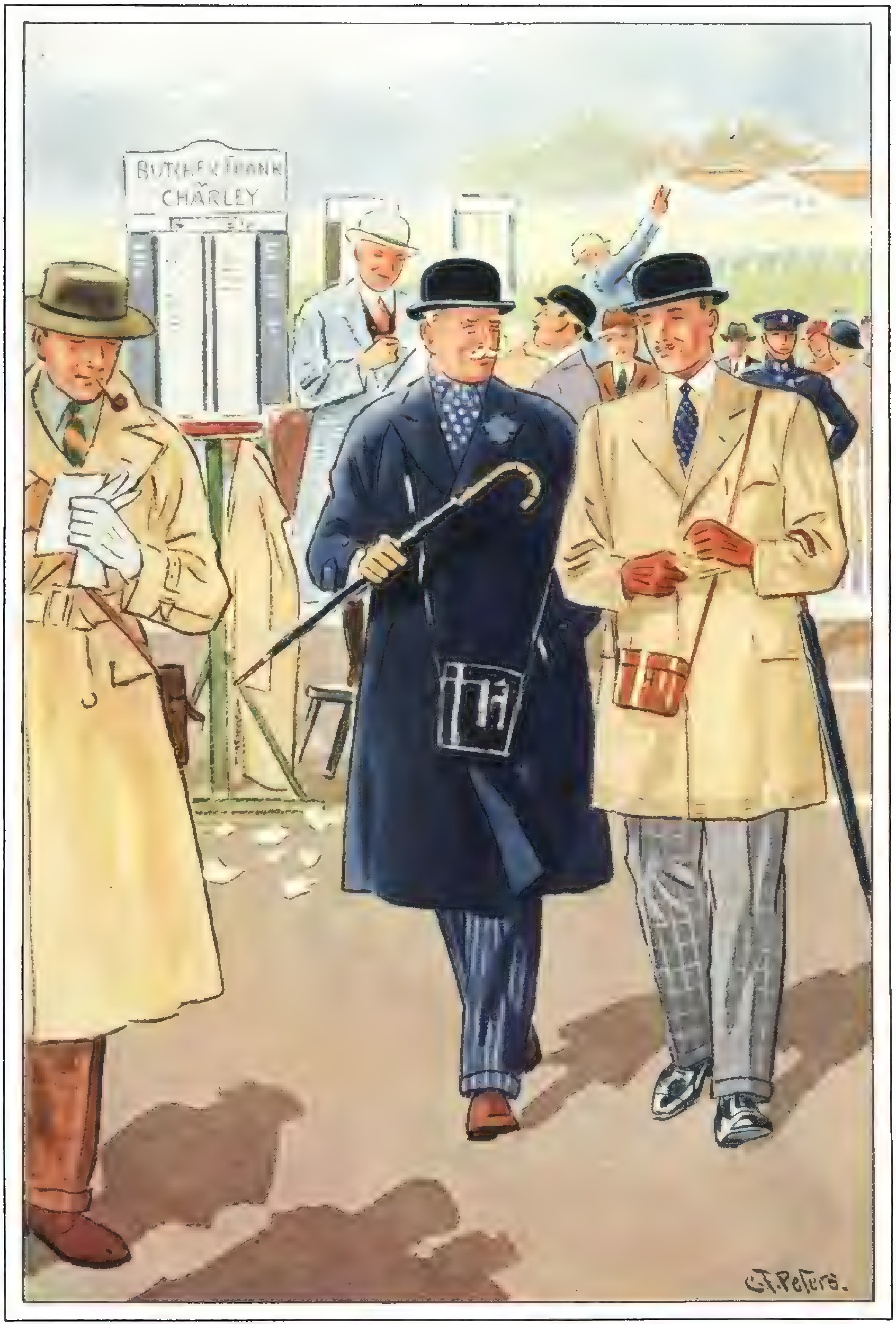
Late the next morning my boy aroused me from a deep sleep. As he handed me a cup of coffee, he gave me a message.

"*Musungu*, Tuadekili wants you to know that who is wise and alert is also discreet and prudent," he said, as if he were reciting a lesson carefully memorized. "Did you say to pack the camp at once, *Musungu?*"

I had not had the time to say a word.

But of course:

"Yes," I answered, "And as quickly as you can." #



PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE IN ENGLAND BY C. F. PETERS

The annual running of the Grand National at Aintree, England, is a world-famous sporting event, fashionable sportsmen from all over the world congregating there each year to watch this famous steeplechase race.

ANNUAL RUNNING OF THE GRAND NATIONAL

There's no better place to study raincoat fashions than at Aintree, because Englishmen have long since learned to dress for wet weather as a matter of course. The coat in the center is a blue fly-front peak lapel raglan raincoat with slash pockets, introduced in England over a year ago and already accepted over here. It may be worn with business dress, even in clear weather, as it hasn't the appearance of a raincoat. The one on the right is the finger-tip length English racing coat of covert cloth, which harks back to the gay nineties. Note the stitching on the sleeves and the skirt, and the long side vents, a vestigial trace of the fact that this coat was originally meant for wear in the saddle. The coat on the left is a double breasted rubberized riding raincoat with all-around belt. This outfit is only appropriate for such scenes as the one above or for occasional informal wear out in the country.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

6 Sharps That Beat in ¾ Time

Just count one, two, three, and if anyone can waltz as you play you have nothing to worry about

by GEORGE ANTHEIL

▪ EDUCATIONAL ▪

Summing up Piano Lesson Number 1 in the January issue, we said, in essence, that our new Streamline Notation is more than similar to a pianola roll. It's a pianola roll, however, read downwards and not upwards, upon which the piano keyboard is at all times clearly marked, and anyone able to distinguish three from two black keys can immediately place each and every note of our new Streamline Notation upon the piano keyboard in his own home. Streamline Notation is nothing more or less than a rather condensed version of an actual motion picture of actual piano playing. It is, in simple effect, *a picture of your both hands upon the piano keyboard striking each note as it comes along.* The light vertical two-black and three-black lines running alternately down the pages are, of course, the two and three black key groups of your own pianoforte; we print our notation staff this way so that you may at all times know exactly where the notes of each composition lie upon your pianoforte; the short black lines are your ten fingers, and if a black line lies directly over one of the long (and lighter) vertical black lines, you are to play that black note; if a short black line lies *alongside* of a long vertical line, you are to play the white note *alongside* or in between that particular black note or black notes. In Streamline Notation there is nothing at all to placing your fingers upon the right keys *once* you've learned our simple system of placing fingers *on* easily recognizable black note groups—or *alongside* of them.

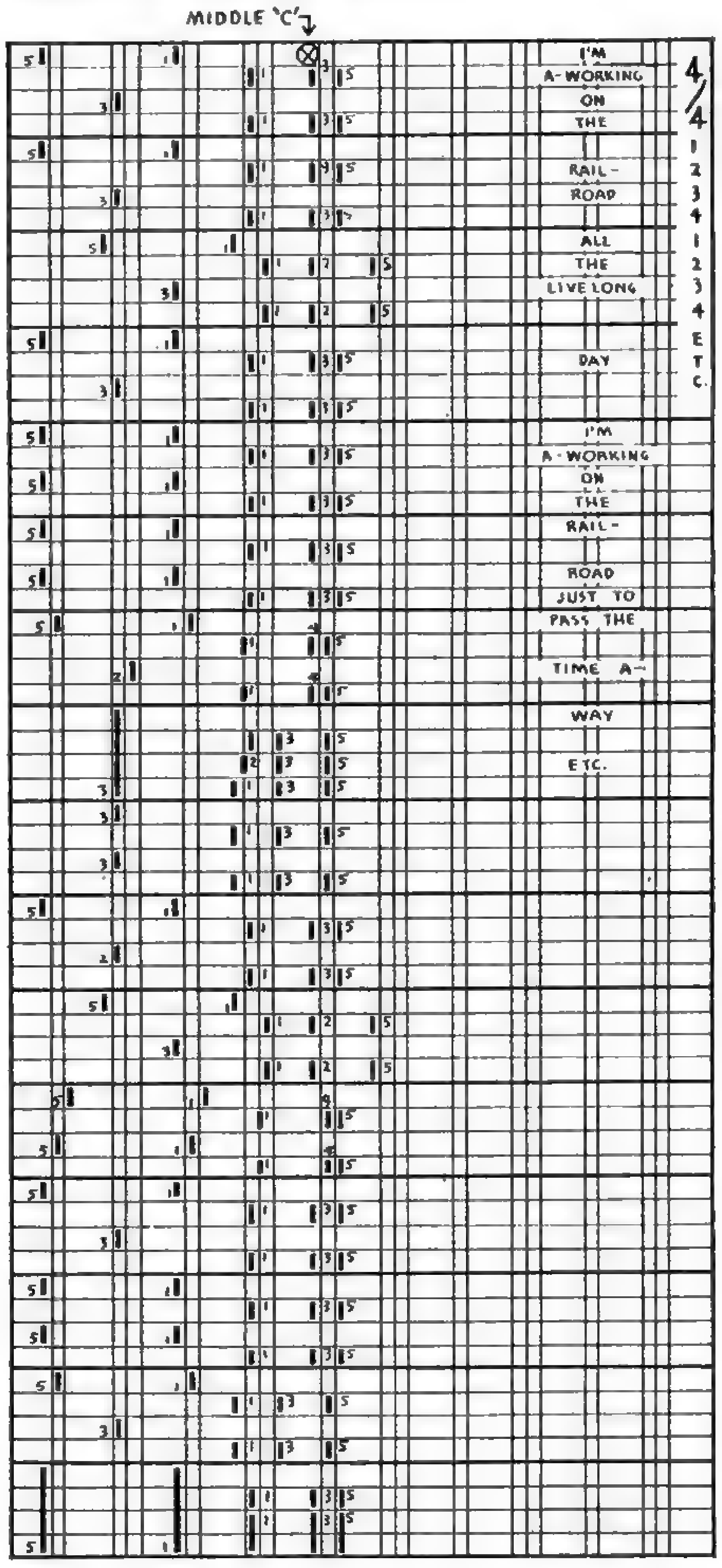
Slightly more difficult is the reading downward process. But you've *got* to read downwards if you are ever to get beyond playing the first initial chord. In reading downwards all that you shall need to remember is one very simple formula: the longer of the short black lines (the lines indicating your fingers striking the various notes of the composition) are intended to be held longer, and the shorter black lines relatively shorter. The length of these lines are the indicators of the rhythmic and time values even as their exact placement upon our new stave is an indication of exactly where these notes are to be played upon your keyboard. In other words reading across the stave gives us our harmony, but reading downwards gives us our melody and rhythm. You'll have to develop an eye for comparative length, but if you can't, our horizontally-drawn bar lines marking off the rhythmic beats will give you your rhythm anyway.

If you've read the piano lesson in Esquire for January, you'll also know that we catch the extreme low and high octaves (the top eight white keys and the lowest eight white keys of the piano) by using wavy lines at the right or left of our newfangled but infinitely-easier-to-read stave; you'll also know that whenever we're afraid that you will not know just which fingers or hand to use we'll use a system of fingering which should constantly keep you straightened out. For instance we'll number, from time to time, the fingers of the left hand at the left bottom of the short black "finger line," and the fingers of the right hand we'll number at the right top of same's lines. And insofar as the finger-numbering itself is concerned we'll number the fingers of each hand 5, 4, 3, 2 and 1, starting with the little fingers and ending with the thumbs, little fingers being marked "5," and the thumbs "1." Likewise when simplification seems to be necessary we'll use either no numbering at all (and leave it to you to puzzle out your own fingering) or we shall merely cause a wavy line to split the territory of the left hand and the right hand; the top of this wavy line (which shall run somewhere down the middle of our stave) will be marked "L.H." (left hand) and "R.H." (right hand) on their proper sides. In the future however we shall need a little pliability in this respect: our stave will often be too crowded for numerous fingering numbers; similarly, our fingerings might often need to be so complicated that we cannot easily use a wavy line down the middle of our stave. Mostly we'll use *both* wavy lines *and* fingerings.

Although at the end of this lesson we are going to give you Chopin as originally promised, we should first like to give you an idea of how nicely our system of Streamline Notation works. For instance you may be one of those sturdy fellows who doesn't care a Bavarian Olympic cheer whether or no he ever plays Chopin, Beethoven, or Rachmaninoff. But you would like to play accompaniments to your own cheery voice. Boys, this is accomplished in a split second: just look

I'm A-working On The Railroad

You sing this if you happen to know the melody; if not, skip this piece.



Not to confuse you prematurely and unduly we've left the melody out of the above opus, considering, and doubtless with perfect safety, that every American male knows the tune and words of *I'm A-working On The Railroad.* We have concentrated therefore upon the piano accompaniment; *you* are supposed to *sing* the tune while you *play* its accompaniment. Incidentally the above tune gives you no less than five much-used accompaniment chords; most old-fashioned tunes need only three.

Curiously enough most modern popular songs and swing music need little more than four chords; through using our method you will need a little more than a half-hour of your time in order to be able to play piano accompaniments to practically any old-fashioned song you may ever wish to sing. We will make one more demonstration before passing on to more important problems:—

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6 Sharps That Beat in $^3/_4$ Time

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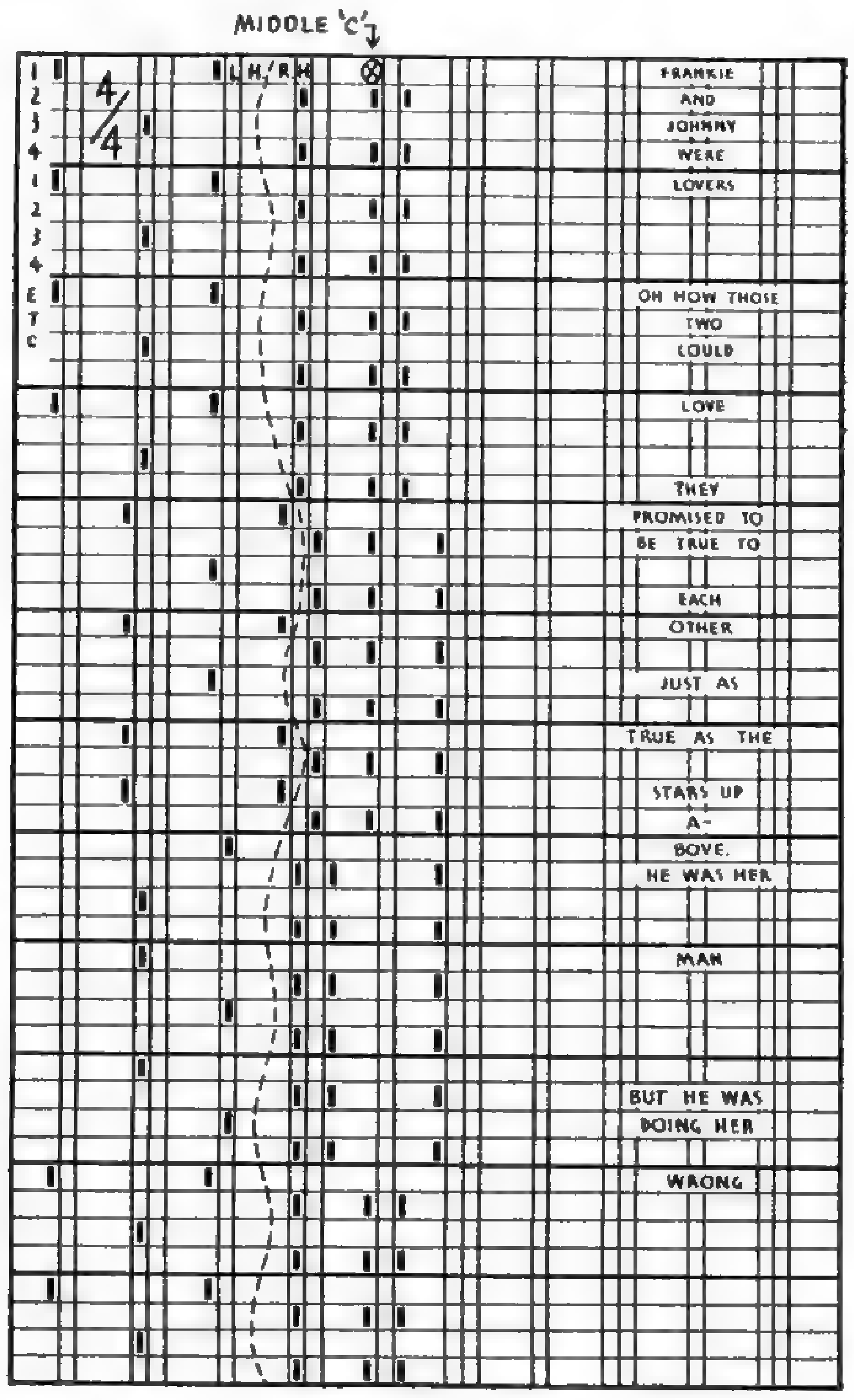
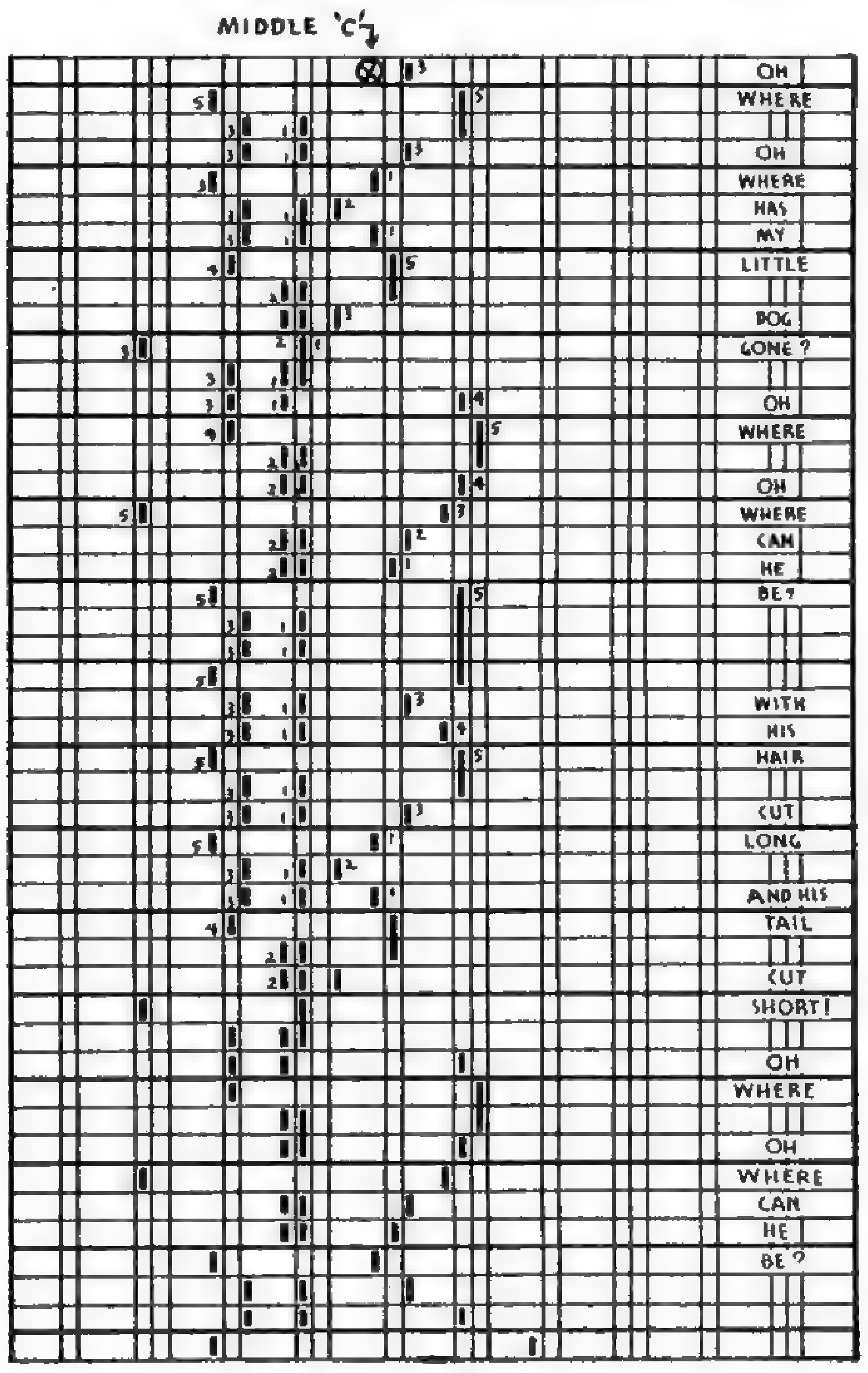
Frankie and Johnny

(N. B.—Notice separation of left-hand and right-hand territories.)



It's a pip. What's more difficult is twiddling the yet-stiff fingers of your right hand upon the melody: melody is a thing that hops around more than mere accompaniments, therefore you'll have to watch it closer. Likewise, if you wish to play with any degree of speed, you'll probably need to limber up your fingers. Don't worry now, however; for the immediate moment we'll merely use a melody which is quite slow and easy.

Oh Where Has My Little Dog Gone?



In Lesson Number 1 we've already given you the first fragmentary examples of melody playing; above, however, you'll see it working in full force; this is real piano playing; you are now not far away from the mastery of really difficult pieces such as those of Chopin and Liszt. Melody is an almost strictly "upstairs" proposition; it rides up and over its accompaniments and consequently nine-tenths of the time, is played by the right (top) hand. Fortunately for us all the right hand is usually more pliable than the left, consequently quicker fingering will not trouble us so much as if the left hand played the melody.

If you've read the last lesson carefully, and summed it up with this month's lesson, you are—believe it or not—now prepared to plunge directly into Chopin. You must admit that if you *can* play something as difficult as a piece by Frederic Chopin, you danged well ought to be able to play *anything*.

Therefore, before we magnificently pass on towards our grand crescendo of presenting Chopin in a *second* piano lesson we should like to call attention that Streamline Notation system does *not* clog the reader up with any medieval stave-system, neither do keys and key-signatures exist for it. It is a matter of complete indifference to every Streamline Notation player whether or not he is playing in four flats or six sharps. He doesn't care a darn whether he stumbles across an unharmonic change or not; ditto with a hundred other do-dads of an already antiquated notation. The old notation, as a matter of fact, has been more of a stumbling block to the popularization of music than any one other factor.

Old musical notation has at least three separate ways of notating almost every chord; it can have as many as sixteen ways. He who would play Chopin in the old system must learn every one of them. Millions of musicians have plowed through this old system and have learned it, but only at the cost of a lifetime of application. He who would become an amateur musician would do much better to learn first *how to play any music*, and then, if he chooses, learn the old and antiquated system afterwards; he will find then that when he wrestles with the older system he will learn it in one-quarter of the time usually necessary. Already an accomplished musician, he'll find himself easily able to dispose of the secrets of the antiquated system. (Remember the boy who having actually built bridges and houses learned engineering and architecture much faster than the boy who did not.)

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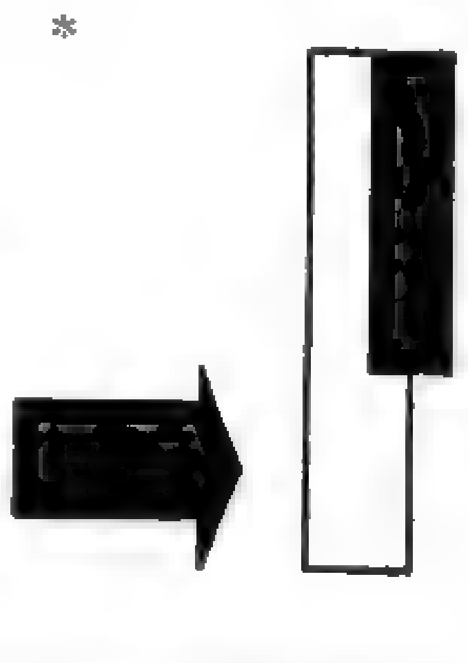


Here then (crescendo!) on page opposite is our first Chopin piece. Sit directly at the middle of your keyboard and mark well a key that has this shape: it is just a little bit low of center. This key is famous "middle C." You'll find this key will be just south of two black keys almost in the direct center of your piano. (Right above the center of your keyboard your piano will usually be marked with the trademark of its maker.

"Middle C" was ever the fixed North Star of all pianists; those who would navigate upon the rough waves of the piano keyboard will find that even with our present easy notation that it is a good point ever to keep in mind. For instance in Streamline Notation system we will always indicate "middle C" at the beginning of every piece thus—"⊗" not because the piece may or may not be in C major (which doesn't need to trouble you) but because no matter how lost you may ever become, you shall always nevertheless be able to glance at "middle C" and so easily recover your bearings.

Now for Chopin's beautiful *Mazurka in G minor, opus 33, No. 1*, by no means the easiest or most obvious of his mazurkas although it certainly is one of his shortest.

Please remember always that above piece is a *mazurka*, a piece very much like a waltz, but differing from it only in that it has a little skip-hop at the beginning of each bar. It is a national dance of Poland; Chopin, ever saturated with love for his native land, used to knock off one or two of these mazurkas every month or so. *You count three for every bar*, and when you have learned the places where the notes fall upon your pianoforte (and feel up to counting these notes out in the rhythm in which they should go) go ahead and play, but *be sure that you play steadily.* If someone nearby can waltz to your finished count you are O. K.

A tip—study the right hand first. (That's all the notes which are found on the right-hand side of that wavy line in the middle.) Memorize these R. H. notes; get their placement on your keyboard; be sure that you know where each of them belongs. Then try to get them in rhythm; if you can't concentrate on two things at once, concentrate rather on plopping your fingers on the right keys and getting that series of placement items settled. When you're good and sure that you've got the right notes, count steadily and get the right hand in the right rhythm. Then go over these same processes for the left hand alone. (That's the notes on the left-hand side of the wavy line.) Get them settled on the keyboard and then play 'em over and over while you count *steadily.* Put them together and it all spells "M-A-Z-U-R-K-A."

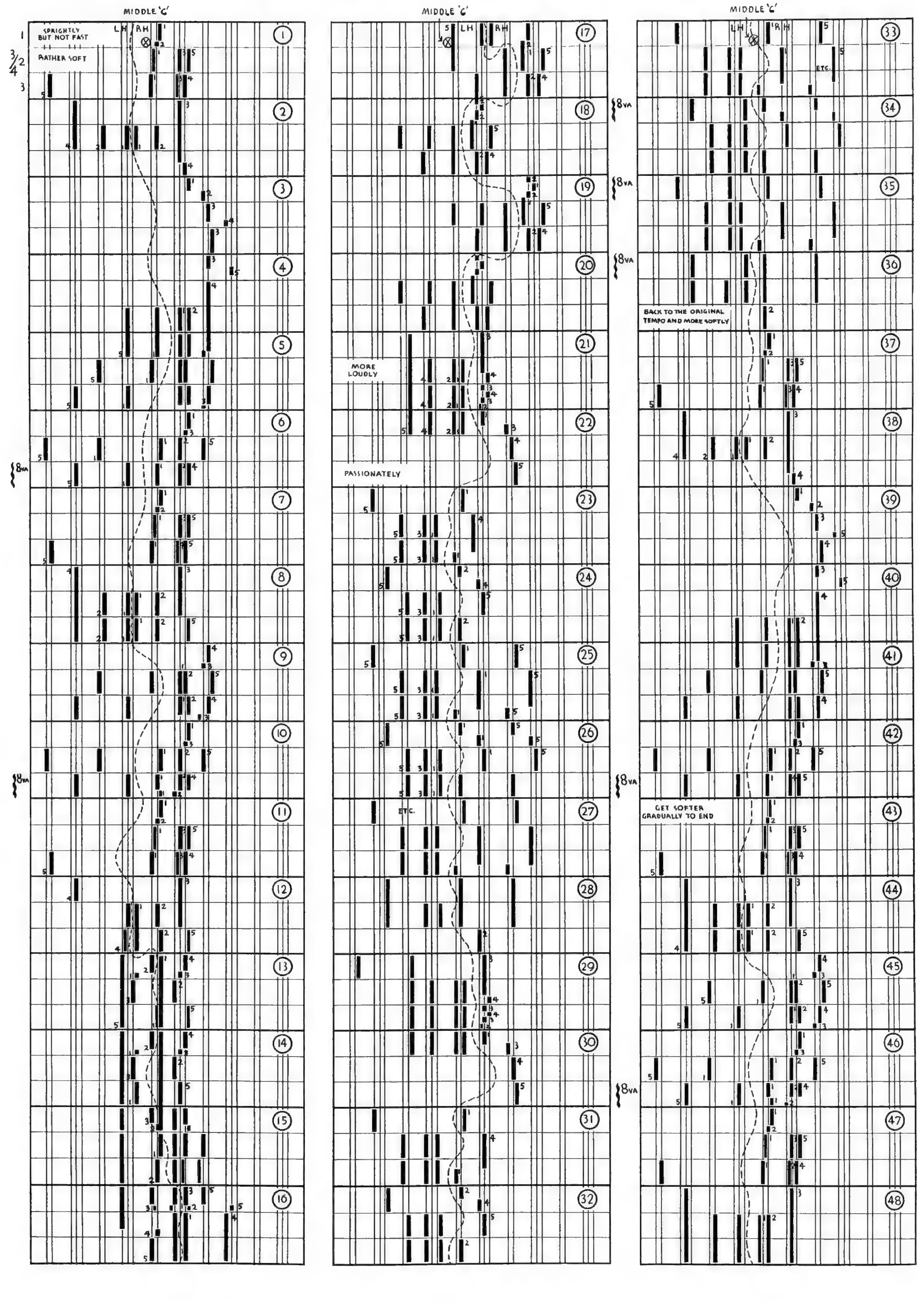
Of course you'll have to practice this piece to get it up to speed. But you ought to master the whole proposition within three or four hours of practice. *If that seems long to you just remember that this piece is in five sharps and that any other pianist, reading the old system, would have to study at least two years before he could master enough musicianship, even, to read these notes, let alone play them.*

A last fond word—take a look at bars number 6-10-34-35-36-42 and 46. In each case they have that "octave-lower" sign on the left of the stave we spoke about last lesson—it means that this special note *for the left hand alone* is to be played *an octave lower.*

You will also notice that we include numerous fingerings. Don't skip them—they'll help your speed later. One of my friends found it convenient to mark his finger-nails with ink numbers; he discovered it helped him to find the right finger at the right time; later he easily washed the ink from his nails.

You'll find bars 1 to 20 rather difficult, but bars 21 to 36 *are very easy. Bars 37 to 48 are nothing less than a repetition in part of bars 1 to 20.* Break the back of the first 20 bars and Chopin's mazurka is yours, pal. #

MAZURKA IN G SHARP MINOR—OPUS 33 NO. 1


MIDDLE 'C'
LH
RH
SPRIGHTLY BUT NOT FAST
RATHER SOFT
3/4
8VA
MORE LOUDLY
PASSIONATELY
ETC.
BACK TO THE ORIGINAL TEMPO AND MORE SOFTLY
GET SOFTER GRADUALLY TO END
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Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 96

ence and orchestra, composed of members of the Curtis Institute family, rose when the jubilarian made his quiet and modest entrance; but, as is his habit, he turned quickly to the business of the evening, which included his master, Rubinstein's *D minor* piano concerto, a Chopin group, and his own duologue for piano and orchestra, called *Chromaticon.*

Before the audience left, he had played more tidbits and lollipops than I ever thought I'd hear again except in a bad dream of my sister's early piano lessons. The excuses, I suppose, are that these bon-bons have at one time or another been associated with Mr. Hofmann's programs, that he plays them superlatively, and that many in his audience are still in their childhood. It cannot, however, but offend a musician's notion of artistic economy to hear Josef Hofmann—Grade A executant—wasted on Josef Hofmann—Grade C composer and some grade D piano pieces.

It was completely satisfying to watch the genuine acclaim and to realize that in our day of manufactured personalities and reputations, here was an artist who has shunned flashlights and vulgarizing press agents, and yet has made an unrivaled reputation without loss of integrity or dignity, solely because of his ability.

* * *

Leopold Stokowski began his last Carnegie Hall concert with a series of five unimportant and violently self-assertive trifles and left the Sibelius *Fourth Symphony* for the second half of the program. We usually get the heavier entrée of our orchestral meal near the beginning, and dessert afterwards; but as Mr. Stokowski is music's Donald Duck and revamps each composition to suit his fancy, it is consistent to find him serving the nuts first.

To my taste, he was much more effective monkeying with the knickknacks than with the uncompromising Finn. As Mr. Stokowski has no consideration for a composer's expressed wishes and can go completely screwy in matters of form, he is least offensive when handling music which depends primarily not upon its form but upon rhythm or color. He is at his best with Dukas, Satie, Debussy, Albeniz, Rimsky-Korsakoff, *et al.*; at his worst with Mozart and Beethoven.

A listener familiar with the Sibelius symphony might not have recognized Stokowski's performance as the same work, and one hearing it for the first time would have as much notion of what Sibelius intended to say if Stokowski had conducted *Moonlight and Roses.* But then I am one of the die-hards who believe that, however vibrant Mr. Stokowski's personality, Mr. Sibelius' thoughts are the more valuable. And, as I prefer Mr. Sibelius' compositions to Mr. Stokowski's arrangements or "free transcriptions," I hope that Mr. Stokowski will write music of his own and quit tinkering with other people's.

Pending that time, I have nothing but contempt for his deliberate and intentional transposition of Sibelius' scoring, his introduction of fake expression marks and fluctuating tempi, his over-sexed orchestral tone, and the theatrical quackery of his movie fade-outs.

This, of course, is not to deny Stokowski's mastery of the means at his command. He gets what he wants. In Philadelphia's Academy of Music I witnessed a display of orchestral virtuosity involving Tschaikovsky's *Fifth Symphony* that I ever expect to see rivaled this side of hell. It is relatively easy for 100 men and three girls to play together when they are playing what is written on their music-paper. It is quite another matter to have them play together when they are following the momentary whim of a highly variable genius, playing a piece of music as they have never played it before and, in all probability, will never play it again.

Such feats are exciting and, on the surface, stimulating. Those who dislike to hear Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony* played twice in the same manner have no objection. Others find Stokowski's distortions annoying, in bad taste, and analagous to seeing Venus de Milo's posterior sticking out six inches or *Whistler's Mother* drinking a Whiskey Sour.

* * *

My full views on the great Boston Symphony and on Mr. Barbirolli's progress with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony must wait. Like every music lover of sound mind, I have from the beginning wished the young Englishman well in his thankless task as successor to Arturo Toscanini, and I am willing to wait a reasonable time for his development. In the meantime, it is senseless to have every mention of his interpretive shortcomings set aside immediately by some reference to his charming manners and his undoubted amiability. Charm is all right in the bedroom, but it is usually over-rated in the concert hall.

The Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra remains an incomparable body of players, the like of which does not exist in Europe. During the twenty-eight hours before I sailed from Southampton, I heard three of Europe's best orchestras: the Berlin Philharmonic under Wilhelm Furtwängler, the Amsterdam Concertgebouw under Willem Mengelberg, and the British Broadcasting Corporation's Orchestra under Arturo Toscanini. Unfortunately, I am not expert enough to discuss confidently the differences in tone due to the cutting of the reed, the shape of the bore, and the quality of individual instruments employed. But our Philharmonic-Symphony tone has more substance, beauty and eloquence and fewer characteristic "national" traits than any European orchestra's. Its all-around excellence is phenomenal, and then not one of those famed European orchestras has a B-M-T subway nearby to lend atmosphere to *The Pines of Rome*, rumble with *The Bumble-Bee*, and disturb the *Faun's* love-dream.

* * *

The new National Broadcasting Company's Symphony, which Pierre Monteux and Artur Rodzinski whipped into shape, demonstrates conclusively that it no longer takes a generation to assemble a first-class orchestra, provided you have the cash. This orchestra lacks only routine, the experience of having played together, and those qualities which come with age. As yet, it is not a balanced nor a homogenous group. The quality of its component parts varies considerably: it includes some of the best orchestral players and some of the worst: the percentage of mediocrity is about normal. The wood-wind choir, for example, doesn't measure up to that of the Philadelphia or Boston orchestras, nor does its brass section compare with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony's. The string section is on a par with the best, the violas surpassing the Philharmonic's. Once, however, during the initial broadcast I was annoyed by what I took to be a dog gnawing a bone; it turned out merely to be the double-basses.

Individual instrumentalists differ as in other orchestras: the first flute is good, the oboe is lacking in experience, the bassoon is not 100 per cent. Trumpets (especially the "hot-man") are first-class, the trombones rough, the percussion only fair, and the harps experienced. A danger is that the men will be required to participate in too many other broadcasts. But until *the* maestro has shifted and substituted and welded the men into a single instrument of his will, no final assessment of the orchestra's rank is possible. It may become No. 1.

* * *

Nothing would please me more than to hear Mr. Toscanini conduct a performance or two in the Metropolitan Opera House. In fact, almost any first-rate conductor would be a welcome relief if only to relieve the tedium and to give Mr. Bodansky and his colleagues a stimulant to do their best.

Metropolitan Opera-goers are not sufficiently aware to know the difference between Mr. Bodansky's best and his third-best. But the difference between Mr. Toscanini's best and Mr. Bodansky's third-best would be at once apparent even to the newest suburban member of the Opera Guild.

Now Mr. Bodansky may never consciously do less than his best, but it is easy for a man, burdened as he has been, to become submerged by routine. I am a firm believer that even a conscientious man works better under pressure than in a vacuum. The presence in the Metropolitan of Mr. Toscanini, Mr. Furtwängler, Mr. Bruno Walter, or other men of their caliber might furnish the reason for the present conductorial staff to surpass itself.

The three German performances that I have attended so far this season are an improvement over last year, but they are not representative of what should be heard in a house that is said to "give performances unequaled anywhere." The orchestra's playing at the opening *Tristan* was dull and uninspired. Climaxes were missing and so was poesy. Two nights later during *Der Rosenkavalier*, the spirit of Viennese charm and good humor came no nearer the house than Vienna and the violins, which at the end of the first act should be playing in *E flat*, insisted on intoning the Octavian theme in the key of *D* and a quarter, just to give frayed nerves a twist.

Mr. de Abravanel literally walloped the first *Tannhäuser* from one end to the other. Not only were his spasmodic beat and helter-skelter gesticulations not clear, his was the do-or-die effort of a man who, unable to guide and control large combinations, crams on all possible speed in order to rush them through and then, getting cold feet, calls a halt at a most inconvenient moment. He rushed the breathless chorus at the end of the grand march until some of them met themselves coming back.

One hates to protest a well-intentioned and probably not entirely self-satisfied gentleman who needs more rehearsals, but the waste of expensive artistic opportunities at the Met season after season for want of a conductor with sufficient talent to utilize them is fast approaching a sum comparable to the War debt.

The stage one would rather forget, especially after the lavish promises and the shabby, flavorless *Rosenkavalier* sets that eventually put in an appearance and in spite of the fact that the Dolomites were moved to Vienna for the occasion and dumped in the Feldmarschallin's backyard. The ease with which day and night flutter across the stage without regard for the conventionalities of the story convinced me that a traffic cop is allowed to play with the light switchboard.

The singers, well—they had best be left for another article, except that I have an inquiry, a suggestion, and a petition. First, I demand to know why, in a house where the tariff is seven-seventy, a third tenor with a strident, tremolo stop is shoved into the

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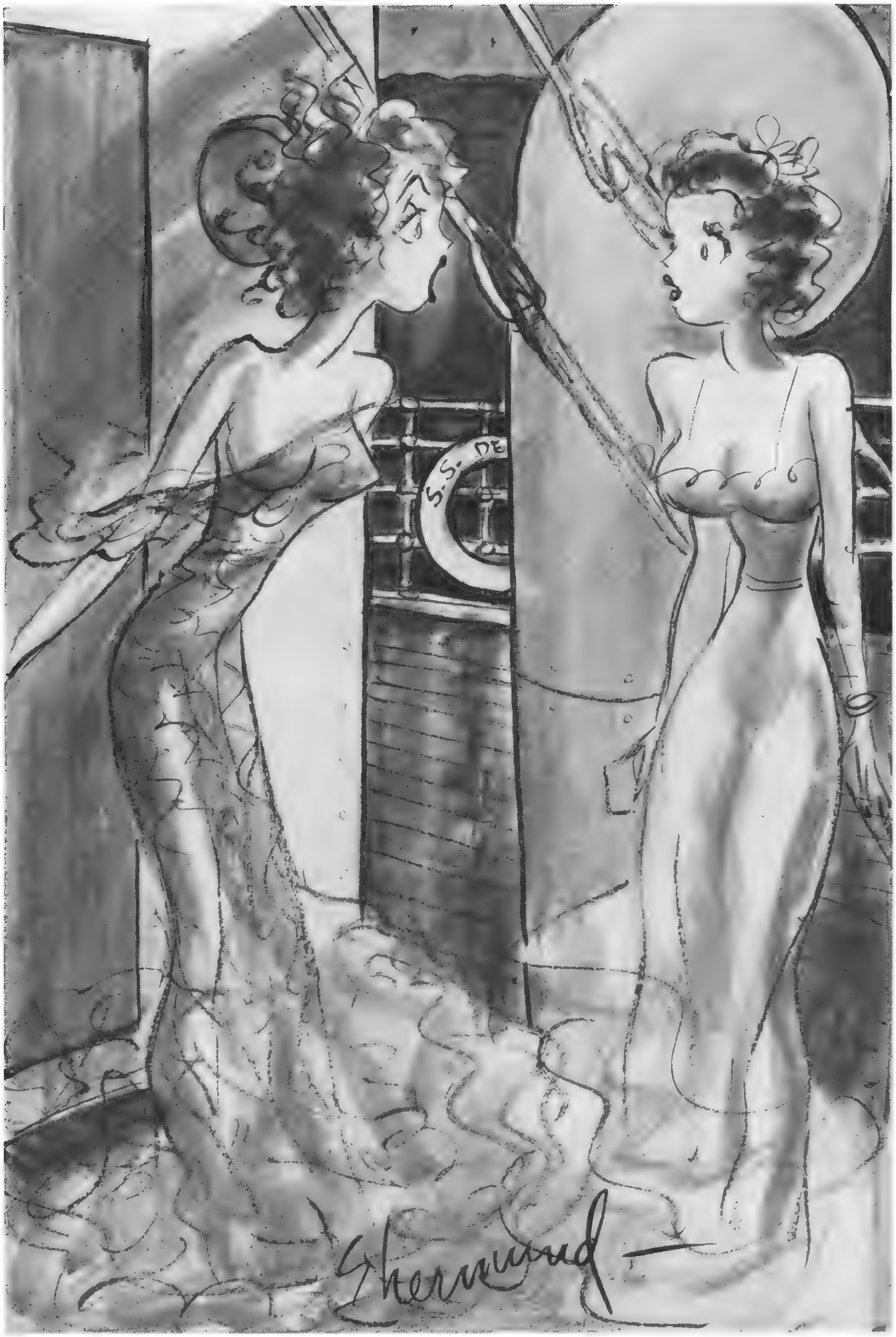
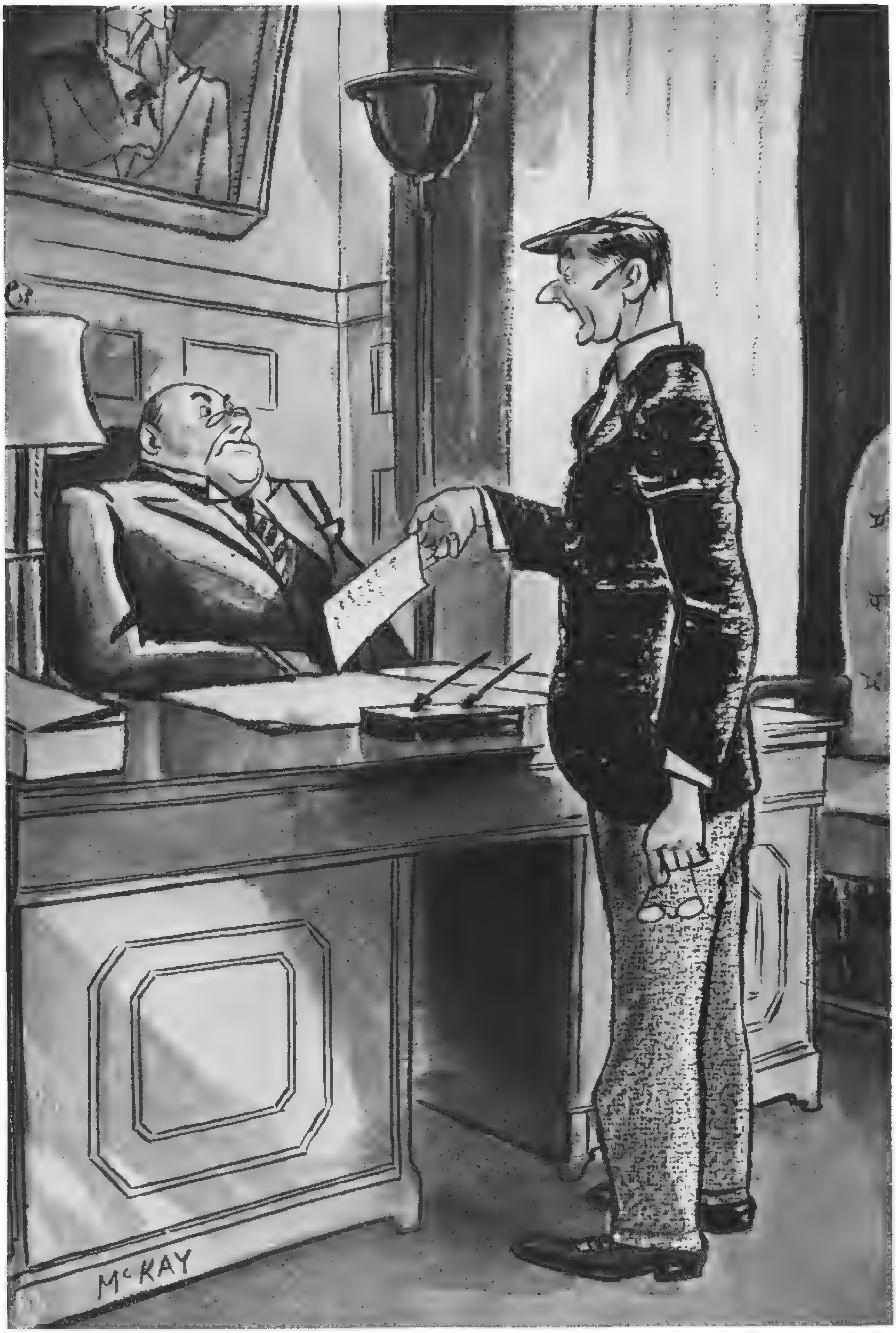

S.S. DE
Sherwood

"Well, we sit at the captain's table—but I don't think it was worth it"



"Personally, I'm satisfied with what you're paying me—but here's a note from the little woman!"

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from pages 96-110

gala revival of *Der Rosenkavalier* while Charles Kullmann and Richard Crooks loaf in the lobby? True, the tenor is on the stage for only five important minutes, but one of those smooth-throated guys could do the job and still meet his friends during intermissions.

Next, Friedrich Schorr's roles must be picked with more care. He was mis-cast as Faninal and, as Wolfram, he had difficulty in getting his voice out at all. He began by singing off key and when he located the key, he merely sang out of tune.

He acted with his customary, finished understanding of the role and I can imagine no finer Wolfram from the point-of-view of a deaf man. But Mr. Schorr may take my word for it—as one who has often succumbed to the compelling persuasiveness of his portrayals—that he will have to sing on pitch and bring to his utterances a more appealing and assuaging timbre than now seems to be his to command if he is not going to retire. As it is, he distinctly gives the impression of being at the end even of his ability to hold on to an aging voice.

Finally, a sacrificial bonfire must be offered the Norse Gods that they may bequeath us a tenor and a baritone to match Madame Kirsten Flagstad. Today she alone makes the Metropolitan Opera House a shrine. From her radiates the light and the devotion of a consecrated spirit. She stands apart: at all times an intelligent and uncompromising idealist.

Her first consideration is the work she sings and what is being said in the work. She has no easy devices for effect, no personal exhibitionisms. She doesn't help her singing along by fake emoting. She attacks the music with the single aim of making it sound as beautiful as possible: this was Wagner's avowed intention. Instinctively she gives the right phrasing, the right vocal touch, and the right inflection to every musical figure, thus making her colleagues not only clumsy as singers, but actually obtuse as to Wagner's meaning.

Moreover she is a great actress, an operatic tragedienne without equal.

It is easy, though, to overrate an operatic actress in a period like the present, when one follows performance after performance at the Metropolitan without meeting any convincing evidence of even a superficial knowledge of the stories told by the operas on the part of conductor, singer, stage-manager, scene-painter, chorus-master, or anyone else in the house except those members of the audience who bewilder themselves by frequent reference to fifty-cent librettos, containing a German and an English version, differing almost as much from one another as from the stage version. Therefore, if I say that Madame Flagstad is a great actress among opera singers, a wiseacre might retort, "What of it! In the land of the blind, the one-eyed is queen!" ##

Arnold Blanch: Bohemian

Continued from page 59

England, for example, the symbols of man's desecration of the land are a junked Ford and a scarecrow in the foreground. Further off, toward the right, a starving horse is grazing near a blasted tree, but despite these symbols of poverty and desolation, the longer the eye dwells upon this picture the more certain is the beholder that beyond the foreground the land is still rich and fruitful in its potentialities while the clouds and sky canopying the scene promise future collaborations in positive splendor. It is only what man does to the earth that an artist may caricature. And yet, even without the Ford and the scarecrow, you would know that this scene was American, in both the realistic and poetic senses. No less notable among Blanch's fairly recent paintings are his portraits of women, chiefly those of his colleague and erstwhile student, Doris Lee, one of which portraits is reproduced in this issue of Esquire.

Blanch's development has been neither sure nor serene. There is a lot of fumbling and groping in the record of his career. He thinks he has found his theology but he wasn't so sure about it yesterday and tomorrow he may discover variations and deviations. After all, Christ was the only person the devil didn't succeed in tempting. He is a painter who has done good pictures, but his stride is not uniformly heroic. He is a good artist still groping for a satisfying theme. Tomorrow he may find it.

He was born a little less than 42 years ago (June, 1896) in Mantorville, Minnesota, a town of 300 souls, the son of a father who had been ruined in an earlier depression and of a mother who was interested in church and art. Mother painted china and her sister, an unmarried lady, gave lessons in copying pictures. He was brought up in the company of reproductions of Old Masters without being conscious of their "influence." Maybe there was none. He was a fairly normal, active boy, good on some days and bad on others. He attended Sunday School (Episcopalian) so faithfully that he won a gold star for punctuality. At the same time he recalls that he was "a sort of bad boy" because he hated school. Even today his spelling is a little less than perfect. He preferred to hunt and to fish and even after the family had moved to Minneapolis, Arnold liked to come back to Mantorville, which he has continued to regard as the center of his youth.

It was Napoleon who made Arnold Blanch an art student. The circumstance by which his life found direction was of so accidental a nature as to suggest that a different circumstance might have led to a different career. Arnold was 16 or 17 when he talked himself into an argument with a somewhat older cousin, an army major. To prove his point, the major took Arnold to the Minneapolis Public Library to examine a portrait of Napoleon, on the top floor. En route to the portrait Arnold observed a roomful of students copying Greek plaster casts, and from that moment his die was cast. He also became an art student and has remained one almost ever since. He was at the Minneapolis School of Art for four years. For the first year, devoted exclusively to the Greek casts, aunt paid the tuition; the other three years were paid for by scholarships. The first night of his second year he entered the life class and had his first view of a naked woman. The model, an undelectable female, noticing his embarrassment, moved over to him, put her arms around him and told him not to mind, he'd get used to the sight of naked women.

There was much beside and including anatomy he learned during those four years. Among other things he applied himself to the study of applied design in the expectation of making his living as a commercial artist and illustrator. He pays tribute to the fine instruction of a German pedagogue, one Kahler, who was not a good painter and even used either his rod or his fist whenever he thought either necessary. A teacher himself now, Blanch probably finds it easy to summon post-graduate sympathy for this crusty Teuton who, with all his faults, had the rare virtue of defending the French moderns at a time when even young squirts of art students were laughing at them.

But the influence of others besides Picasso, Matisse and Braque had reached the Minneapolis School of Art. Those were the days the school was suckling its most famous students, Adolf Dehn, Wanda Gag, John Flanagan, the sculptor, Harry Gottlieb and Lucile Lundquist, rather better known since as Lucile Blanch. It was Dehn who discovered *The Masses* and agitated everybody, including himself, with the fresh breeze of revolutionary art and thinking.

"Formerly," says Blanch, "we had been existing in a vacuous world of mediocre art." Those were the days in which even students thought that Charles Dana Gibson and Harrison Fisher were great artists and in which Bougureau's whipped cream and strawberry nudes were the last word from Paris. Then came *The Masses* with its drawings by Bellows, Sloan, Stuart Davis, Boardman Robinson. Even the writing was fresh and exhilarating. Here were writers and artists who by celebrating the ordinary and the commonplace proved that the life around one could be the material for art. This was gospel as revolutionary as John the Baptist's. *The Masses* got the Minneapolis boys excited about New York. Blanch won a scholarship to the Art Students' League for a year and came East to taste New York first hand. His aunt gave him a $35 a month allowance. He lived well. He heard music and saw plays. He studied with Kenneth Hayes Miller and didn't understand him. Miller might as well have been using a foreign tongue. The fault was Blanch's, as he admits. But John Sloan and Robert Henri better met his need. They were stimulating; they opened new vistas before him; they said things that never before had been said in art class. Even *The Masses* had not yet dethroned Gibson and Fisher; their magazine cover girls were still tacked up on studio walls by young students who hoped to be able to do as well. There was still no other standard. The more astonished then was young Blanch to hear Sloan, approving a fellow-student's painting of a burlesque dressing room, say, "Why, you can almost smell their bodies." It was the most violent kind of ikon-smashing then to suppose that a burlesque dressing room was material for art, way back in 1916-17, aeons before Reginald Marsh. It was all too exciting. Besides, the discovery of sex made life in New York so much the more thrilling. Incidentally, America had entered the war and Blanch lined up with the radicals and intellectuals opposing participation. Why, he had only begun to live. He was drafted.

During the year spent in the army Blanch began to learn how paternal Uncle Sam could be. Even his own aunt has not been more helpful. Reaching France a month before the Armistice, he spent the remainder of his year on educational leave. With the help of the A. E. F. he traveled through the chateau country, saw his first cathedral, Lemans, and spent hours in the Louvre. (There is nothing like it in Minneapolis.) Even a slight case of flu contracted that year had its subsequent uses. Throughout this period he was painting and sketching. At the end of the year, his picnic over, he returned to America and was lost. His environment didn't seem real any more. He returned to Minneapolis, painted wild pictures, wrote wild poetry, came back to New York, found a job making posters for Pluto Water, was perfectly miserable about it and was fired or quit.

Uncle Sam stepped in. On the

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Arnold Blanch: Bohemian

Continued from pages 59-113

basis of his flu attack in the army, he was awarded rehabilitation compensation. This enabled him to resume his studies at the Art Students' League, this time under Miller, to whose language he found he had grown up. Miller, he discovered, excited him more about the possibilities of being a painter than anyone else ever had. Whereas Sloan and Henri had turned him outward toward life, Miller contributed most to his development as painter. During his year and a half at the League, Blanch married Lucile Lundquist. Both worked at odd jobs in applied art, including the making of lamp shades. They saved enough for a European tour. They were in Florence at the time of the Fascist March on Rome, which seemed to them to be a comic opera revolution. They spent most of their time in Cagnes, in a villa adjoining Renoir's, whose son permitted them to go through the Master's house, his pictures still on the walls.

There was a long time when Blanch was painting definitely in the shadow of Renoir. He says today that he likes to paint nudes whose flesh, in the Renoir manner, is delectable enough to bite and pinch. At Cagnes Blanch was happy working. There were days when he had fourteen hours of sunlight to work by. He returned to America busted, but with two suits of English clothes. And discovered Woodstock, in Ulster county, New York state.

To Woodstock had come some years before one Hervey White, a Texan of means who was interested in the arts, music and painting particularly. He bought a considerable plot of ground and named it The Maverick, after the name given to the steer who is branded with no man's brand. On The Maverick he proceeded to create a community of kindred spirits. To it he invited the Blanches, promising that he would do his best to keep the wolf from their door. In fact, he put up a door for them to keep the wolf away from. That is, he built them a house and studio according to their specifications. The annual rent was $150 and in years when the $150 wasn't lying around on the mantelpiece or in the cupboard, Hervey White would say: "That's all right, you can give me a picture." And they did. People like the Blanches may be pardoned for looking on people like Hervey White as the salt of the earth. During the summer of 1923, while White was putting up their winter quarters, the Blanches managed the Maverick cafeteria. That chore over they bought themselves a loom and proceeded to weave and to sell tapestries, cloths, scarfs. It was tough going but they lived high. In the fall they stole pumpkins, and enough apples to make 50 gallons of cider. Blanch got himself a gun and shot all kinds of game, including the wolf at the door. *The Hunter*, one of the paintings reproduced, is an autobiographical record of that period. During that first winter in Woodstock, the most poverty-stricken of his life, Blanch gained 30 pounds. He lived crudely but in health. The next two years followed the same pattern. Nothing important happened. They got along by hook or crook. Sometimes a friend bought a picture; with the proceeds they would pay a visit to town. For traveling, they used shank's mare. It was later that Blanch bought a Ford which had been abandoned in a snowdrift and learned to work it by the process of trial and error. There was no thought of getting a job or doing illustrations. Cursed or blessed, Blanch is a painter and there is nothing he can do about it. Whether he writes Finish to his story as bum or king it will be only through painting.

In 1926 the tide turned a little. He had his first New York one-man show. Six persons were found who bought his pictures. The sales pleased him a little, but the reviews delighted him. Things looked good. He spent the following winter in New York and then the winter after that. Those were the Prohibition years and casting up accounts today Blanch finds that he sold pictures at steadily rising prices, went to dozens of cocktail parties, drank a lot of bad liquor and became sick at not too infrequent intervals. In 1928 he had saved up for another trip to Europe which, this time, he examined mainly from the vantage point of Paris. He drank legal liquor and found delight in working from eight in the morning until four in the afternoon, producing a great deal that pleased him. A large number of Woodstock artists were spending that year in Paris and Blanch tells of sitting down with a friend at a café table and then noticing, half an hour later, that ten other Woodstockians—without plan or appointment—had completed the circle. No wonder Paris was so homelike!

But even the best of European excursions must end and a happy sale in the nick of time, when the Blanches' reserve fund had shrunk to a few francs, enabled them to buy their passage home. In 1929 followed a second one-man show, more sales and return to Woodstock, where they resumed life on the economic brink. In 1930 he drew a deserved dividend. He was appointed to a year's instructorship at the California School of Fine Arts, in San Francisco. The Blanches hopped into their Ford and drove leisurely through the country, with a prolonged stop at Minneapolis. In San Francisco the latchkey was handed to Blanch on a silver salver. He was celebrity to the newspapers and his lecture audiences were respectful. Ninety eager faces were lifted up to the professor's. Helen Wills was a student. It was there Blanch first met Doris Lee, whose development as a painter was definitely shaped by him. He dined regularly in evening clothes. He went duck hunting de luxe and not because he was hungry and had gala duck dinners with his students. It was fun. He sold pictures, had exhibitions, was given prizes. Diego Rivera was a studio neighbor and they had most pleasant times, each approving the work done by the other. It was the incredible year but when it was over and Blanch was asked to stay for another year, he refused; delightful as everything was, he felt that almost everybody thought that what was important was going on somewhere else. It has been reported on good authority that the depression finally reached San Francisco. The Blanches left with enough savings to last them two or three years.

In 1933 a Guggenheim Foundation fellowship put him aboard the boat again for Europe. He spent most of his time looking at pictures, in Belgium, France and Spain. In Madrid he discovered one of the great remaining traditional arts, the bullfight, which he describes as absolutely thrilling, absolutely exhausting. He read Hemingway's *Death in the Afternoon* twice and agrees with every footnote. Besides the bullfight, Spain gave him Goya and El Greco, whose work he had never before seen at such advantage. Prophetically, he felt the air charged with the lightning of impending revolution. The good old dollar feeling rather sickish in Europe at the time, Blanch cut short his trip and spent the rest of his fellowship leisure on this side of the water. He has not revisited Europe since.

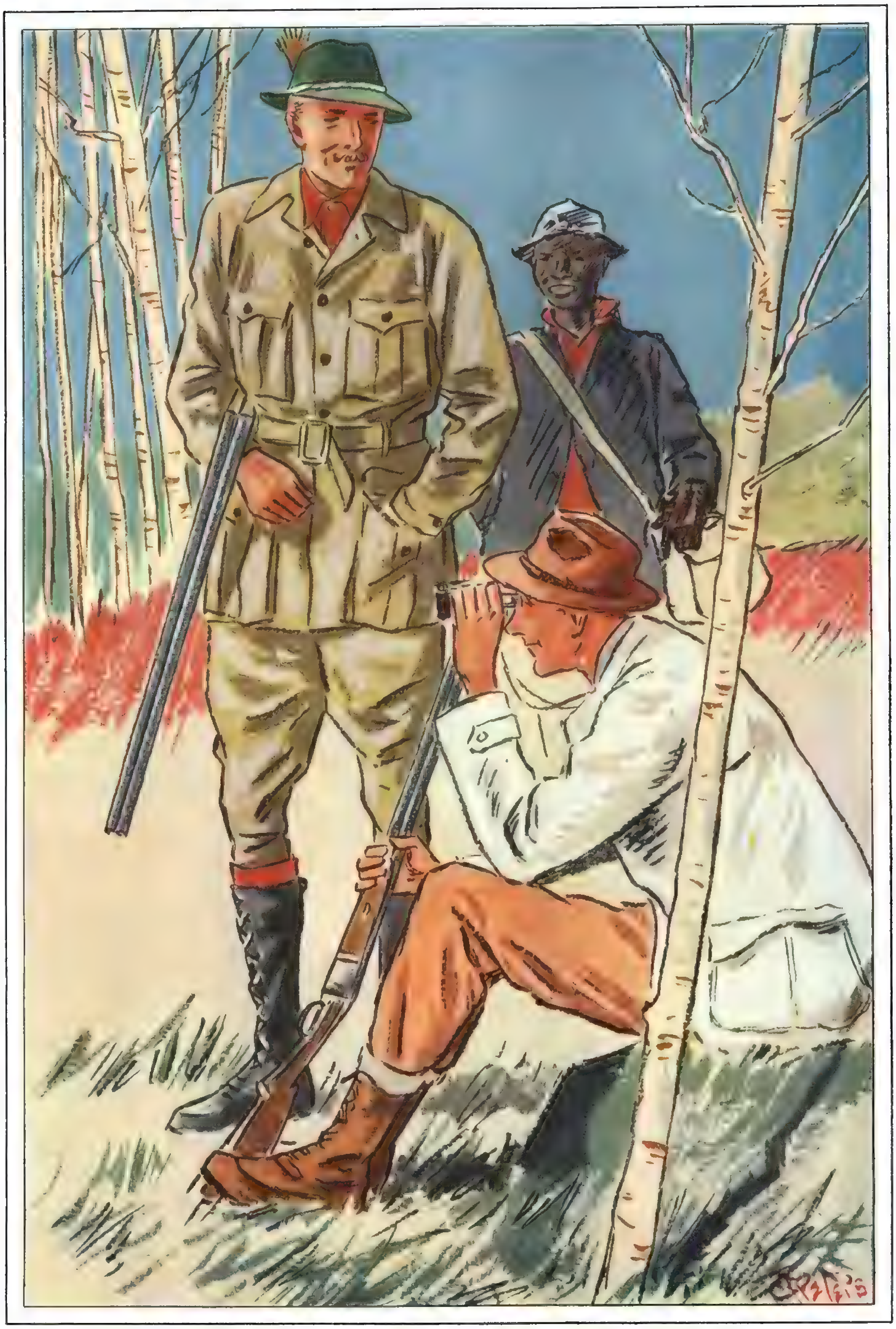
In the pattern of Arnold Blanch's trans-Atlantic travels one can read the psychology of the Bohemian artist. You always manage somehow. You learn to get along with less and less. You acquire only the means for living and working, not objects of property. Picnics alternate with hardtack. You're not always putting by for rainy days. You travel light. You have an exhibition, you sell a few things, you have, say, $500 in excess of immediate requirements. You don't put it in the bank, you go to Europe. You live simply. You wash your own clothes, as Blanch did at Cagnes. You've spent almost every dollar of that blessed five hundred and don't know how you're going to return to the states. Just when it's darkest, you sell three pictures to an American collector in Paris who knows you're down on your luck and doesn't take advantage of the fact. Result, you have just enough for your passage and $5 over. You sell a painting to the Metropolitan. That doesn't alter your plan or style of living; you pay some debts, or buy a car that's only eight years old, instead of twelve. There must be something in art for the artist, for it is a great sustainer in times of adversity which non-artists could not survive. Most living artists are paupers and reproaches to the communities in which they live. It is only when the final balance is struck by posterity that some of them are discovered to have been gold mines in violent eruption. But Arnold Blanch is not the complaining kind. Associates have commented on his fortitude and endurance. Too many dollars may not have passed through his fists, but then he has extracted more fun out of each of them.

After his return from Madrid he was obliged again to lean a little on Uncle Sam. That is, he went on the easel project for the PWAP and afterwards for the WPA and more recently he has been engaged on mural projects for the Treasury Department subdivision concerned with the decoration of public buildings. He has completed one mural for the Fredonia, New York, post office and at the present writing is engaged on another for the Norwalk, Connecticut, post office. Since 1935 he has been teaching at the Art Students' League and doesn't like it because the average student is too respectful and doesn't fight with the teacher.

He commends Doris Lee as a combative student who helped make teaching interesting by entering into dispute with teacher and expressing differences of opinion. His feeling is that teaching stales the artist, both as teacher and artist, that it forces him to bring to the surface reasons for doing things after the doing of them has become instinctive. He doesn't like teaching because he is made to feel as if he were Godlike authority.

If only, says Blanch, his students wouldn't look at him as if they were saying: "Well, Blanch is a great artist. If he says so, it must be so; he knows, because he *is* a great artist"!

He is one of the organizers of the American Artists' Congress and has become intensely interested in the war on Fascism. He reads three papers and smokes three packs daily. He used to have a reputation for socking people in the jaw and there is a story that he once threw two men out of his studio—at the same time. Within limits, he does what he likes. If, for example, he feels like sleeping after dinner, he does so. He arises at 6:30 every morning but doesn't take cold showers. He is devoted to his bird dog and hates to leave it when he moves into town for the winter. In Woodstock, his favorite poker companions are Ganso, Kuniyoshi, Speicher. He is also a good tennis player. Recently he became interested in the camera and has taken some excellent shots. He describes his early painting as romantic, now he is a realist. He exhibited in eight cities and has pictures in four museums. #



TURKEY SHOOTING AROUND SEA ISLAND, GA.

Turkey hunting was probably the first American sport, but it is only recently that the descendants of the early settlers have rediscovered the wild turkey's attractions as a game bird. If you want to hunt it in style, follow the lead of either of the two men in the foreground. On the left is an English kit consisting of a light-weight jacket with all-around belt and large full bellows pockets, with breeches to match, made of a cloth that is wind-proof and thorn-proof. The red shirt is of flannel. Under his sixteen-inch Elkhide moccasin boots he wears high grey wool socks with red tops. The hat is the authentic Tyrolean model with a cord band and a brush. The seated hunter wears a light shooting coat of very coarse cotton with large game and cartridge pockets, that comes in white or khaki. After a few wearings and washings it's hard to tell whether it's tan approaching white or vice versa. Cotton drill trousers.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Pinch as Pinch Can

Continued from page 39

A. Don't be ridiculous! I have my pride to think of. And besides my fiancé would be furious. He is very old-fashioned. He won't even let me go to the cinema with my cousin. He says that . . .

Q. This is all very interesting, Mlle. Dactylo, but I am afraid we must get on to Miss Nancy, who comes from Ohio. Miss Nancy, I believe you were in Italy last summer? Were you ever pinched as you walked down the street?

A. Pinched! Say, Rome is worse than Paris! I had to zig-zag through the streets like a flea. A girl can't even stop to look in a store window in Italy, those boys have such busy hands.

Q. Then you were more annoyed than insulted?

A. Well, you see I'm ticklish. When I got back to the hotel and thought it over I realized I'd been insulted. But it was too late then.

Q. Please tell us more about the Eternal City, Miss Nancy.

A. Well, of course there were those notes.

Q. What notes?

A. Why, the notes they slipped into your hand when you weren't looking. Of course they were in Italian, but a couple of the girls got theirs translated. Some of them asked us for a date at a café or plaza or something—but the others were just plain silly.

Q. What do you mean just silly?

A. Well, one said, "Oh beautiful blonde American, your eyes are like stars, and your hair is like gold." From a guy who never even got a good look at you that's silly, isn't it?

Q. I suppose so. Did many of the girls in your party get notes like that?

A. Oh, sure, but after a while we didn't even bother to save them. We just waited till the poor saps were out of sight and threw them away.

Q. Did you ever meet any of these gentlemen as they suggested?

A. Well, no, but we checked up on one once that we got a look at. He had lovely manners and spats and a cute moustache. We went to the café he said and hid in a corner so he couldn't see us. He was there all right.

Q. What did his note say?

A. It was scribbled on a sort of dirty piece of paper and said something about "You are a divine angel—most beautiful of women meet me at eight," and gave the name of the café.

Q. What happened at the café?

A. Well, he sat down at a table and had a drink, and in a little while oh, maybe half a dozen girls came by and whispered to him. He must have been passing out notes all over town.

Q. Yes, I am afraid he sounds like a trifler. What happened after that?

A. Nothing much. At last he seemed to find one he liked and they went into a little hotel across the street.

Q. Then you don't think he meant it when he said you were the most beautiful of women?

A. Well, believe me I had my illusions shattered! And he certainly had lovely manners, too. And then he picked up that dirty little tramp!

Q. Temper, temper, Miss Nancy. I'm afraid the green-eyed monster is getting the better of you.

A. Listen, I should be jealous of any lousy little . . .

Q. Ah, ah, ah, Miss Nancy! If you feel that way we shall have to ask you to step down while we hear from Miss Lola who has traveled extensively in Scandinavia. Now Miss Lola will you please be absolutely frank in all your answers. This is a scientific investigation and our results will be forwarded to the Smithsonian or some other perfectly respectable repository. Now just tell us if you were pinched in Sweden, Norway or Denmark?

A. No, come to think of it, not once.

Q. Did any strange men leer at you, whisper obscenities in your ear, or slip you inviting notes?

A. Oh, no, I should say not! They were all the most perfect gentlemen. The girls and I went out to a night club in Stockholm with some Swedish boys we met on the boat and they were perfectly marvelous to us.

Q. And they made no passes at you?

A. Not one! They didn't even try to kiss us good night, and, I mean, well, you know, even back in Harrisburg . . .

Q. Yes, I think we understand Miss Lola. You have been very helpful. And now we will hear from Miss Barbara who has just returned from South America. You understand the purpose of our little inquiry, don't you Miss Barbara?

A. You want to make the world safe for American womanhood?

Q. Well, no I shouldn't say we were as ambitious as that. This is the International High Commission for Studying Amative Folkways, and all we want to know is whether you were pinched by strange men as you walked along the streets in Buenos Aires?

A. No, never pinched in the sense you mean. But I was in jail for a couple of hours, which is a pinch in any language.

Q. In jail? Please tell us about it.

A. I was walking along the street minding my own business when this man came up beside me and started to make insulting remarks.

Q. What do you mean "insulting?" Something like "Hi beautiful," or "Where ya goin' Toots?"

A. Not at all. He meant business. I understand Spanish and what he said wouldn't go in a home newspaper . . . and then he suggested we should go up to a hotel.

Q. You were pretty mad, I presume?

A. Presume nothing! I was furious. I slammed him on the jaw so hard he went into the gutter.

Q. Then what happened?

A. He called a cop and had me arrested for assault!

Q. You're kidding?

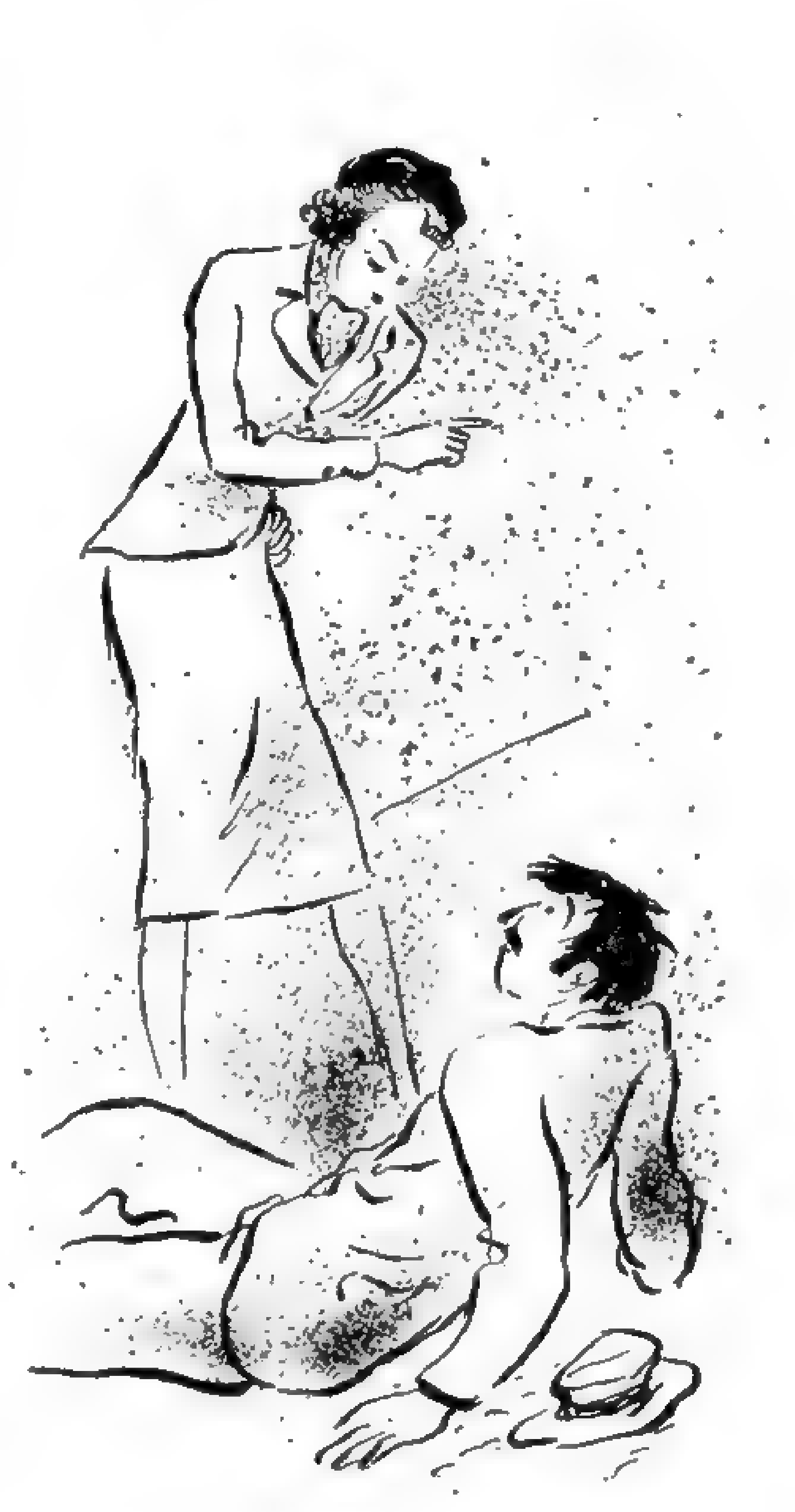
A. And they took me off to jail until somebody from the Embassy fixed it up.

Q. What did the judge do when you told him what the man had said?

A. Why he looked me up and down coyly and twirled his moustachios and said, "I can hardly blame him!"

Q. How did the Embassy people get you off?

A. They took the judge aside and explained that American women are all a little crazy.



Q. How do you feel about the matter now, Miss Barbara? Do you think maybe the Marines should be called out to defend your honor?

A. Good grief, no! I was pretty sore at the time, but now I think it's one of the funniest things that ever happened. And I'm glad to know I have such a good right.

Q. That was very interesting Miss Barbara. And now by way of variety we will call on Señorita Maria Lopez, a young lady from Buenos Aires of good family, flawless moral character and also, as you can see, a more than attractive face and figure. Señorita Lopez, we should like to know what you think of American men.

A. They are impossible! They have no gallantry. They have no soul. They do not appreciate a beautiful woman.

Q. Just how do you arrive at this painful conclusion, Señorita Lopez?

A. They tell me that Fifth Avenue is your big boulevard, yes? So as soon as I arrived in New York I put on my best dress and made myself beautiful and walked slowly up and down. And what happened? Nothing! Nothing at all! And I was alone, too, because they told me that in America it is all right for nice girls to walk alone.

Q. What did you expect? Did you think all the traffic would stop just so people could look at you?

A. Well, of course a good girl never encourages it, but if the men of a city have any spirit they will not let a pretty woman pass by without whispering a naughty compliment in her ear, or at least trying to catch her eye.

Q. You mean such a compliment as an invitation to go up to the man's room?

A. Yes, or perhaps a little hint about the lady's physical charms. But in America nobody has spoken to me without being introduced. Except the policeman, of course.

Q. What did he say?

A. He called me "sister" and told me to step lively. Perhaps you Americans consider that a compliment of a sort?

Q. I am afraid not, Señorita Lopez, and if the policeman had caught any dirty rat whispering in your ear he would have taken him off to the observation ward in a hurry. I tell you, Señorita, we have laws in the United States. Why do you think they allow such fellows to run around loose in South America?

A. But everybody does it! If a girl is not complimented as she walks along the street, she feels she has nothing to live for. If nobody wants to sleep with her she might as well be dead!

Q. But Señorita Lopez, we don't quite understand. Do these ah—gallant fellows expect to be successful?

A. Never! Of course not! Because no decent girl lets on she even hears them, by so much as batting an eyelash. She just continues walking along with her mother or her aunt as though the streets were empty. But she listens.

Q. You mean these impertinent cads are brazen enough to speak to a girl when she is chaperoned?

A. Certainly! Because no well-bred girl *ever* goes out alone in South America.

Q. But Señorita, if these sidewalk cavaliers know they are going to be ignored, why do they waste their time? . . .

A. Because, you stupid clod, they have soul, and spirit and élan and joi de vivre, and an appreciation of the beautiful. They realize that a lovely woman is a fragile, emotional and spiritual creature which must constantly be flattered and admired and encouraged.

Q. You mean they do it as a sort of civic duty? Say, they aren't hired by the town, are they? . . . now don't get mad Señorita, we're just trying to find out things . . . please don't throw anything . . . it's just that talking to all the girls in town to bolster up their morale seems like a terrible waste of time . . . why, Señorita, please don't go . . . hey, Señorita . . .! #

REG CARRINGTON ASKS COMMANDER ELLSBERG—

"Can you tell a Real Difference between Camels and other cigarettes?"

REG CARRINGTON: "I see you're a steady Camel smoker, Commander. There really isn't much difference in cigarettes, is there?"

COMMANDER ELLSBERG: "You're dead wrong, Reg. Just consider this—the life of a deep-sea diver is tougher on a man than most work. Most of the divers I know are steady Camel smokers and, believe me, *they* know there's a difference. Take my own case, for example. I stick to Camels—have smoked 'em for ten years. They never get on my nerves. Smoking Camels, I feel that I enjoy life more. Camel is the cigarette that agrees with me."

CLUB ROOM CONVERSATION *(above)* so often swings around to cigarettes. "I can tell the difference in Camels," Commander Ellsberg says. "That famous saying, 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!' expresses how enthusiastic I am about Camels myself."

"Yes—absolutely!" says Commander Edward Ellsberg. And millions of other steady smokers, too, *know* there is a *distinct difference* in Camels. That's why Camels are the largest-selling cigarette in the world.

A MAN OF ACTION! *(above)* Commander Ellsberg was the first man to dive to a depth of 20 fathoms. He shares under-sea danger with his men. He says: "The last thing a diver does before going down—and the first thing after coming up—is to smoke a Camel."

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE

LARGEST-SELLING

CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

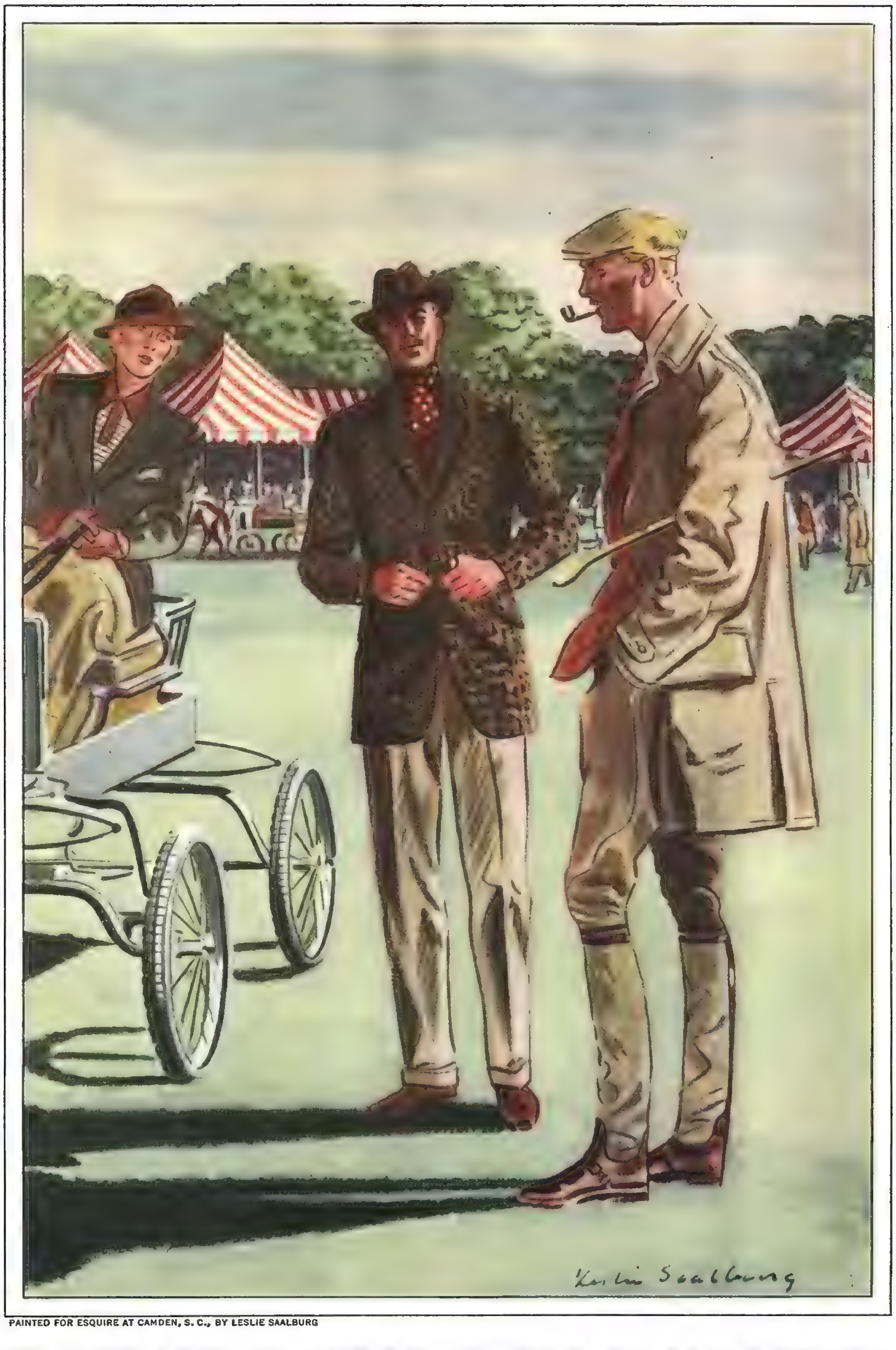
Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic

CAMEL
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

OF COURSE an Annapolis man likes to sail! *(above)* And Camels are right beside him! "Camels fit in with my leisure hours, too," he says. "In all my years of smoking I've never known them to jangle my nerves. That means a lot—because I smoke a lot!"

ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER.. **"Camels agree with me"**



PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE AT CAMDEN, S. C., BY LESLIE SAALBURG

March draws the horsy element of society to Aiken and Camden as well as to nearby Virginia and Maryland for the seasonal horse shows, point to point races, etc., providing a point for checking up on the progress of riding fashions for men.

HORSEMEN AT AIKEN IN THE EARLY SPRING

THE man in the middle of this group wears clothes that are suitable for any informal country meet. His single breasted tweed jacket is made in a green and brown check, cut along the lines of a riding coat, with slanting flap pockets and a long center vent in the back. Notice that it is worn with the two top buttons fastened. The trousers are the narrow style in Cavalry twill, worn with reverse calf turf boots. Over a light wool sports shirt he wears a silk riding stock, a fashion that has caught on quickly, worn in preference to a collar and tie. The other outfit is suitable for riding or for knockabout wear at a horse show or on a horse farm, consisting of a tweed riding jacket and Cavalry twill riding breeches, flannel shirt and foulard tie, leather footed Newmarket canvas boots, a short raglan raincoat with long side vents and a waterproof corduroy cap in the new English dune color.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Ghost-Town Bonanza

Continued from page 89

are some from Weaverville, from Sonora, from Carson, from Poker Flats, a set of small scales that the Chinese miners carried at their belts, and one from old Monterey built to weigh gold not by the ounce but by the pound! Somewhere in this million-dollar collection is also the old oaken bucket from James Marshall's well. It was Marshall who discovered gold at Sutter's Mill on February 9, 1848, and inadvertently started the great Gold Rush that wrecked Sutter's empire and ultimately developed the West.

To we who earn our bread by work in shops, foundries, mills, offices and stores the word "gold" has only an abstract meaning. Somewhere deep in the government vaults there lies a national bonanza. Financial experts manipulate our destinies and standards of living by amassing and loosing this gold at the right—and often wrong—times. But to most of us gold means only a bright yellow metal sometimes used to fill teeth and to plate rings and watches. For us gold has lost its reality. But a hundred years ago gold was a synonym for security with a hard value and an international vocabulary. It constituted a prime lust for adventurous men. A mere rumor that it could for the grubbing be had in some mountain, valley or river bottom and men stampeded in droves to stake out their claims. But a taste of it and they wanted recreation: women, chance and liquor. To meet their demands villages and towns sprang up. The natural conflicts between the gold-diggers called, now and then, for the introduction of law and order, hence the vigilantes and the necktie parties. After the gambler and the saloonkeeper, the pawnbroker and the undertaker were probably accepted the soonest in this society.

Here in a reserved corner are the placer pans and washing machines through which the miners sifted their gravel and ore. Here are the leather pokes in which they carried the precious dust. Here, too, is the circular bathtub—complete scrubbing, $1.00—in which the hard-working miners occasionally cleansed themselves. If ghosts walk in this treasure-house of the Old West probably few pause at the huge saucer that passed for a bathtub in '49.

But many would no doubt linger at the barroom. The bar was once the most noted in California. In 1854 it stood in Mariposa Town near the Yosemite Valley. General Fremont, General Grant, Mark Twain, Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller are all supposed to have drunk gallons—cumulatively speaking—over its top. Our ghosts would recognize every bit of equipment here as genuine, for it has all been reconstructed from the barrooms in ghost-towns of the Rockies. Once these towns enjoyed mushroom growths. But only so long as there was gold in the vicinity. When the prospectors moved on, the population left, too, often neglecting to remove their chattels. Prospectors for romance and history may still find, far from the railroads and habitations, the remains of these once prosperous towns. In many of the shops some sort of merchandise still remains under the cobwebs of years. W. Parker Lyon had these ghost-towns to draw on when he began to assemble, for permanent exhibition, the story of the West.

In this barroom stands a bullet-riddled square grand piano made by Antisell & Company. It was taken from the saloon ruins of Diamond Lil's old gambling palace in the now-deserted mining-town of Calico, fifteen miles across the desert from Barstow in the Calico Mountains. There is also a roller-organ. But the machines that are labeled "musical cabinets," several for some reason or other named "Chicago," never gave voice to any tones save the occasional tinkle of coins when a player, after having fed a week's earnings to its slotted maw, struck a winner.

A collection of old theatrical bills, framed on the walls, testifies that great actors brought their companies to the smallest mining towns. Edwin Booth came with his *Richelieu*. Modjeska brought *Romeo and Juliet* and *As You Like It*. The audiences were strange mixtures of erudition and ignorance, but generally the actors were well received and often were rewarded by a shower of coins and even pokes of dust. Today Western movies and Western pulp magazines have their greatest audiences in the same section of the country.

Another collection testifies to other appetites. An old menu from the Eldorado Hotel in Hangtown, California, gives the prices as of January, 1850: Bean Soup, $1.00. Beef with one potato (fair size), $1.25. Baked Beans, plain, 75c. Baked Beans, greased, $1.00. Hash, low grade, 75c. Hash, eighteen carats, $1.00. All prices, it was noted were "payable in advance." For the accommodation of those with dust there were "gold scales at the end of the bar." From another menu: A pair of codfish balls, 75c. Rice pudding, plain, 75c. Grizzly roast, $1.00. One egg, $1.00. Apple pie, 75c. One potato, 50c.

After liquor, food and women the enforcement of law provided the greatest entertainment. Such social affairs were generally heralded by a bulletin worded as is this one from the Lyon collection:

"PUBLIC NOTICE:

All citizens of Hornitas are respectfully invited to attend the *Hanging of Cherokee Bill*, Horse Thief. Meeting at Rattlesnake Ike's saloon, Miner's Court.
May 12, 1851.
7 O'CLOCK—NIGHT
Hornitas Times, Printer
Thomas Early, Sheriff."

The early necktie parties were conducted with dispatch. A framed picture of the hanging of the Ruggles Brothers, desperadoes, at Redding, California, reveals them hanging like geese on a butcher's hook, a pose that is mute testimoney, according to authorities that the executioners were finished artists. Decapitation, as happened in a recent legal execution when the spring of the trap was too tight, would perhaps not have been tolerated.

* * *

With a lavishness appropriate to the period, the custodian of which he has become, W. Parker Lyon displays quantities of any single item. The cigar-store Indian has disappeared from the public eye. But in the Pony Express Museum there are six cigar-store Indians, each a different figure with a new riotous color scheme. To represent the firearms used in the West he has a profusion of guns and rifles, starting with numerous examples of the early flintlocks and powder horns and coming down to every variety of modern rifle. "Pepper boxes," Spanish hand-cannon, derringers, rifle canes, single-action Colts with the dogs filed off for "fanning," and Billy the Kid's guns. One of the finest Winchesters here is part of a cargo distributed to various museums after Buffalo Bill's death—so the cynical note runs—as his favorite rifle. Here is also a two hundred-year-old shotgun twelve feet long, probably the only one of its kind in existence. In a reconstructed pawnshop window laden with single-shooters is also one of the knives of Joaquin Murietta, the famous bandit.

In the alcove of household equipment there are the cast-iron cookstoves, the spinning wheels, the handlooms, the coffee grinders, the pepper mills, the sewing machines, the samovars that testify to the early presence of Russians on the Pacific Coast, the large leather-bound chests, the brass kettles, pots and pans, the early pewter, the whale-oil lamps known as betty-lamps, the lanterns, the gas lamps, the fireplace equipment and the churns. One churn is in the shape of a hobbyhorse so that, while riding, the children would churn the butter, a combination of utility and recreation that is perhaps unrivaled.

A peculiar zeal is essential to the completion of such a museum. For example, here is a collection of shoes of the period, both women's and men's, including a tremendous buskin that must have been the mythical Paul Bunyan's, and a set of wooden snowshoes that the horses on the winter mail route wore over their iron shoes to enable them to get through the mountain snowstorms. There are also boot-pulls in the shape of easy girls, posed like Colossi. To supplement these is the collection of spurs, reminder of the sign that once was as ever-present in a hotel room as is the Gideon Bible today: "Remove your spurs before getting into bed." Many of the spurs worn by the Spaniards and the caballeros have the cruel sun-ray rowels.

Alongside of these are a few torture items, leg-irons, handcuffs and Oregon boots, which were locked about a prisoner's legs. In passing it should be noted that before 1856 not only was crime rampant in San Francisco but there was a regular schedule of fees for pardons, cash on receipt. For murder, $50. For burglary, $10. For alienation of affections, $1.50. For kidnaping, $2. For forgery, $50. Vigilantes worthy of the name restored law and order. The huge bells that called the vigilantes to meeting and later tolled the death knell when criminals were hanged are on display here. So are the artificial wreaths that undertakers rented out in lieu of fresh flowers.

Life was easy to take but it was hard to bring into the world and to keep there. The cradles in which the first Western-born spent their infancies are here and the crude surgical instruments are here. In an alcove is a typical barber shop of the fifties and sixties, fully equipped with chair, razors, bleeders, tonics and a rack of initialed shaving mugs. In the next alcove is the dentist's shop. In 1846 the patient sat down in the dental chair that is exhibited here and was strapped in. Anesthetics had not yet appeared. With the bludgeon that dangled from the arm of the chair, the dentist greeted the first cry of pain that his forceps elicited. Life was simpler then.

Too simple perhaps. The proprietor of this museum has a lusty sense of humor. His collection of "potties," or bed-chambers, is probably unequaled anywhere. One room is devoted solely to this ceramics collection. There are plain, white enamel pots, china pots, some with embossed designs in various colors. There are others lavishly illustrated and there is also a hand-tooled case containing two vessels of excellent porcelain, one the traditional ewer, the other the simple pot. These seem to be finer pieces since they rest on a satin lining and a placard underneath declares that this was Napoleon's traveling set, one that followed the Emperor on his many travels across Europe and served him well.

The average museum is usually a spacious sarcophagus open to the public. Personality it possesses not at all. Most always it lacks humor and the history it contains is sealed in formalized placards and guidebooks. Between the treasure it stewards and the public at large, it maintains, unintentionally, a yawning chasm. But in this collection of bed-chambers native humor of the pre-plumbing days is on parade. Some of the

Continued on page 120

reliable in the rain

Alligator raincoats achieve a perfect alliance . . . rain reliability plus *style*. Galecloth, an exclusive Alligator fabric, looks like a fine worsted, yet it is lightweight, windproof and water repellent. Here is the perfectly tailored popular double breasted, belted model. In a variety of smart colors. $15.75 and $18.50.

Same model in an ALLIGATOR RAINCOAT, guaranteed waterproof, dustproof and windproof by Alligator's exclusive process in which no rubber is used. Variety of colors. $5.75 to $15.75.

Both Galecoats and Alligator Raincoats may also be had in single breasted models.

THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MO.

MANUFACTURERS OF ALLIGATOR RAINCOATS AND GALECOATS

Ghost-Town Bonanza

Continued from pages 89-119

"potties" are plain and were used by the more energetic Indians. Others, made for a price trade, were embellished with tender rhymes and discreet illustrations. A few bear ribald proverbs. These have been supplemented by W. Parker Lyon, who has scoured Shakespeare and the Testaments for lines to add in the notes below the items.

This is the masculine wing in the Pony Express Museum.

A steel box with a hot water jacket to keep dynamite from freezing in the bitter cold winters in the mountains should also be in the male division.

As should the gambler's harness for keeping cards up the sleeve or, indeed, anywhere else; and the triggerfinger necklaces that the Indians of the Southwest made from the trigger fingers of slain white men: when reincarnated the whites would not be able to shoot the foes that had killed them. Here, too, should be the case full of cigar-butts that stands in the barroom.

Mr. Lyon gravely explains that these cigar-butts have historical significance, for they were removed from General Grant's hotel in Virginia City after he had spent two months there. A more commercialized individual would no doubt offer some of the choicer samples to collectors but Mr. Lyon is faithful to the Muse of History and will not disturb what time has sanctified.

In the feminine wing the prize exhibit is the reconstructed country store of Mrs. Trabucca of Bear Valley in Mariposa County. Literally, lock, stock and undergarments, the store has been removed to the museum. Outside it stands a fitting form of a gay lady, her bosom padded with alfalfa sachets, her bustle, of coil springs wrapped in linen, bobbing after her.

Unbelievable hats and hat decorations, underwear, stays, notions—all the intimate, feminine secrets of the miner's lady and the O'Grady girl.

So many homey items, in addition to fine collections of Indian dress, weapons, pottery, rugs and basketwork are here that it is simpler for the most unlearned to assimilate in the Pony Express Museum the spirit of an age that is history than it would be in any more pretentious and formal institution.

Boldly, the Museum asks for a "Crowd-eliminator" fee: "Adults, 25c; Children, 10c; Babies Free." In practice the proprietor or one of his aides begs to assist the visitors and almost apologizes for the admission charge to a million-dollar collection that was started for fun.

Perhaps its unpretentious beginnings are responsible for the genial atmosphere that prevails in the low, rambling buildings of the museum.

W. Parker Lyon started his collections in 1910 when he was forty-five years old, retiring Mayor of Fresno, tired and worn out after a long career in politics, prospecting and land operations. He had always been interested in the West. It was his home but like so many Californians, he was not a native.

He was brought from Fayetteville, New York in '69, when he was four years old. In '94 he was Sheriff of Fresno County. Those were still the days when a sheriff did his crook-catching without benefit of G-men.

Lyon became interested in philatelics when the Pony Express carried the mails and the postman, in many communities, did not ring twice; he came twice—a month. Each local postmaster received fees for postage and franked each letter or article with his own stamp.

These private franks were curious brands, but few Westerners paid attention to them. W. Parker Lyon did. So his hobby was originally the collecting of early American franking specimens.

But slowly he acquired items that did not strictly fall in the purview of philatelics. The Lyon home overflowed with Currier and Ives prints, gold scales, figureheads of ships that had been wrecked on the Pacific Coast during the Gold Rush, branding irons acquired at old ranches, ancient phonographs, bear traps, oxen yokes—there was even an Indian scalp that had for some reason been preserved; it looked like a shriveled piece of steel wool. When Mrs. Lyon complained, W. Parker decided that perhaps his collection needed larger quarters.

In time he acquired a succession of old stagecoaches and supplemented his philatelic collection with material that the Wells Fargo Company, parent of the present Railway Express, contributed. W. Parker Lyon retired from business and politics and determined to devote the rest of his days to his beloved hobby.

He reconstructed an authentic express office in his museum, acquired for exhibition the personal effects, guns, clothes, trophies, of Ben Halliday, famous operator in the stage, freight and express period, and threw the museum open to the public and to students of the West.

Today at a crossroads, opposite the Santa Anita Racetrack outside Arcadia, he presides over the most typically American museum in the world.

Official recognition has come but he has not paused. His aim is to display a complete record of the Old West.

It seems as though every element of Western life is already represented but still he continues to uncover new items. And although much of the Pony Express Museum's material comes from ghost-towns the spirit of the last century is here throbbing alive. ⌗

One Nation on the Window Sill

Continued from page 45

thing sad happened there. Two different systems of logic stand revealed, which keep teacher and child apart. What is worse, it appears that it was the effort to bring them together that separated them. Teacher probably had spent a lot of time on the cake-burning episode. She wanted to make Alfred human. She wanted the pupils to feel that history wasn't a tale of a dead past, but that people had actually lived in that past. Those burning cakes, the peasant woman's wrath, the pathetic ineffectual Alfred, lost in his troubles—these items in the old story were not only to show the irony of circumstance, but also to make alive the past by bringing the smell of ancient burnt cookies to the noses of boys and girls.

This canny psychology completely failed. The boys and girls failed to smell those burning cookies. The irony was lost on them—or at least on this representative one whose error, enhaloed by connotations, has come down to us through a sad humorist.

By the magic of this answer you see the boys and girls neatly arranged in rows in the schoolroom, listening in a half-state between boredom and awe to the teacher who spends so much time telling the story of Alfred's failure to mind the cakes. So that when examinations came around and the question was, "Who was Alfred and what was he noted for?" the pupil remembered. And his logic was as simple as the pedagogue's was complicated. He worked it out swiftly that if the teacher spent so much time on it, it was important. And he put it down.

III

It was a college student—that is, a human being half way between thumb-sucking and maturity—who wrote: "The theory of exchange, as I understand it, is not very well understood." Alas, it isn't; neither, for the matter of that, is another theory of exchange, the theory of what happens to a cargo of words en route from one person to another. The freight is extremely perishable, and in spite of all the block signals on the line the wrecks are frequent. They do not decrease with the age of the exchangers.

Not many years ago I. A. Richards, the great English critic and psychologist, tried an experiment in poetry on his class in Cambridge University. It was an experiment in understanding, in mental grasp, rather than in poetry. The tested represented a cross-section of experts and students of literature, something superior to the run-of-the-mill citizen.

The results were so extraordinary that Mr. Richards published the whole affair in a big book, *Practical Criticism*, which so overwhelmed me that I conducted two similar experiments on this side of the water. Nothing would be served by going into detail—the book is available to interested parties. A few examples and conclusions will suffice, drawn indiscriminately from both trials.

My students were handed each week mimeographed copies of two short little-known poems to the authorship of which no clue was given.

Whereas in a class of this nature (consisting of senior and post-graduate students) a week's work would normally consist of reading an entire volume, our work was intensive: it consisted of but two poems, a page long each, which the student was to read at least twelve times—to himself silently and aloud; to others; to have read to him; to be appreciated as a whole and then subjected to analysis, line by line, phrase by phrase.

He was then to write a thorough criticism of each poem, and to compare the two on all points on which he considered them comparable.

The reader who considers that this is a Jack the Ripper crime against poetry, "plucking the petals off the flower," can rise up and leave the room. We were trying to find out if professional full-time students considered to be in their right mind could be communicated with by means of the printed page after being warned of the dangers and put to the job with serious intensity.

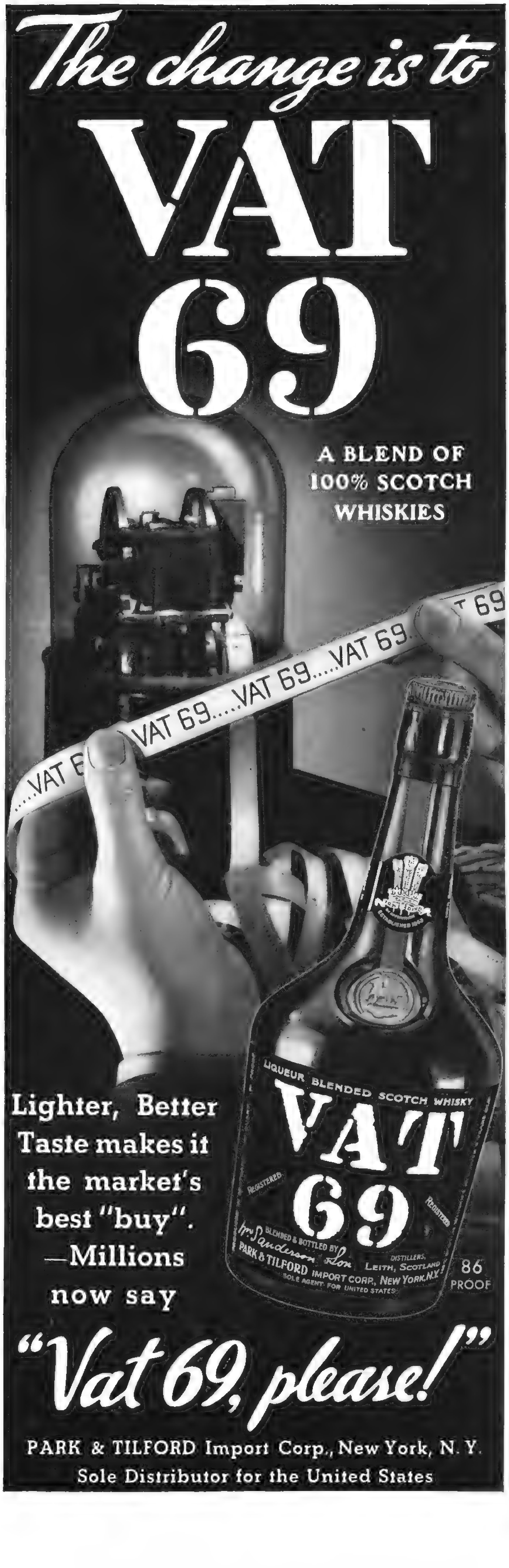
The results revealed that a person's mental batting average is pretty low, even after he has been warned that a fast one over the pan or a slow curve outside is about to be thrown. The results in rating poems that were great and poems that were silly could have been achieved by throwing dice. However, evaluation was a secondary aim. The students could not agree on what was on the paper.

You might try the experiment on yourself with the following, one of the set. Read it to yourself, then aloud; study it. What picture do you make of it?

The rain falls calmly
Upon a cool world,
And taps the leaves
Of the oak trees,
Whose branches encircle the house.
The night air with its green fragrance
Steps in through the open door
The door I have left wide open;
But will she come in the rain?
She came on moonlight nights,
When the hills were rimmed with silver,
And the earth was tender and warm.
She came when the moon was like silver,
But will she come in the rain?

If you did the job, and are average, you probably added something of your own to the poem, something the author did not put into it. In my experience with it, readers have put in spring, a tri-

Continued on page 122


The change is to
VAT 69
A BLEND OF 100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
VAT 69....VAT 69....VAT 69
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
Wm. Sanderson & Son
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One Nation on the Window Sill

Continued from pages 45-121

angle situation, an armchair, a man in a dressing gown, in slippers, with a pipe (even the smoke curling up) and a dog lying before a fireplace. That they do this bears out the general criticism of these lines by experts, who consider it an "incomplete" poem. The mind itches to finish it, round it out; and having given it a story, and furniture and fixtures, the average reader is unable to tell where the poem left off and he stepped in.

In other poems minds were constantly jumping the track because of little phrases the author put on the rails. A reader would function normally until he came up against a phrase that was very special in his history, and then he got lost, and twisted the rest of the poem in accordance with his mental twist. The hater of kings and thrones and royal clap-trap was completely thrown by such an innocent figure of speech as "king of all our hearts." Emancipated from fundamentalist religion the brand-new agnostic would have no truck with a poem that spoke of the earth's "four corners," and despised another poem because it began with a scene of hymn-singing to the tune of an old piano in the parlor on Sunday evenings. If he had been able to read on in his right mind he would have seen that in that poem (written by D. H. Lawrence) the poet was not propagandizing for hymn-singing, but was wondering at the force of childhood memories which brought tears to his eyes when he heard a piano play. Maybe the greatest single obstacle to right understanding is this trick of the mind of betraying us when it runs across what might be called a push-button phrase or word. It may be a pronunciation like "Gawd." It may be the mention of a snake or spider, of sex, of yellow. Anyway it calls forth not the normal image but a special one peculiar to that mind, and usually the result of some bad experience.

IV

The push-button idea is worth explanation. As an introduction to it and before leaving poetry, I must mention an experience with some freshmen regarding Shelley's sonnet *Ozymandias*. As you may remember, it tells of the poet's discovery in the desert sands, of a piece of stone on which was carved "I am Ozymandias, King of Kings. Behold my power ye mighty, and despair!" Looking around, the poet beheld nothing but desert sands. The two most interesting interpretations given by the freshmen were: (a) it tells us not to build our houses on the sand, and (b) it means you cannot get anywhere with subdivisions on very sandy soil.

I admit that (b) sounds almost incredible, but it happened in 1924 at Michigan State College and I will make an affidavit. Both are examples of the mental push-button.

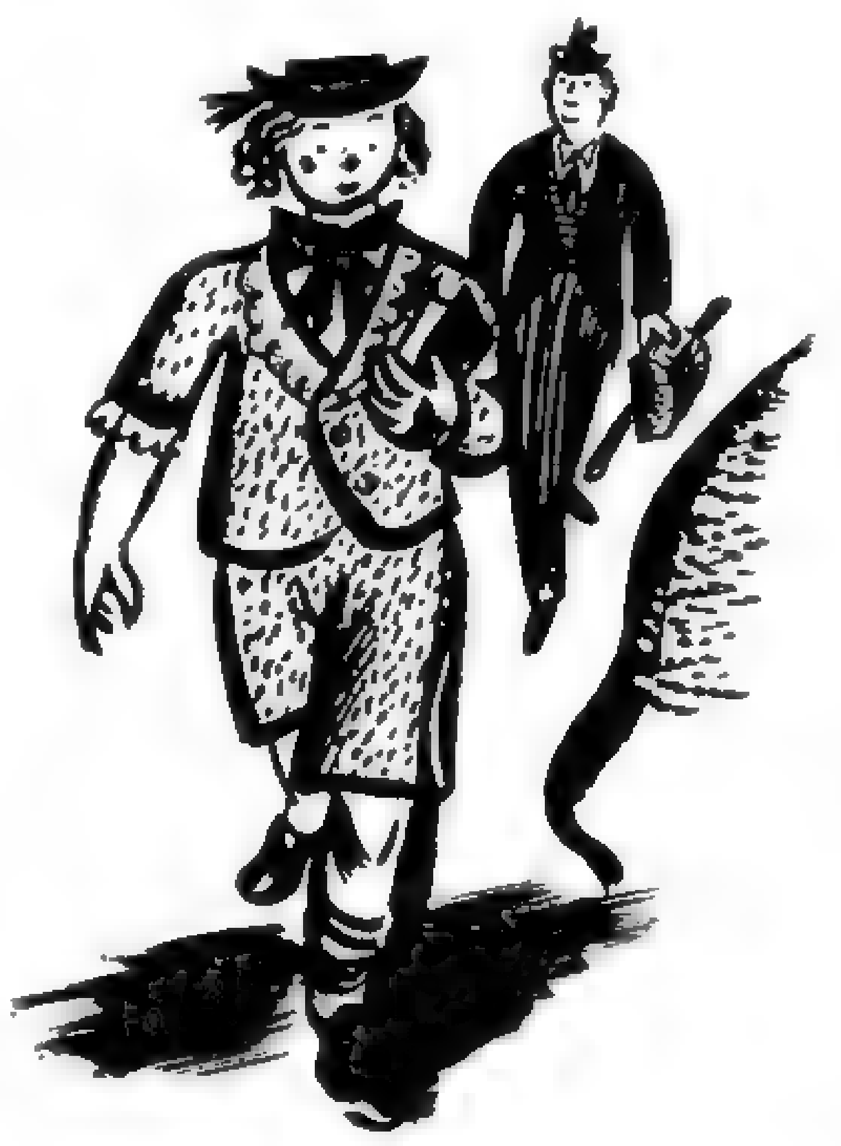
One student jumped to a biblical association, not bothering to worry a meaning from the poem after that accidental association had occurred; the other had something special in his background, perhaps a realtor papa.

Not long ago I tested a group of teachers on some random concepts.

Their answers were odd and revealing. Asked what they thought of "nudist" the schoolma'ams unanimously rejected it on the grounds, about equally shared, that nudists were cranks, and that nudists were publicity seekers. They had come from all parts of the country to a university summer school, and whether from Dixie or Seattle, Minneapolis or New England, they brought the same mental stereotype on the subject of nudism. Who can say that the newspaper is not a gigantic standardizing force?

If you want to prove it for your own circle, get the bridge players at your next soirée to lay down their hands and describe a boy going fishing. They will describe the same boy. He will have tousled hair, freckles, a turn-up nose. His feet will be bare, and a big toe bandaged. He will be wearing overalls precariously held up by one suspender; one leg is rolled up, the other has come down. He has a homemade rod and a can of bait—generally a tomato can but sometimes not specified. He is whistling and has a battered straw hat on the back of his head.

I have tried it many times—it always comes out that way. The boy is a stereotype, fastened on our minds by James Whitcomb Riley, *When a Feller Needs a Friend*, newspaper cartoons, and the Leyendecker covers of the *Saturday Evening Post*. In every group of twelve or more one is likely to meet a contrary fellow who is mentally skittish of the stereotype. He flees into its opposite: his boy going fishing is Little Lord Fauntleroy in a Rolls-Royce, or an Eskimo lad hovering over a hole in the ice. This is the chap who, in the association test, never associates black with night but with white. "Death" suggests to him not "coffin" but its contrary, "life."



Our sad conclusion is that everything written or spoken above the denotative level (where every word means precisely what it says) takes great risks. The best writing is rich in connotation; that is, the words and phrases have overtones, vibrations, color, subtle shades of extra meaning.

The word "odyssey" expresses something more than a trip or voyage. The danger is that the reader may get the wrong shade, the wrong vibration.

A poem is not only full of connotative phraseology; the whole poem is a connotation. It means more than it strictly says. Masefield's *Cargoes* is not about ships and their freight, but about civilizations.

This gives the mind a double chance to go astray—once on the words in detail, and again on the meaning of the whole piece.

Irony and satire are like poetry in this respect. The average man who will understand you correctly when you chide him with "You're a great guy, you are," will often find himself nowhere at all in a satiric piece.

The greatest historical example is the way Swift's essay on the Starving Irish was accepted by a great many people as a straight job.

The poor were starving; they had too many babies. Swift suggested that the way out was for the underfed Irish to eat their babies, solving two problems at one time. And that great satire, *Gulliver's Travels*, the purpose of which is to tell the human race how low it really is, has become a child's fairy tale.

As a newspaper columnist I ran, during the Smith-Hoover campaign, a satiric piece telling how the Pope would move in on us if Al got in.

I thought I had laid it on pretty thick so that even the stoniest skull would get the point. But the next day the telephone rang and ardent Catholics bawled me out and raised hell with the publisher, and it was impossible to convince them that the column was a backhanded wallop at political Bigotry. But it isn't necessary to go back so far for examples. Every time I have had a satiric piece in Esquire the mail has contained querulous letters from unadmirers who failed to see that in a satire the point is just a little behind the eight-ball. A piece I did on dogs, entitled *Report on Man's Best Friend*, had the dog-lovers interpreting it as an attack on the canines. They might have got angry for a better reason; for the point was not that dogs are nuisances but that human beings are weak and lonely and that out of their weakness and loneliness they have built up a tremendous dog-world. Even in Turkey there are people who miss your point. From far Istanbul, Macit R. Karaca rebukes the author for saying "naughty things" about the Turks in an article about Trotsky. Some people wonder why satiric articles are plainly labeled "Satire." It appears that even this is not enough.

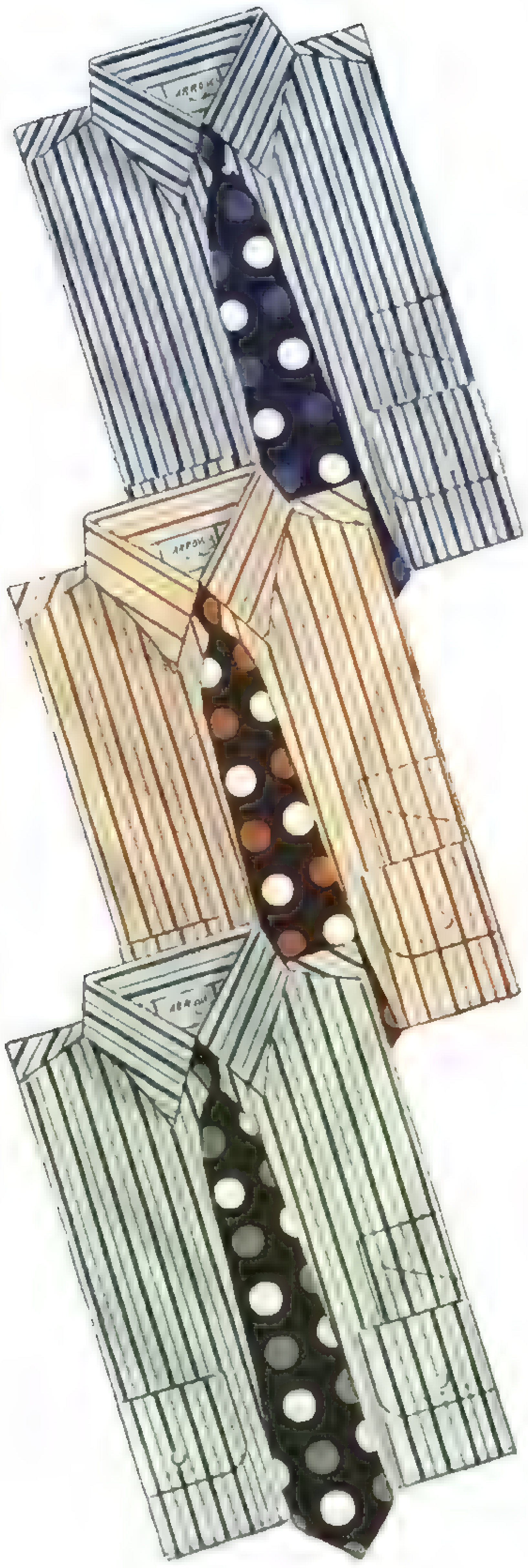
V

What is to be done? If a hundred men and women who have been going to school for sixteen years and more cannot read understandingly fourteen lines of poetry and agree on a meaning after twelve tries, how much or how little mutual understanding is there in our school, business, and social life?

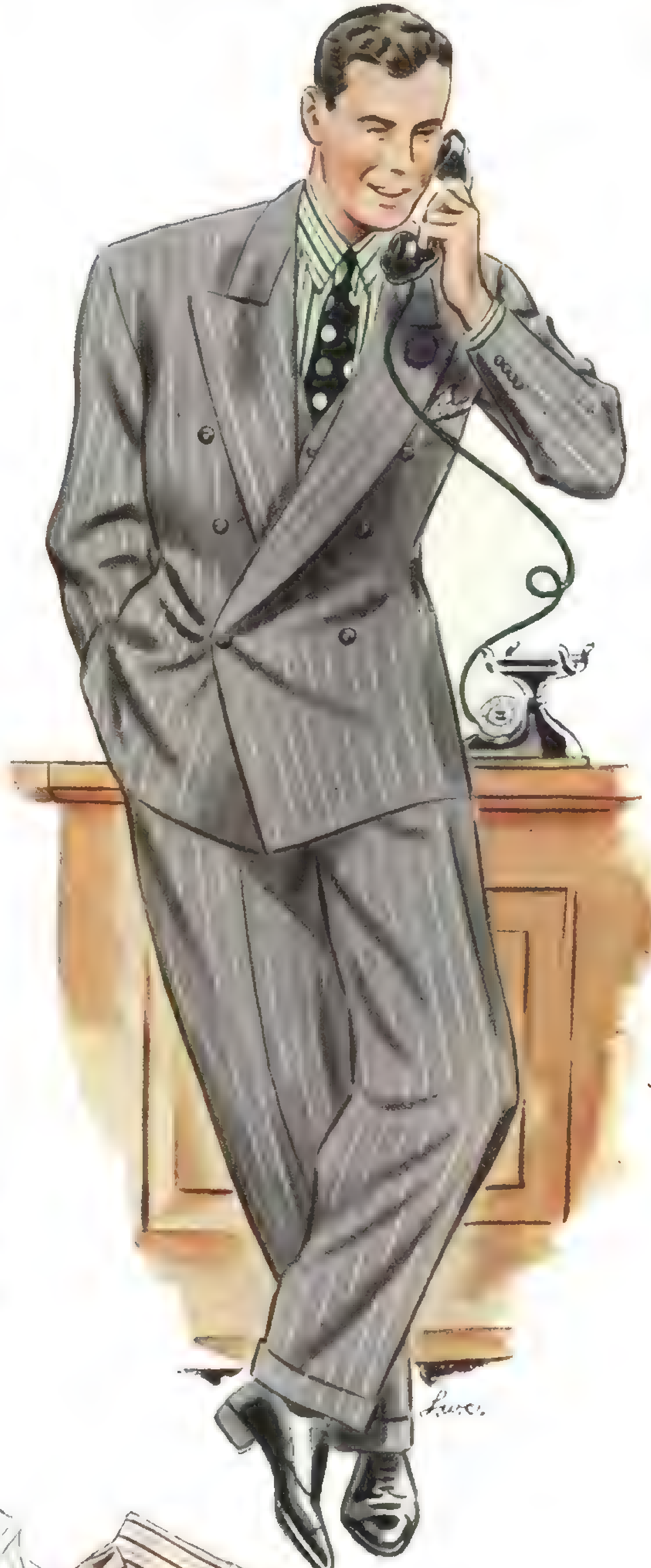
For one thing, isn't it silly to give these students a whole book to devour at one rapid reading and expect them to get the meat of the communication out of it? You and I, who have read Dos Passos' trilogy, a couple of hundred thousand words—are we talking about the same thing when we argue about this character and that? Of course we all agree that this yarn before us is a sea story and not a psychological study of an invalid in a sanatorium. But are we close on the "finer" points? Socially, "Yes, I'll have another of those cocktails" comes across without static—it is denotative—but how close together are we after the seventh cocktail as we grope about trading ideas on Life and Art and Love—each busy expressing himself, and listening with one-half an ear to the other fellow's contribution, like the women who couldn't connect about Gretchen's grandmother? Perhaps we aren't as badly off as the seaful of islands lonely and unable to touch that Matthew Arnold sang about; we do manage to swim out to a few places and back. We are probably missing a lot, but as they say, what you don't know won't hurt you.

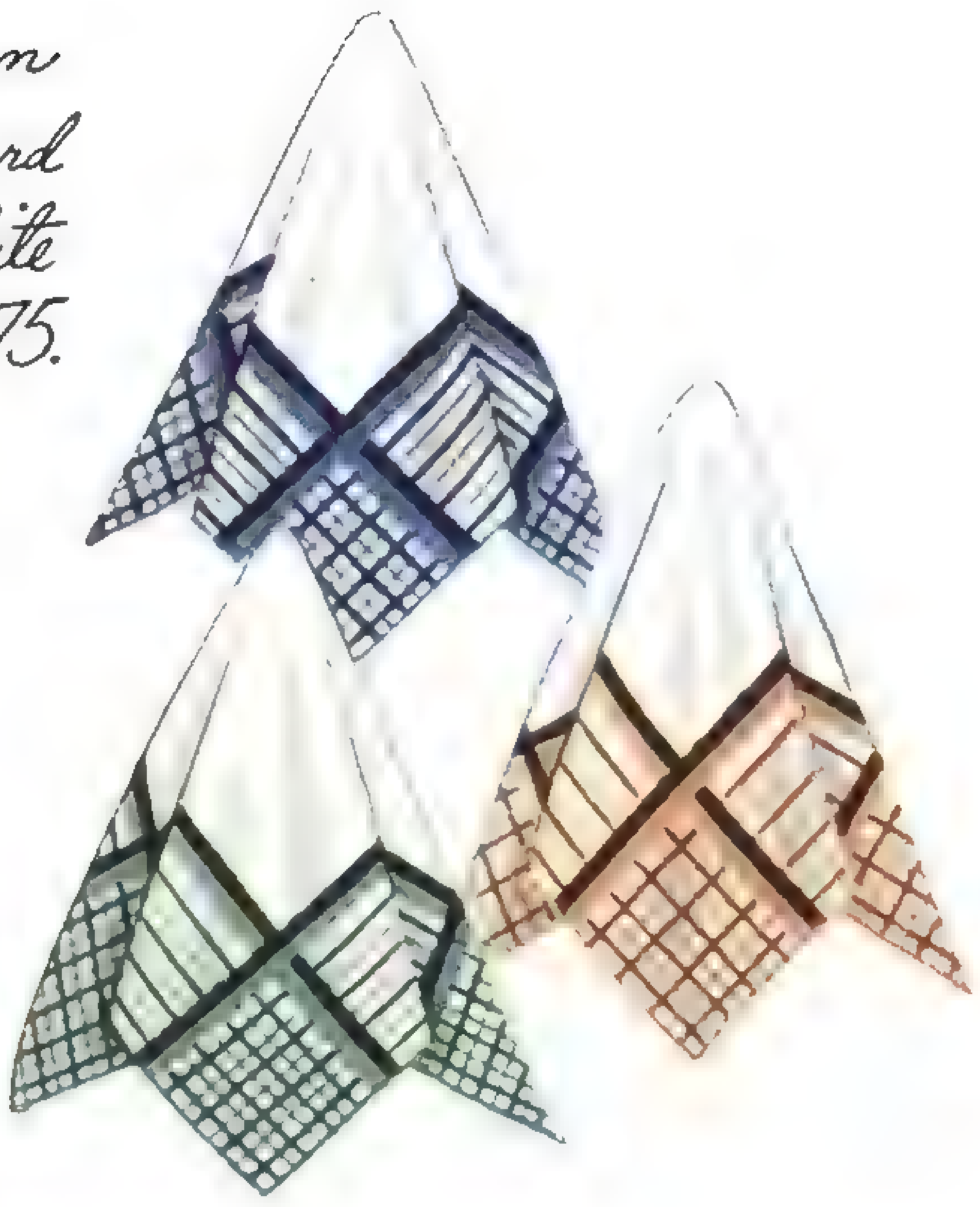
Maybe our arts and artists pin so much value on self-expression as against the older ideal of communication because of an inner suspicion that with self-expression you take fewer risks. You can't always carry the other fellow with you, but when all else fails, you can dependably kid, convince, thrill *yourself*.

It is comforting to remember that there are people who invariably get things wronger than we do. If the mind is a web insecurely hung, etc., there may be more dead flies in the other fellow's web. If worse comes to worse (and how it does!) there is Little Audrey to fall back on, that exquisite, epic Little Audrey who always fails to get the point, but is up and smiling for the next miss. And as the hillbilly had to have the slave, the nigger, beneath him as a cushion for a self-respect he could not get on his own, so we have the classic figures of Gracie Allen and other comic misfits, who are maybe not as dumb as the whole human race together, but a little dumber than any of us is likely to be at any one time. #



With *Mainline Stripes*, Arrow ushers in an important trend in shirtings—the trend toward colored sateen stripes set far apart on white broadcloth. Sanforized. Mitoga Form-fit. $2.75.





Arrow didn't call it quits after designing the shirts and ties for each other, but kept on and styled the *Mainline Stripe Handkerchiefs* to complete each ensemble. 50¢.

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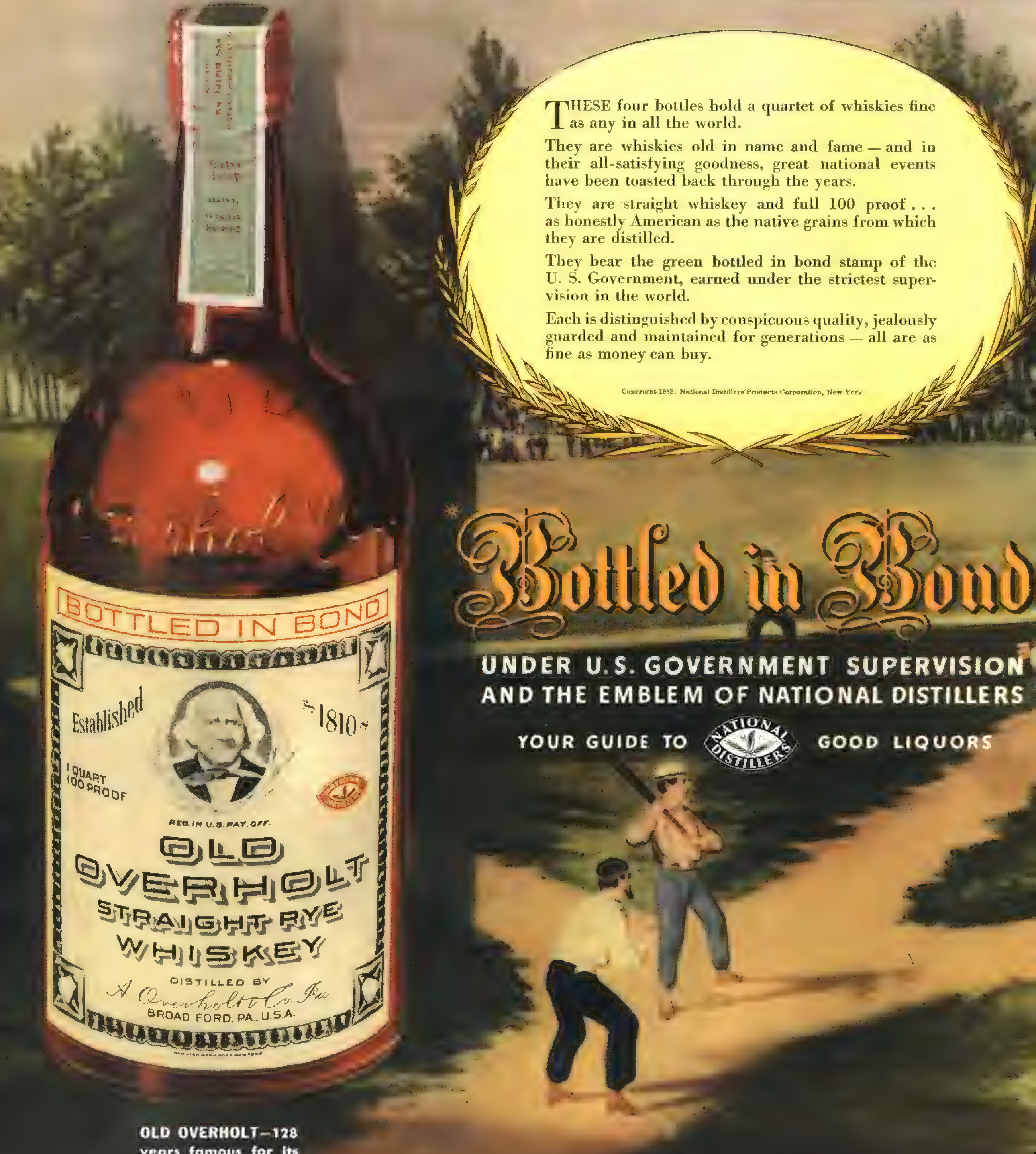
AMERICA'S FOUR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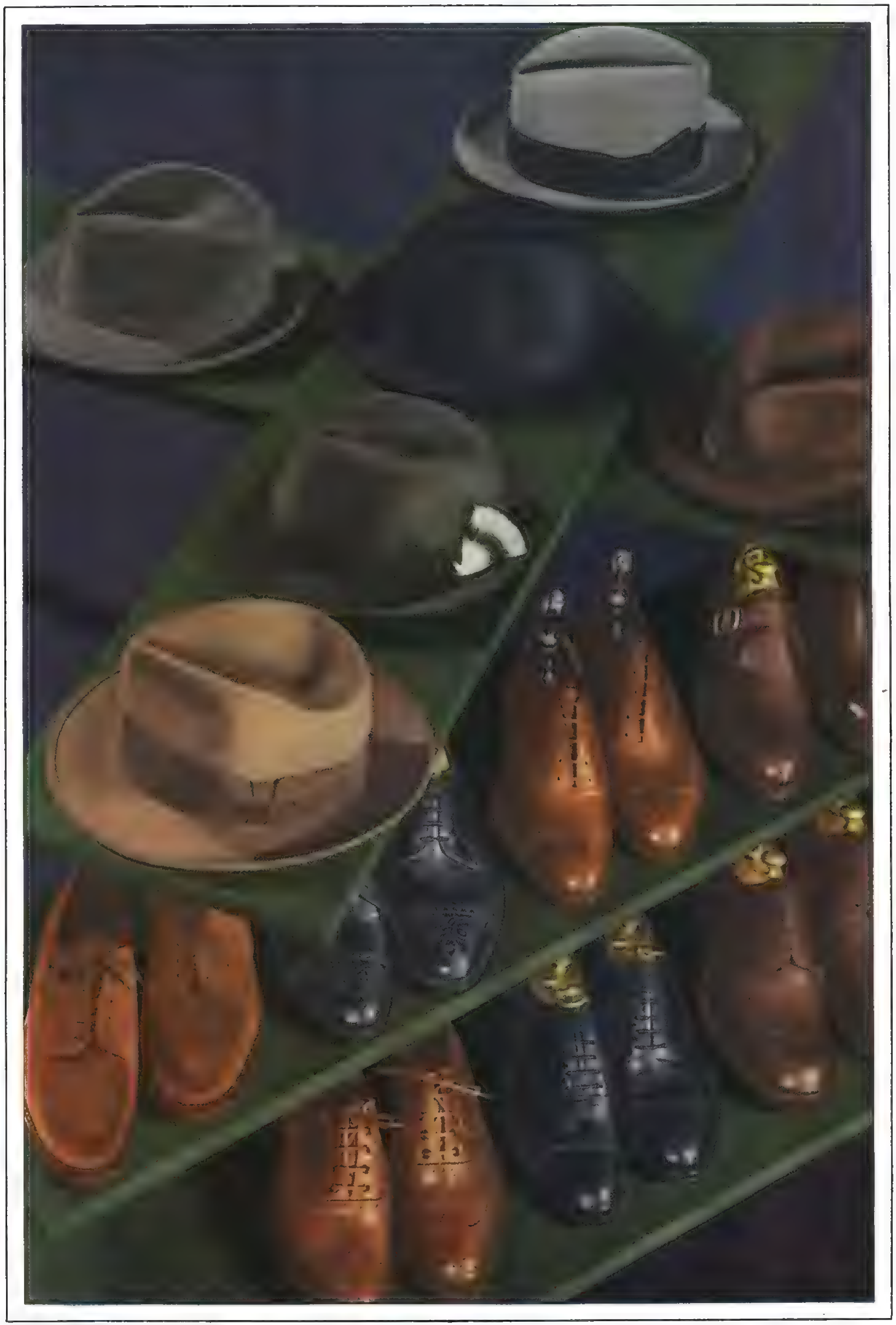
OLD GRAND-DAD
100 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U. S. GOV'T
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.
Mount Vernon
Brand
Straight Rye Whiskey
Bottled in Bond
Under Supervision of U.S. Govt.
Distilled By
100 Proof
The Mount Vernon Distillery Company
Baltimore, Md.

OLD TAYLOR — marked with the signature of a man who made whiskey history

OLD GRAND-DAD — one of the finest bourbons that ever came out of Kentucky

MOUNT VERNON — delicate in flavor . . . the patrician of American ryes



COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITING-FELLOWS

HIGHLIGHTING THE NEW HATS AND SHOES

There are no startling novelties in this picture but, unlike women's fashions, men's fashions march to a slow tempo of change so gradual as to be almost imperceptible. Thus, the purist would probably dub these hats and shoes as current rather than new. At the top is a grey felt with raw edge roll brim, next below is a black semi-Tyrolean hat with self finish band, to the left of which is a pebble grain semi-Tyrolean hat and on the opposite side a brown cavalier hat. The green hat is the full fledged Tyrolean, complete with cord and brush below which is a snapbrim with welt edge in the shade known as snuff color. The shoes are, left to right, reverse calf blucher with crepe soles, black calf blucher town shoes, pigskin town shoes, brown calf monk front, and on the next shelf below, brown Scotch grain brogues, plain black town shoes and brown calf Norwegian. The first and the last are for country wear.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Money on Morgan

Continued from page 72

wagged a bit, and the back wheels cut into the dirt. Half-way round he had cut across the others and was on the inside for the back straight. And as they came past the Stands at the end of the lap he was four lengths clear.

I looked at the Boss. But he was a dead-pan, and showed nothing. Rogers was leaning forward in his seat. Danny was glaring down at the Track like a crazy man. He bet very heavy, Danny did—sometimes too heavy, and he was a tough loser.

As the cars went onto the curve again, Patello moved up a bit, and on the back straight he passed Morgan and got in front. They came past the stands at the end of that lap, and Patello was still leading.

The crowd was going crazy the whole time. In the next five laps it was Patello; Morgan; Patello; Morgan; Patello. There weren't two lengths in it the whole way. Patello's crate was very fast and always pulled out on the straights but on every curve Morgan caught him. He would go in low, pushing his tail up a bit, cutting a great fan of dirt from his back wheels the whole way round as he fought the skid. The strain on his wrists must have been appalling, but he seemed to be holding the crate to an inch all the time. I never saw it done better.

When they came past us for the eighth time, Morgan was just in front. He was sitting bolt upright in the seat, his arms almost stiffly held out in front of him holding the wheel. Reilly, who was there with him, didn't look as if he thought it were funny in any way at all, but Morgan was grinning.

"By God! that boy's all right," Rogers said. "I never seen this stuff done better by anyone."

The Boss didn't say anything. His fist was punching up and down on his knee the whole time, and I knew he was getting worried. He had a lot of money on Morgan.

On the back stretch Patello gave it the gun and took the lead again. He was a fine driver, and doing all he knew. The rest of the field was nowhere, and one of the boys from the other Coast had dropped out.

They went into the last lap.

In front of our Pit one of the mechanics was waving a big board at Morgan, dancing up and down at the edge of the track. Reilly waved his arm as he went past, but Morgan took no notice. Patello was still in front, about four lengths up.

They went round the curve nose to tail, Morgan higher up than usual. Half-way round Morgan dived down and got clear. Patello wagged a bit, and on the back stretch Morgan was in front of him, going like a scalded dog. His exhaust note seemed half-a-tone higher.

They went into the last curve almost together, and the whole crowd stood up screaming at them. Patello had let Morgan get outside him for the first time, and didn't seem to like taking it low. They went up together, and it looked certain they must touch. But somehow Morgan kept clear, and kept his head. He dived off the bank onto the straightaway leading by a length—just like in the movies.

"He'll do it," I yelled out. "He'll do it . . . do it . . . Look! Look! Look!"

Danny threw his hat right in the air and grabbed the Boss by the arm. "He's done it. He's won," he said.

The cars roared over the line almost together. It was a lulu, as tight a finish as you could want to see.

I looked sideways at the Boss for a second, but he had jumped up, his eyes staring. Down there at the end of the straightaway people had started to scream.

Morgan and Patello were right close together, and Morgan was still on the outside, where the other boy liked to be. They were slowing now, but still moving plenty fast as they reached the curve.

As he ran up towards the wall, Morgan looked round. Patello was rattled, and sliding a bit, and his front wheel touched Morgan's. Then things happened.

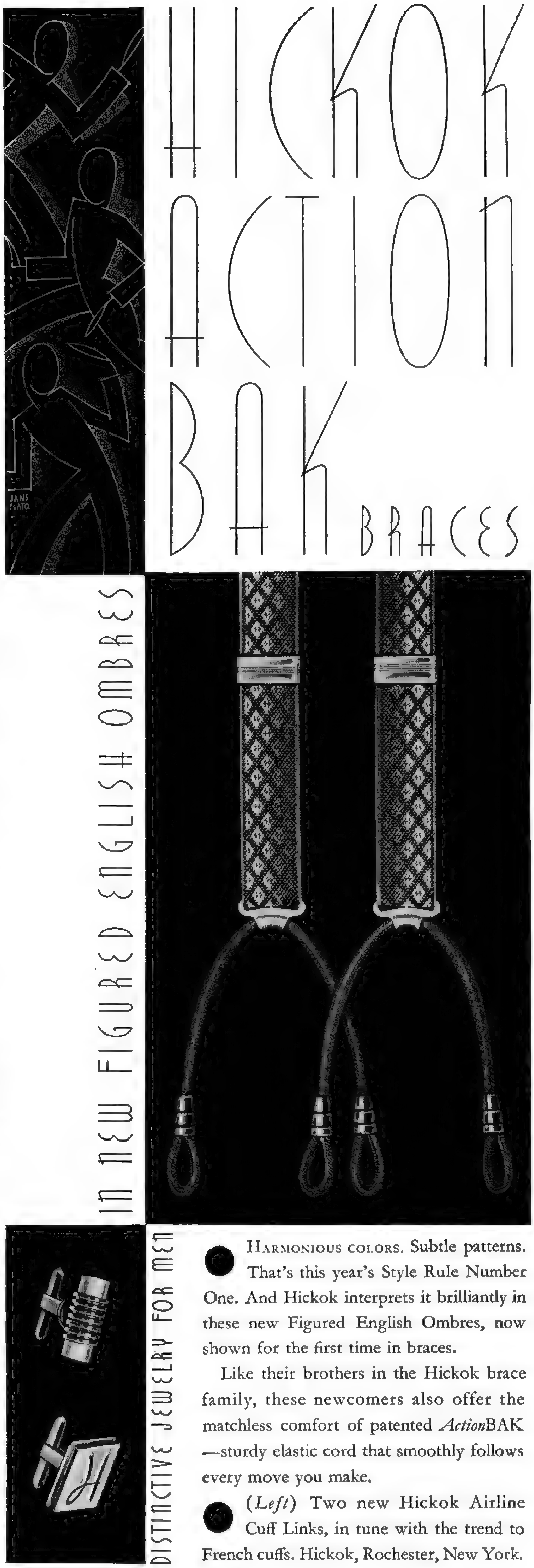
They swung apart, bouncing like golf balls. Patello slewed round twice, missing the rest of the cars by inches and a miracle. He lurched down to the inside edge, banged into the kerb, and stopped dead. But Morgan went on up and hit the wall. His off-side front wheel snapped off almost at once, and the car skidded round as the axle dropped. Reilly kept down and hung on tight, and though Morgan was flung out his leg got caught somehow. And he got dragged. He got dragged for thirty yards, until the crate turned over. Reilly was thrown clear and wasn't hurt, but when the thing caught fire Morgan couldn't get free. He never had a chance, I tell you. He never had a chance. Maybe you never saw a man die that way. And, if you haven't, you can believe me you don't want to. Because it isn't pretty.

We all stood there watching it, and we could do nothing. Everyone was screaming and yelling, and the black smoke and the stink poured across the whole place, like a fog.

And as I stood there I thought about young Morgan; about the way he drove, sitting upright in the car; the way he grinned when he spoke to me, never minding what I said. He was about twenty-three years old. It was pretty terrible to think about it, because, goddam it, he was only a kid . . .

When we went back to Town in the Boss's big Buick Danny drove, and I sat in the back with the Boss. He was slouched down in the corner of the seat, staring out the window. And we went a long way

Continued at top of page 128



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IN NEW FIGURED ENGLISH OMBRES

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Like their brothers in the Hickok brace family, these newcomers also offer the matchless comfort of patented *Action*BAK —sturdy elastic cord that smoothly follows every move you make.

● (*Left*) Two new Hickok Airline Cuff Links, in tune with the trend to French cuffs. Hickok, Rochester, New York.

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"But then I bought Bob shorts with Grippers . . .

"And now he doesn't have any more button troubles!"

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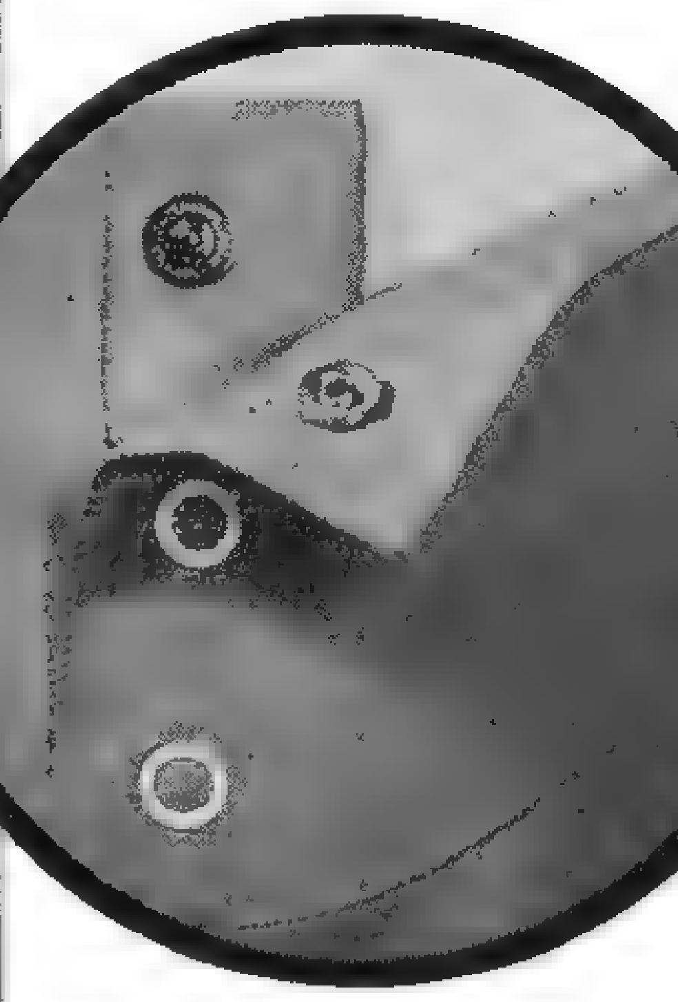

These leading brands of shorts have Grippers . . .

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by Wilson Brothers
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ALLEN-A SHORTS
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SEALPAX SHORTS
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THE MOSES ROSENTHAL CO.
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● Men are enthusiastic about Grippers on their shorts because they're neat and convenient and outlast the garment!

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Grippers were created specially for men's shorts. But be sure your shorts have genuine Grippers on them. Genuine Grippers have patented features which make them practically indestructible. The name "Grippers" is stamped plainly on every fastener.

Grippers are approved by the American Institute of Laundering and guaranteed by Good Housekeeping as advertised therein.

SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Button and Fastener Division
Waterbury, Connecticut
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Money on Morgan

Continued from pages 72-127

without anybody speaking a word.

Then I said: "It's no good worrying, Boss. I know how you feel. So does Danny. It was a God-awful thing to happen. We all know that. But it's no good going on thinking about it."

He turned his head and just looked at me. Then he laughed in a sour sort of way.

"Sure, sure," he said. "I don't have to worry. Oh no! Rogers scrams off with his offer—*that's* nothing! You're telling *me* it was a God-awful thing to happen! Do you think I'm crazy? Why, that car set me back ten thousand dollars—and what's it now? A heap of burned-out junk. And so I don't have to go on thinking about it, eh?" he said. "Ten thousand bucks—and a dead loss! What's the matter with you guys? Can't you *imagine* how I feel?" #

His Majesty's Secret Service

Continued from page 48

point of our defense,' he added. I nodded agreement, and he continued. 'Seventeh-nine,' he said, 'you are the chap to stop this leak. At whateveh cost. Sir William Beastley informs the Woah Office that he cahnt send a detail out for wood to cook his breakfast without losin' it. Sir William, to date, has lost fourteen breakfasts and nineteh-odd men. Can we permit England's dignity to be trifled with thus?' he demahnded. 'England, mind you, through whose veddy veins the blood of countless generations of warriors flows; England, queen of all our destinies! Well?'

"'Well, Sir Wilbert,' I said, 'I guess not.'

"'Where the devil have you bean pickin' up those horrid Amedicanisms?' he demahnded.

"'Well, ah, I've bean spyin' on a beautiful young Amedican gul,' I explained hastileh, blushin', 'whom I have reasons to believe is in the pay of the German Secret Service, sir.'

"'Never mind, Seventeh-nine. Let us stick to the mattah in hand. Can we permit England's dignity to be trifled with thus?' he repeated.

"'I rahther think not, sir,' I said.

"'That's betteh. What do you suggest, then?' he inquahed.

"'I fahncy,' I said, 'it would be beastly cleveh if I went out to Sir William's corps as a bally recruit. Act the fool, you know. I do it quite to perfection, Sir Wilbert. Quite. Get on to something that way, what? Go to the veddy heart of the source and that sort of thing.'

"Sir Wilbert laughed at me. 'My deah boy, you're rahther an ahss, you know, for all your genius,' he said in a not unkindleh tone. 'You're naïve, if I may say so, Seventeh-nine. You'd marely run afoul of some underling of the enemeh. We're huntin' largah game, old chap. It's the higher-ups we're ahfter.'

"I saw the logic of his point instantly. 'What are your odors, sir?'

"'We will secure you pahssports as an invalided Russian. You will repair to Geneva, where you will contact Herr Schlimmel, who is a loyal membah of the British Secret Service. He is known as Fifteh-two. Herr Schlimmel will put you in touch with Madam Uska, who is suspected of playin' both sides against the middle. In the meantime I will dispatch Twenteh-seven, a deucedly cleveh fellah, to Berlin, with Austrian pahssports. He will contact you from there. Farther instructions will reach you in due course. Good luck, Seventeh-nine.'

"'Good luck to you, sir,' I said, admirin' the astoundin' logic of this mahster intelligence. I told myself it is upon the shouldahs of such men as Sir Wilbert Eddington-Brookings that England and the Empah rests—not realizin' the peculiar irony of my thought."

"What?" asked Peterson-Jones, who had been trying to catch a fly beneath a whisky glass.

"I say, what about what?" asked the Major, puzzled.

"Well, about the eerie expiddience," said Lord Broadknoll, looking at his watch for the twentieth time.

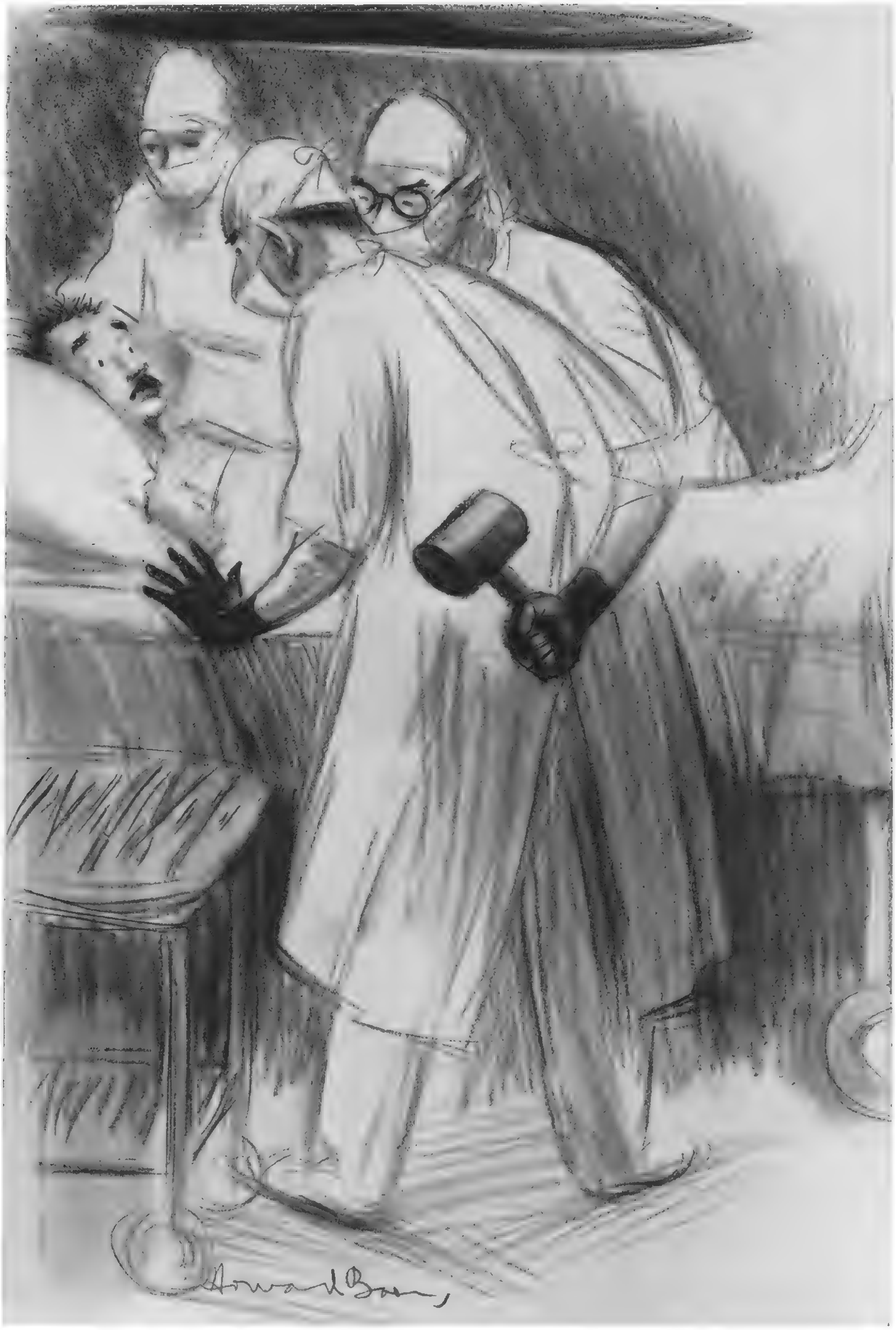
"I'm comin' to it, sir," said the Major.

"Ah," murmured Peterson-Jones.

"I'd all sorts of advenchahs on my junny to Geneva," continued the Major, well along into his second wind. "Met up with a Madame Madrinela, a young Spanish gul whom I suspected of bein' engaged in espionage. Charmin', dark-skinned lahss. We suspected each otheh until our train reached the bordah; she trahnsferred to anotheh train and that's the lahst I saw of her. The woah was full of these strange advenchahs; one met a charmin' lahss, and then she was gone, don't you know. One had no time to take these charmin' little affairs siddiously. Duty and all that sort of thing.

"Howeveh, I finally arrived in Geneva, and immediately reported at the residence of Herr Schlimmel. He turned out to be a veddy peculiah charactah. He told me he was an Australian of Russian parentage who had given up a commission in the German Armeh for a more lucrative post with the British Secret Service. He seemed a veddy trustwarthy fellah. If England had had more like Herr Schlimmel the woah might have ended long befoah it did, or so I was to discovah. He had a private stock of excellent Dutch ale in his cellah and we never spent a dull moment togetheh. We did the thitters and cafés befoah settlin' down to a siddious discussion of the situation. He placed the utmost confidence in Sir Wilbert, as I did.

Continued on page 130



"We're all out of ether"

"I WASN'T GOING AS FAST AS YOUR HAIR'S GOING"
PD

GIRLS aren't handicapped like men with the fear of approaching baldness. For by some irony of fate, Nature gave the weaker sex strong hair—the stronger sex weak hair.

Is *your* hair beginning to ornament your comb instead of your head? Is dandruff shedding on your coat and casting aspersions on your own good taste?

Then run, do not walk, to the nearest drug counter and get yourself one of those big square bottles of Kreml—good old tried and trusted Kreml.

Kreml *does* help to check falling hair. Kreml *does* do a good, thorough job of removing dandruff.

And Kreml is one of the finest, most pleasant hair dressings known to man—and woman, for though it makes the hair behave it's not sticky or greasy.

FLASH! Kreml's down in price so now it costs less than ever to treat your hair and scalp to Kreml *every* day!

Ask your barber or beauty shop for a Kreml treatment, too. It's getting to be one of the most popular items on the barber shop line-up.

Try Kreml Shampoo. It's a fine ally of Kreml Hair Tonic in the job of keeping your hair looking and feeling fit. Made from an 80% olive oil base, it leaves your hair silky and easy to comb.

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF—CHECKS FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

His Majesty's Secret Service

Continued from pages 48-128

Finally he introduced me to Madame Uska.

"This Madame Uska was an ugly, shrewish individual with a stooped, mannish appearance. I took an instant dislike to her. We all suspected that she was in direct contact with Berlin. Howeveh, as she was at the moment an accredited membah of the French Secret Service, and our ally, we could do nothin' but keep her under surveillance and bide our time. Herr Schlimmel and I bided our time by roundin' up a great many gul suspects; one I recall particularleh—a charmin' lahss who told us her name was Mademoiselle Murfin. She spoke French with a Greek accent; we suspected her of bein' in the pay of the Turks, who, you will remembah, were campaignin' against Allenby down in—well, wherever it was.

"Soon reports began to come through from Berlin. Twenteh-Seven, whom Sir Wilbert had dispatched there under Austrian pahssports, had uncovered the movements of Señor Ghandelli, whom we all knew was actin' High Chief of the German Secret Service. This Ghandelli was the most elusive of all the agents then engaged in espionage. No one had ever seen him, not even a single membah of his own stahff in the German High Commahnd. Our advices from Twenteh-seven in Berlin were that Ghandelli was right there in Geneva, undoubtedly under our veddy noses. The tahsk we had set ourselves seemed superhuman. It was the mahster agent, Ghandelli himself, who was unquestionably receivin' information from his operatives in our own Seventh Corps, under the commahnd of Major-General Sir William Beastley. The veddy fate of England and the Empah was in our hands.

"It was my opinion that Madame Uska was really Señor Ghandelli. How far wrong I was you shall soon see. Herr Schlimmel thought my suspicions were fantahstic, but I explained that if Ghandelli were as cleveh as we gave him credit for bein', he was first probably a woman, second an old and ugly woman who would be in no dangah of losin' secrets by bein' attracted toward one of our handsome agents, and thud, he would of course be an accredited agent in the Allied Service. This evidence I considered overwhelmin' at the time. Herr Schlimmel protested against my theory so violently that I could do nothing but turn my suspicions toward him.

"Howeveh, as I was acceptin' Herr Schlimmel's hospitality and his Dutch ale and all that sort of thing, and we had come to be jolly ripping friends, I did my best to allay my suspicions toward him. On the otheh hand I kept a fine watch on Madame Uska. Even if she were not actually Señor Ghandelli she was, without question, something rotten in Denmark, as it were, and I suspected that my time would not be wasted in keepin' her under close observation.

"Soon advices began to come through from Sir Wilbert in Paddis. Señor Ghandelli was reported definitely to be in Geneva. We *must* uncovah Ghandelli's activities or all were lost. The veddy Empah was at stake, to say nothing of Sir William Beastley's breakfasts. Our reports from Berlin contained detailed instructions. While no description of Ghandelli came through we were given definite tips on his whereabouts. I evolved a plan with Herr Schlimmel. He should keep a strict watch on Madame Uska, whom I still hoped would turn out to be Ghandelli, while I ran down the information from Paddis and Berlin.

"Now, gentlemen, I come to the weird expiddience you have all no doubt bean expectin'. Returnin' home ahfter a long day spent in the vaddious cafés drinkin' absinthe and watchin' suspects, I dropped in to have Herr Schlimmel's report. Suddenly Madame Uska stepped from behind a curtain. There was a cudious gleam in her eyes. 'Ghandelli is dead, sir!' she exclaimed in a hoarse voice. 'Congratulations. Our work is done.'

"I turned to Herr Schlimmel. 'What's the meaning of this?' I demahnded. 'Why does she say Señor Ghandelli is dead? I demahnd an explanation, sir.'

"'Do you know who this woman is?' said Herr Schlimmel quietly.

"'No,' I replied. 'But I'd like to.'

"With this, gentlemen, Madame Uska threw off a long wig and stepped out of her ugly dress. A man stood before me in the full dress of the Ninth Fusiliers—a Dorsetshire regiment. 'This,' said Herr Schlimmel impressiveleh, 'is Colonel (later Sir Wilbert) Eddington-Brookings, of His Majesty's Secret Service!'

"I drew myself up and saluted.

"'And I, sir,' he added, 'am Major-General Sir William Beastley, erstwhile commahnder of the Seventh Corps.'

"I was, as you can well imagine, rahther dumbfounded. 'But who,' I cried, 'was the gentleman to whom I spoke in our Paddis Bureau? The gentleman who called himself Sir Wilbert?'

"'That,' said the Colonel, with a twinkle in his eye, 'was none otheh than Señor Ghandelli himself, who has just bean arrested and executed. Ah, we gave him enough rope to hang himself, eh, Beastley, old boy?'

"It was a bit ghahstleh. I'd bean had. 'We used you as a decoy, Mawkley, my boy,' continued the Colonel. 'You've done splendidleh. There'll be a DM in it for you, you know.' And so there was, I might add." Major Mawkley paused in his narrative to note the effect of his dénouement. Nobody said anything. Finally he murmured, "Damned eerie expiddience, what?"

"Rather," agreed Lord Broadknoll. ⧺

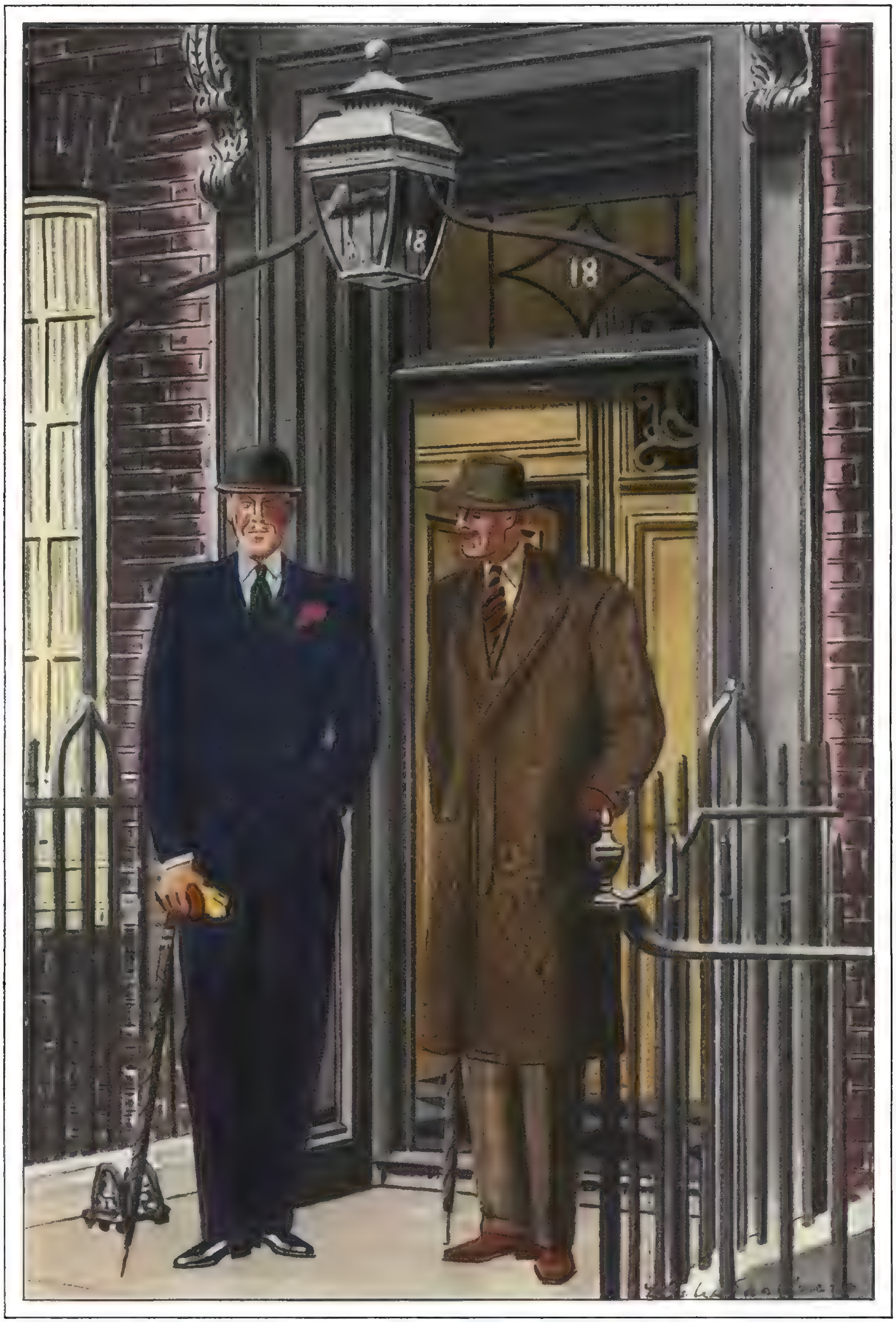
BALI BACHELOR'S PARTY..
AMBASSADOR OF GOODWILL TO 87 COUNTRIES
Canadian Club
Canadian Whisky
Distilled and Bottled by
Hiram Walker & Sons
Limited
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada
1931

"**IN BALI**, land of ceremonies, even a 'bachelor party' calls for an elaborate dance by the men," postcards P. J. Stafford, "so you'd think one ceremony more wouldn't surprise me—but I found one that did, here in the local tavern. It was the very same ritual of hospitality which I enjoy so much back home—a generous 'Canadian Club'!"

Have you ever tasted "Canadian Club"? For 80 years it has been the cheering friend of all who've tried it. Hiram Walker's "Canadian Club" (90.4 proof) is a luxury everyone deserves—yet actually it costs but little more than "other whiskies."

Hiram Walker also makes rye, bourbon, Scotch, gin and a complete line of liqueurs, cordials and prepared cocktails—whatever type you like, at whatever price you like to pay. At leading dealers and your favorite clubs, bars, hotels. Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Peoria, Illinois; Distilleries at Peoria; Walkerville, Ontario; Glasgow, Scotland.

Hiram Walker's "CANADIAN CLUB"



PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE IN LONDON BY LESLIE SAALBURG

The Bucks' club at 18 Clifford Street, London, is one of the most fashionable clubs in England and its members are probably responsible for the launching of more new fashions toward international acceptance than any other one body of men in the world.

AT EASE OUTSIDE THE BUCKS' CLUB, LONDON

BOTH outfits pictured here are worthy of study as representing two distinct trends for the season which have won definite acceptance here as well as in England. On the left a double breasted navy blue hopsack suit with four-button front, rolled to the lower button, worn with a light blue sleeveless pullover, an item for those in-between spring days which don't quite warrant wearing a topcoat. The shirt is grey striped broadcloth, with semi-wide-spread starched collar. Blue and green Spitalfields tie, plain box calf shoes and the current bowler. Note the well rolled umbrella, yellow chamois gloves, and clove red carnation. The other depicts typical semi-sports items, notably the fly-front tweed topcoat with a low opening and two buttons beneath the fly. The Glen Urquhart Saxony suit is worn with an ivory color silk shirt, regimental stripe tie, reverse calf shoes and semi-Tyrolean hat.

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FROM A KODACHROME ORIGINAL

"And now I'll never forget"...

Take a movie camera—and you'll really possess the lands you visit

MAGAZINE CINÉ-KODAK loads in three seconds. You don't touch the film. It comes in a magazine. Just slip the magazine into place, close the camera cover and shoot. Effortless loading is only one of six new features in this remarkable pocket-size movie camera. With fast *f*.1.9 lens, $125; including combination carrying case, $137.50.

CINÉ-KODAK "K" is the most widely used 16 mm. home movie camera—it's so simple, yet so fine. You get clear, brilliant movies at the touch of a lever. Performs beautifully for the beginner, and, as your skill increases, responds to every exacting demand. Loads with full 100 feet of 16 mm. film. With *f*.1.9 lens, $88.50; including case, $100.

...AND FOR PROJECTION

For clearer, more brilliant projection, use Kodascope, the Eastman-made projector which teams up beautifully with Ciné-Kodak and shows your pictures at their best.

Ciné-Kodaks, Kodascopes and Ciné-Kodak Film are all Eastman-made, designed to work together, and backed by world-wide Eastman service.

THEY'RE crowded with new impressions—those days when you're traveling in a foreign land.

So many strange, beautiful, exciting scenes. Your mind can hardly hold them. You go to bed each night bewildered by all you have seen during the day—knowing your memory can never retain it.

Today thousands of people aren't trusting to memory—they trust to a movie camera.

It doubles the fun of travel if you take movies as you go along—there are so many interesting and fascinating things you want to record.

And then—when you come home again from your travels, you've got something. You really possess the lands you've visited—their life, their movement, their gaiety and charm.

With Eastman's finer home movie cameras—Magazine Ciné-Kodak and Ciné-Kodak "K"—even the novice can get wonderful movies; clear, brilliant, pulsing with life and motion.

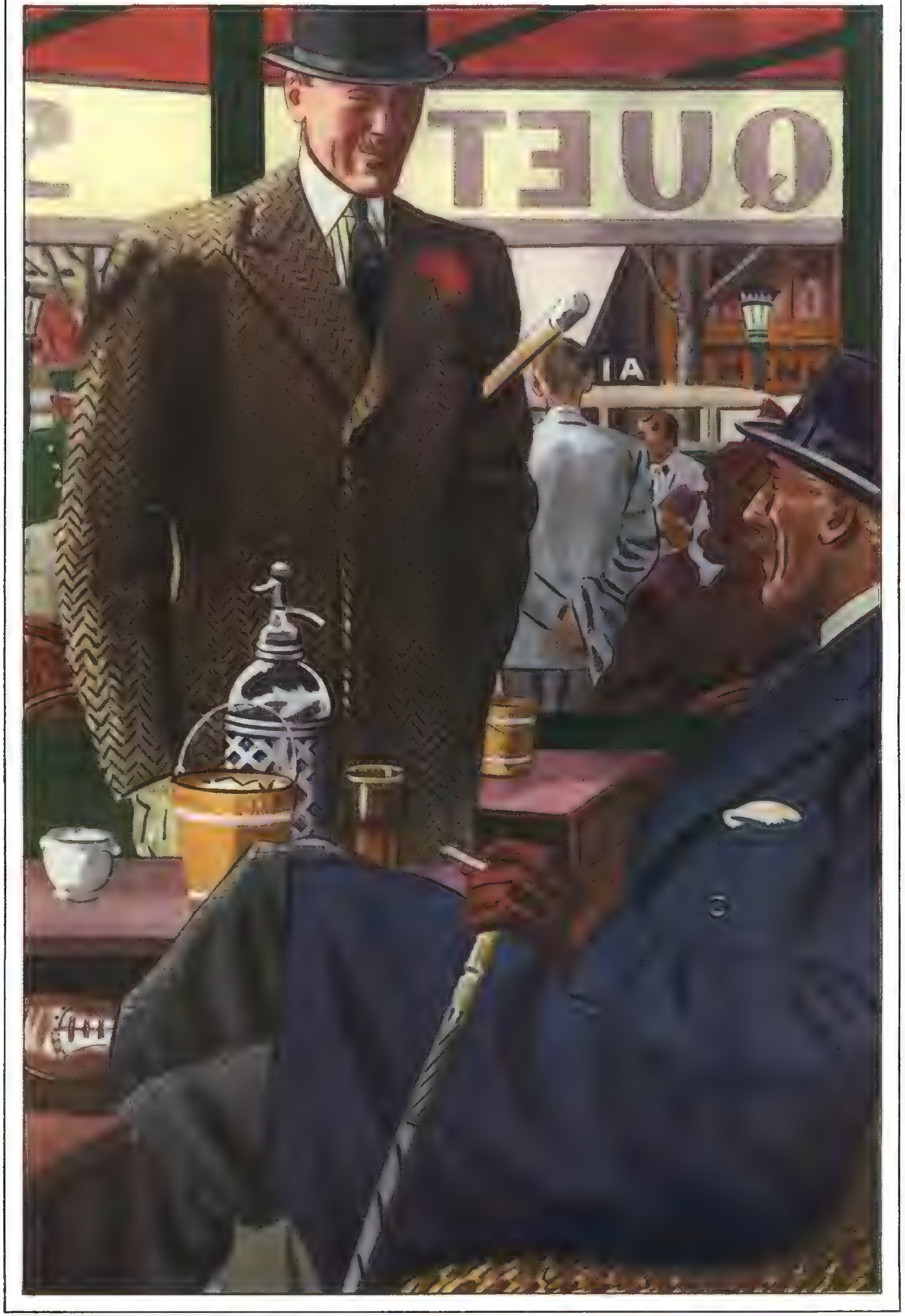
These are the two most popular of all 16 mm. home movie cameras.

FULL-COLOR KODACHROME—And simply by changing your film—loading your Ciné-Kodak with Kodachrome instead of black-and-white—your movies will be flooded with the glory of full color.

You can hardly imagine, until you see them, how marvelously lifelike and beautiful color makes them.

Drop in at your dealer's—let him show you these 16 mm. Ciné-Kodaks. And some sample reels, both in black-and-white and full color . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Ciné-Kodak EASTMAN'S FINER HOME MOVIE CAMERAS



PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE IN PARIS BY LESLIE SAALBURG

The scene is Fouquet's on the Champs Elysées, famous for its cuisine and for the long continued popularity of its outdoor café, one of the few that are patronized equally by Parisians and by travelers.

BLACK IS WORN WITH BROWN IN PARIS TOO

ALTHOUGH the best dressed Frenchmen are virtually indistinguishable from well dressed Englishmen, in general France lags behind England and America in its acceptance of changing fashions for men. It is only now that the French have begun to accept the combination of black and brown in the same outfit, although it is a couple of seasons since this ceased to be a startling novelty in the outfits of Englishmen and Americans. The man at left combines a brown herringbone fly-front peak lapel topcoat with a black derby and a black satin tie. The shirt is ivory color with darker stripe and in the tie is a diamond sporting stickpin. The suit, which cannot be seen, is a brown worsted worn with black shoes. The other outfit consists of a double breasted blue medium weight coat, dark grey sharkskin suit worn with mahogany colored shoes, red cape gloves, blue Homburg hat and striped shirt.

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From Chicken Shack to Casino

Continued from page 75

These newer palaces have a theatrical installation in which you could lose a Reinhardt production (and maybe that wouldn't be such a bad idea either). They have revolving and shifting floors and mirrors overhead (to reflect the inevitable acrobat on a rope) and all sorts of tricks. The last show I saw at the French Casino used all its mechanical effects in a ballet with a political theme—I have forgotten how they got away with communism and fascism. The International has a spectacle about the sun (with *two* girls representing the dawn). They all have to have something of the sort or it isn't legal; usually the Marriage of Jazz and the Classics comes to life again. Or Something (love, maybe) Around the World or Through the Ages. These things don't matter—much. The feathers are plenty and the flesh is not weak. It's all for the eye—and you wonder why they bother about a theme at all.

In effect, the big night club has democratized entertainment—not quite enough because you can't get by with a mere dollar or two. They have gone to the opposite extreme of the exclusive places which are still speakeasies by nature and have their points. If anyone you know—or anyone famous—is in the place, the chances are ten to one you won't be within a city block of them. (I once tripped over Lou Holtz's leg at a show and was set up for the night.) You can't care a hoot who else is around, provided there are enough people to give the sensation of excitement, the exhilaration of a good time. You get what Baudelaire called "a bath in the crowd." And you get a show thrown in. The wonder is not that so many flourish; the wonder is that any fail. #

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 93

write music, the conductor and I, are not in the least interested in your maudlinity. I've looked up the law. There is no statute or requirement anywhere in it that requires you to listen in. By a simple twist of the dial, you can get some profound music, as you understand music to be, or you can wait until the Italian with the hurdy-gurdy comes around who usually has one profound piece in his repertory, either by Verdi or Saint-Saëns."

I can't recommend Mr. Taylor's *Of Men and Music* too highly to you. When you are reading it, it is as if Deems Taylor had come to your home as a friendly guest and, in an arm-chair, with whatever Mr. Taylor likes to drink in arm-reach, he had talked about music and musicians as though he liked you and respected your intelligence.

That should be a treat for anybody—to have Deems Taylor as a guest and in a mood to talk. He is a composer and a serious musician as well as a commentator on music; and if you have mistaken ideas about what the word "serious" means in regard to music, or in regard to any art, he will (possibly) correct these ideas.

Serious music, serious art of any kind, is not necessarily something that will make you see a broken doll on a rubbish pile. For the serious musician, the serious artist, Life and Death are imponderables much greater than that. They are such great and such imponderable matters that, if he is a good artist, he will rarely trust himself to try to articulate them, even by suggestion, in music. He will be afraid of writing broken doll and dead kitten music. He will turn, rather, to the very opposite of what his temporary emotions are concerned with; for only by doing so . . . . . . but let Deems Taylor tell you:

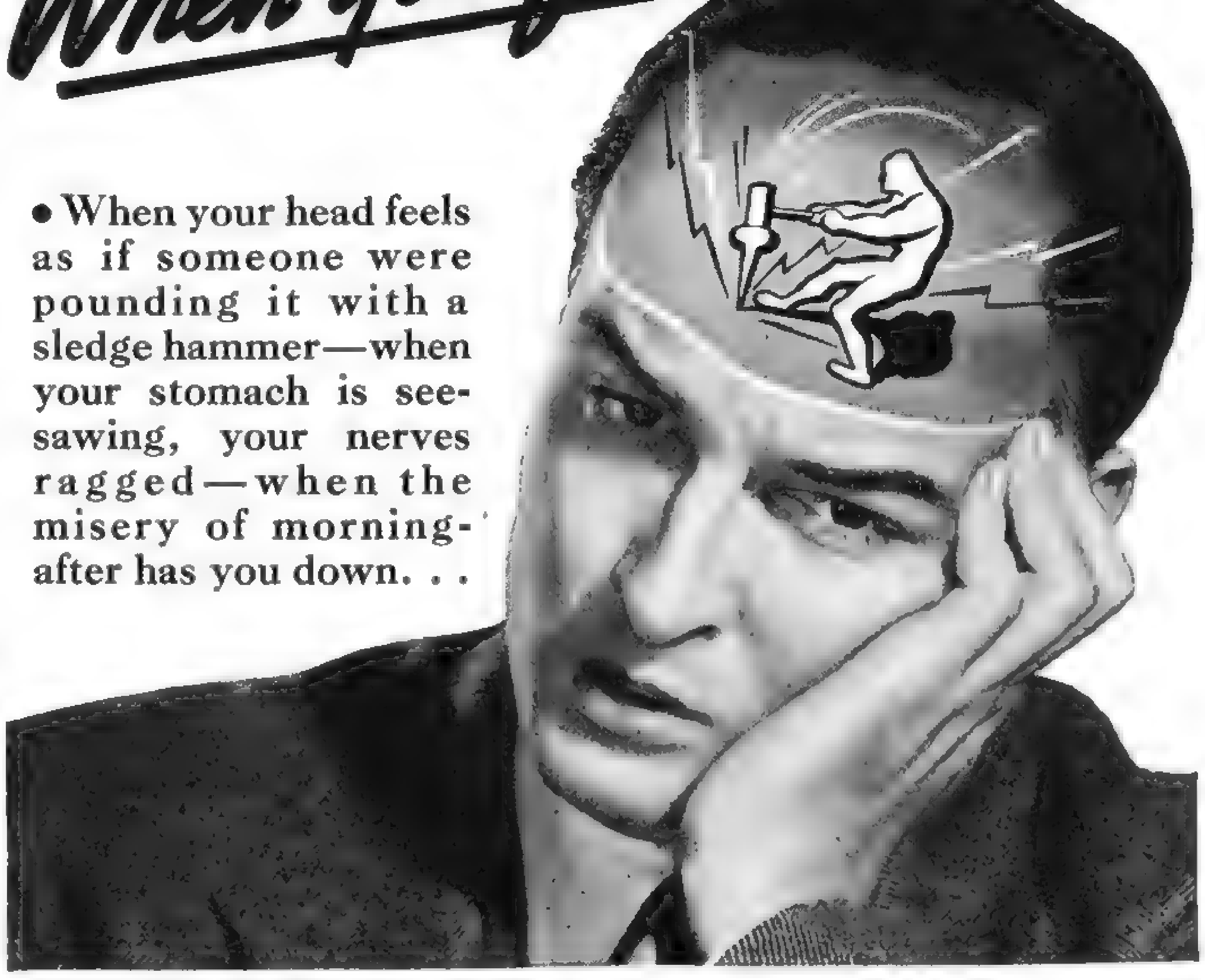
"The truth of the matter is that no composer has the time or energy to spare, when he sits down to write music, to think about his private troubles. When he is writing music, he is practicing his profession, and any preoccupation with his own affairs is a hindrance, not a help, in practicing it. If his life is a troubled one, his music is all the more likely to be a refuge, a denial, of that life. I cannot say, with any authority, exactly what went through the minds of Mozart, Beethoven, and Tchaikovsky when they wrote their symphonies. Of one thing I *am* sure: that as they wrote, they were thinking, not about Mozart, Beethoven, and Tchaikovsky, but about music."

Mr. Taylor is trying to create an audience of music lovers, not an audience composed of ermine-clad women who *just love* Tchaikovsky's music because he (Tchaikovsky) was *such a desperately* unhappy man. Mr. Taylor asks what the hell is desperately unhappy about the *Nutcracker Suite*, or the *Sleeping Beauty* ballet. "What," he asks, "is there morbid or pessimistic about the B flat piano concerto or the violin concerto? The *Romeo and Juliet* fantasy is romantic, dramatic, lyric, tragic, if you like. But its tragedy is only the elevated, cleansing, almost stimulating tragedy of the original story. For that matter, what of the *Fifth Symphony?* You can hardly call a symphony morbid that contains a waltz in both its first and third movements."

Here Mr. Taylor slips a little. I mean in the paragraphs that follow. You can't blame him. He has been badgered so much by people who go to symphony concerts to be sad and who can be sad as sad can be through *Tyl Eulenspiegel* and who don't want to be told that the piece is, and is supposed to be, amusing. He writes, "But doesn't most of the music that affects us most deeply

Continued on page 136

When you feel like this—

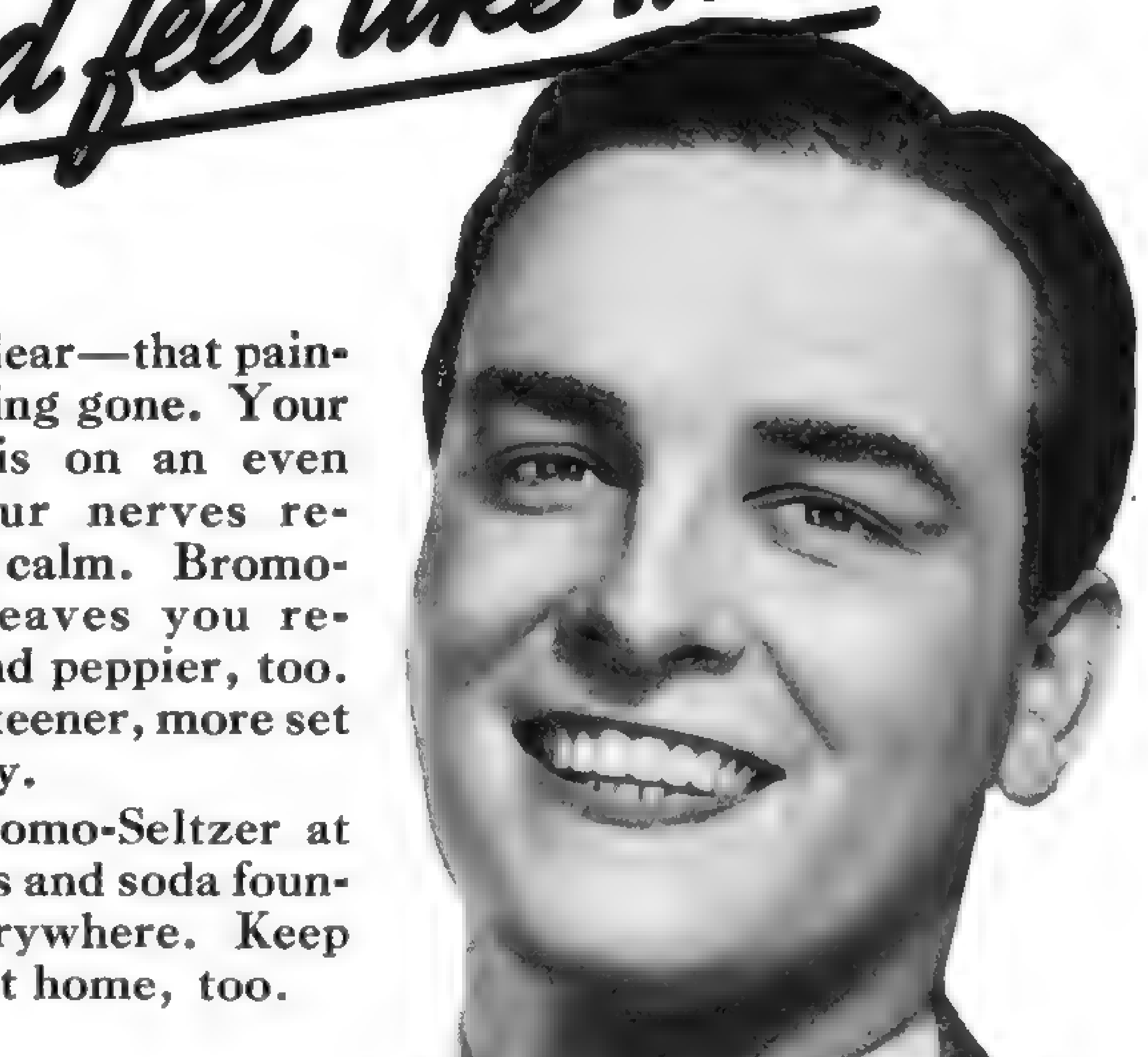


• When your head feels as if someone were pounding it with a sledge hammer—when your stomach is see-sawing, your nerves ragged—when the misery of morning-after has you down. . .

Do this

. . . snap out of it the way doctors proved *faster*. Take Bromo-Seltzer! It does *more* for you. Not only relieves headache pain, but settles the *stomach*—calms the *nerves*—ALKALIZES! Soon you're smiling . . .

And feel like this



. . . head clear—that painful pounding gone. Your stomach is on an even keel—your nerves relaxed and calm. Bromo-Seltzer leaves you refreshed and peppier, too. You feel keener, more set for the day.

Get Bromo-Seltzer at drugstores and soda fountains everywhere. Keep it handy at home, too.

BROMO-SELTZER

Makes you feel fit FASTER

Presenting the new *handi-pen* desk set

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★ **You are proud to have its streamlined beauty on your desk**

Now you can end the annoyance of pens that constantly run dry.

Handi-pen desk set holds six ounces of ink — enough for the average user for a whole year. The feather-light, iridium-tipped, gold-plated pen rests in ink at the proper level . . . is always ready to write with smoothness and speed. No constant dipping; no clogging or flooding. Practically no evaporation — the ink doesn't dry hard on the pen point.

What a beauty *handi-pen* is! Its black, unbreakable bakelite sides with colorful, contrasting tenite top make it an attractive desk set that you are proud to have friends and business acquaintances see.

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Send me the name of my nearest *handi-pen* dealer where I can get *a handi-pen* on a free, 10-day trial. I understand there is no obligation on my part.

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 93-135

come under the general category of 'sad' music?"

Mr. Taylor knows that it doesn't; he knows Wagner affects *him* very deeply and Wagner isn't 'sad' ever, or hardly ever; and he knows Szumanowski's *Third Symphony* and he knows there is not a 'sad' thing in it, except the passages necessitated by the sonata and symphonic form, which is a form demanding in its purest meaning, a complete expression of life from birth to death, with all the emotion, in which many of them are tragic and only a few 'sad.'

Mr. Taylor tells the personal stories of a great number of musicians, composers and teachers of music (including a sketch of his old teacher of counterpoint, Oscar Grower) and he tries to make it clear that a man and his music are necessarily allied, since signed work came into existence, but that it is a grievous mistake to try to interpret a man's music about what gossip or history has told you of his personal life. Mr. Taylor has a fine essay on Wagner, the monster, to point his message. And to point it even more, he tells us the tragic story of Mozart, whose life, from the gossip's standpoint, was full of humiliation and adversity:

"His last commission came in the summer of 1791, from a Count von Walsegg, who had a habit of buying works of composers and having them played as his own. The Count wanted a requiem mass, and Mozart set to work on it, although he was on what proved to be his deathbed. Incidentally, to the credit of the Count, be it said that when he did have the mass performed, two years later, it was under the composer's name. Mozart died just before the mass was finished, on December 5, just before his thirty-sixth year. Everybody was very much upset by the news. One of his former patrons, the Baron von Swieten, actually called upon his widow, the next day, to advise her not to spend too much money on the funeral. She didn't. She didn't have it to spend. Mozart was buried in the pauper's field in Vienna—just where, no one knows."

That paragraph is one in which Mr. Taylor, an artist in literature as well as in music, is drawing (effectively) the long melodic line of irony. It is not more "profound," however, than this statement, which will strike many "music lovers" as being facetious:

"He (Mozart) was born in domestic service. His father, Leopold Mozart, was a musician attached to the household of the Archbishop of Salzburg. As such, although he was a violinist and composer, he had the standing of a servant. Actually, that isn't as bad as it sounds. Such was the social standing of nearly all composers in his day. Things have improved since then, of course. Formerly we paid them to compose, and made them eat with the help. Now we let them eat with the family, and don't pay them anything."

In saying that Mr. Taylor is not uttering a personal grievance. He is writing like the composers he speaks of when he says "they were thinking, not about Mozart, Beethoven, and Tchaikovsky, but about music." And if you are a broken doll music lover, let me tell you that Mr. Taylor is one of the highest paid radio commentators in the world and he does not want you to be sad about him. He would like, though, for you to remember that the soul of the artist, "is concerned, not with the griefs and joys of a day, or a year, but with eternal and universal things."

I should like to go on about Deems Taylor's book and to quote yards of epigrams from it, for I am a little afraid that some of you may not realize what a stimulating, instructive, entertaining, soundly thought-out, deep-from-the-heart book it is, because it is rather slight in format. Mr. Taylor's style is easy, chatty, informal in tone. But, let me tell you, or let me and any one of ten serious musicians who know their stuff much better than I will ever know it tell you (just ask them about Taylor's book), that he compresses into about ten pages more sense about Beethoven than Romain Rolland got into two volumes weighing about six pounds—in fact, Rolland is so romantically interested in music that it is all broken doll stuff to him and so his Beethoven is a six pound book grieving over Beethoven and telling you how the composer's troubles were so great that because he lost a penny once he sat down and composed a sad piece about the loss, tragic as tragic as the much-discussed bang of Fate on the door in another of his musical compositions (you know which one: I'm just teasing you). The composition Beethoven wrote about the loss of that penny was a rondo. A rondo is comical or at least something light and amusing and this Beethoven rondo might well be a musical interpretation of a man looking for a dropped collar button while his wife is yelling that he better hurry up or they will miss the first act of a show. Rolland tries to make out that Beethoven's loss of a penny was so tragic a matter that he sat down and wrote something like Rachmaninoff's "Oh, My Gawd," *C-Sharp Minor Prelude,* —a piece for so many years in demand by piano students at Rachmaninoff concerts (from which he rigidly excluded it in his program) that I have seen the poor man go white when the audience asked for it, as though his stomach were turning upside down at the very thought of it, then go green as the piano-students' applause increased, then red with impatience as the applause kept up and shouts for the *Prelude* kept up, and then bang it out into marvellous, "God-damn you!"

Frozen Fishermen

Continued from page 78

of the species the winter angler must contend with is the fellow who, before chopping his first hole, paces off so many steps to the north and east, finally winding up in a hip-high drift forty feet up on shore.

One school of fishermen boasts of its bait wigglers. Another group insists that the minnow must remain dormant until the bobber freezes up in the hole. Only the fish laughs last and longest.

Then there are the leave-earlies who want to pull up stakes before the others have even untangled their lines, and there are the die-hards who, fish or no fish, don't give in until completely snowed under. I've fetched crappies beside fellows upon whose vocal chords cold weather had the same effect as a steaming hot shower. While ice chips flew, the music went 'round in circles—but the fish didn't come out anywhere. Nor could you blame them.

Wherever winter fishermen gather, you will find both optimists and pessimists. Most ice anglers, fortunately, are optimists. The optimist says, "Don't worry, they'll start biting soon. The school's just marking time at the other end of the lake. They'll swing down this way, and then we'll forget all about the weather."

The pessimist growls back, "Nope, wind's in the wrong direction. It's too bright, too dark, too warm, too cold."

When the fish bite, there isn't time for talking, but when the lull comes along, the "minnow-bucket orators" swing into action. Legal battles are won and lost, presidents are elected and kicked out of office, and even the weatherman gets his share of the panning.

These ice fishermen I've shivered with are a lusty crew. Two-fisted, hairy-chested he-men, every one, and nutty as they make 'em. But there's heaps of fun fishing with these lads, be they sloper-inners or sloper-outers; one-holers or multi-holers; kneelers, belly-floppers or demure birds who chop their holes so close to yours that the two look like a pair of spectacles.

I know.

I've been all of them, one time or another, myself. ⧺

To Make Men Young Again

Continued from page 83

thousand gallons each, and now must await the aging of the action of the air through the oak. Only a special kind of white oak is used, the logs being floated down the Charente and made into casks by coopers in the old hand way. The new brandy is not considered worthy of commerce until it is at least five years old.

If nature was the same every year, with the same days of sun and rain, there would be nothing else to do. But as each vintage varies, and each district varies, there is the need of expert blenders. These men have complete histories of all the casks on hand in any one plant and from their intimate knowledge of the character of each cask, they do their intricate job of blending. This is so that the eventual purchaser gets a brandy as near uniform in body, aroma and taste as man can make it. Most brandies are colored with a very minute quantity of caramel, thus taking care of the uniformity of color; the better brandies have no other ingredient added. (The stuff sold during Prohibition as brandy was usually sweet to hide the ingredients and raw alcohol and as a consequence many Americans are somewhat startled and suspicious when first tasting pure grape Cognac.)

The ancient Brandy legend seems the hardest to kill. The writer asked one of the owners of one of the greatest brandy firms, point blank, his preference as to age in brandy. With a pause, he smiled and then said, "We look upon brandy as a woman; one does not desire too old a woman." Another confessed that he liked best brandy about ten years old. When selecting a brandy he looked for three things, finesse, body and age. Finesse is the "liveliness of the bouquet"; if a brandy is stale it is second rate brandy. A brandy that has "body" does not burn the tongue, but expands on the palate. As to age, the French say that brandy like an old man, should improve his character with old age, if his birth and upbringing have been correct, but even a man must admit to a time when he has passed his prime and "brandy is not immune from dying a natural death."

Returning travelers with dusty bottles and sacred labels often write in saying your correspondent is crazy or they have been duped. I have only the brandy growers' word for it. Their consensus is that Cognac attains perfection at about forty years. One tells me that in the hundreds of thousands of gallons of brandy in their warehouses, they have but three casks of very old vintage. These casks are one hundred to one hundred-fifty gallons each. Some of the brandy in each is seventy years old. One cask contains some brandy that is thought to be older, there being no record in the plant as to when it was laid down. A small portion of this is used to give bouquet to blends. A few cases, a very few, of the seventy-year-old brandy is shipped to a London club where the members, of the same age, sip it with a glint in their eye. But, he says, it has small market any place else. He, himself, doesn't consider it much fun.

Figure it out for yourself, with the facts supplied by the men who should know. The Little Corporal died in 1821. If there was any of

Continued on page 138

Tops
IN COMFORT,
FIT AND WEAR

(Top) You don't know you're wearing them when "they" are knit shorts by Munsingwear —made from fine soft materials, correctly designed and precision tailored.

(Center left) Munsingwear's SKIT-short and shirt designed to fit inside the SKIT-short. SKIT-shorts have a no-gap buttonless fly, Lastex waistband, elastic leg openings.

(Center right) Munsingwear's snug-fitting knit short with fly front and Lastex webbing waistband. A ribbed knit shirt by Munsingwear completes this ensemble. Both garments provide the comfort that comes from quality.

(Below) Munsingwear SKIT-suit, an all-in-one garment that looks like a SKIT-short and shirt. Lastex drop-seat waistband and elastic leg openings.

SCROOGE back in your easy chair, get in and out under the steering wheel in your car a hundred times a day. Munsingwear won't crawl, bunch or bind. For Munsingwear is correctly cut to adapt to every movement; precision tailored of fine fabrics, so that every seam is comfortable. It's *quality* that makes underwear fit right, feel right, wear longer! Always make sure of quality by asking for Munsingwear at a quality store near you. Munsingwear, Minneapolis.

MUNSING Wear
FOR MEN

To Make Men Young Again

Continued from pages 83-137

his brandy around in bottles when he died it would still be the same brandy as it was the year it was bottled, unless, of course, the cork had rotted to dust. For remember brandy does not age in a bottle, only in a cask. Well, say there had been some in casks. It would take an installment-interest figure-outer to determine just when that would evaporate at the rate of 3½ per cent per year. And if the cask was replenished each year, little of the brandy would be of the original host.

The labels are beautiful and interesting to awe guests. But personally, I am content with a twenty-year-old Cognac and as I drinks his Cognac neat, so there is a call for the better brands in bottles. Throughout the world, especially in the British colonies, much of the brandy is taken with soda; for that trade a Cognac is not required, but a sound brandy that is shipped in casks.

What about our native brandy? Before prohibition there were several excellent brands of grape brandy from the California vineyards. During the long dry era this was used for the fortifying of the sweet wines which were the main articles of trade; it was thus much easier to pass off a beverage as a smuggled rabbinical wine. Also the patent medicine trade

waving and tendencies toward isolation and individualism, let's go the whole way and say our own products are our own especially when they are good. There is as much sense in calling California brandy Cognac as there would be in calling the Empire State Building the Eiffel Tower. If this deception is followed it will do the California interests no particular good and a great deal of harm to the foreign market.

Now as to the rituals of drinking. Recently a correspondent wrote in asking us to settle a bet. He claimed that the fish-bowl wine glass was from France and his opponent claimed that he had

hand, which is the most convenient for warming the Cognac before drinking.

And one thing more: beware of the large trick bottle. Cognacs, especially the finer ones, lose much of their essence and flavor through evaporation. If you are not a constant user of Cognac it is better even to buy the half-fifth. If you are the moderate user buy the regular size of commerce, but remember to keep it tightly corked. Wherever there are French kitchens, you will find also a great many dishes flavored with brandy. Attached are a few recipes as well as drink mixtures.

water 10 to 15 minutes before, set aside to cool. Add 4 oz. chopped dry fruits soaked in brandy. Take 4 oz. lady-fingers cut in half-inch pieces and sprinkle with brandy and syrup. Beat 1 pint of 40% cream to whipped cream and mix all together and fill in molds. (No freezer)

Brandy Sauce

Boil 1 pint milk, beat 4 yolks of egg, 3 oz. sugar, 1 to 1½ oz. cornstarch. Add the hot milk gradually and stir till it thickens. Add brandy and vanilla flavor.

Gateau Pain Noir

4 oz. roasted & powdered almonds, 12 oz. sugar, 6 oz. butter, 12 yolks of eggs, 3 oz. brown bread soaked in brandy, little cinnamon, 6 whites of egg.

Beat 6 oz. of sugar with 6 oz. butter, add 12 yolks of egg. Beat the whites of 6 eggs with 6 oz. sugar to a stiff snow, mix this in the other mixture, add the rest of the ingredients, fill in baking rings and bake in moderate oven. When cooled, sprinkle with brandy, put on icing and decoration.

Brandied Apricot Pie

Drain 1 can peeled apricot halves thoroughly. Cover them with ½ cup sugar. Let stand 20 minutes. Dissolve 1 package orange gelatin with 1½ cups boiling apricot juice and water. Pour over apricot halves. Add ¼ cup of brandy. Mix carefully so apricots will remain intact. When mixture is the consistency of jelly, put into a 9-inch baked cracker crumb crust pie shell. Put into refrigerator at least 2 hours before cutting. Serve with brandy flavored whipped cream.

Dodine de Canard (Stewed Duck)

Put one duck, jointed, in an earthenware crock and season with a sprig of parsley, thyme, a small piece of bay-leaf, salt and pepper. Add 2 large onions, 2 glasses of brandy, and 1 pint claret. Let this stand for a few hours. Put one large tablespoon of olive oil and 3½ oz. pork fat in an earthenware casserole and, when hot, put in the pieces of duck and brown them for about 15 to 20 minutes. Add the wine, etc. in which they have been soaked, clove of garlic, and ½ lb. mushrooms. Simmer on a very gentle fire for 1 or 1¼ hours. Serve in the casserole in which they have been cooked. Nouilles, or ribbon macaroni, are served with the duck.

Mince Pie

Large sized pâtés of short or puff pastry are filled with the following mixture:

One pound each of very finely chopped suet, currants, raisins, stoned and quartered, peeled and cored chopped apples, powdered sugar, ½ lb. sultana raisins, ¼ lb. mixed candied peel, finely shredded, 1 lemon, a little cinnamon, mace, and grated nutmeg, ½ cup of brandy. The lemon should be pared and the rind boiled till tender, then rubbed through a sieve and mixed in a bowl with all the other ingredients. Put in a jar with an airtight lid and let stand for about one month before using.

Flemish Waffles

Put ¼ lb. of flour in a bowl and mix with it ½ oz. of yeast, dissolved in a little warm water. Work well and set to rise. Then work in ¾ lb. flour, with a pinch of salt, a pinch of sugar, 8 eggs, slightly beaten, ½ pint of cream, which should have been boiled, and to which 4 tablespoons of butter and ½ glass of brandy have been added. Work well and let stand for 2½ hours in a cool oven. The batter should now be sufficiently liquid to spread of itself over the well-greased waffle irons. When evenly browned on both sides, sprinkle with sugar and serve very hot.

There is one moment in the day when you will bless brandy as you do no other liquor. That is in the morning after a strenuous night of drinking. I know of nothing better to bring one back to normal than the egg and brandy mixture. The best I've ever tasted was called "George's Beauty," so called because it was the personal drink of the head bartender at the Ritz, Atlantic City. I've tried it elsewhere with varying success.

Brandy Cocktail No. 1

1 jigger brandy
1 dash gin
1 dash bitters

Brandy No. 2

½ brandy
½ French vermouth
1 dash of orange bitters

Brant

¾ brandy
¼ white mint
2 dashes of bitters
1 piece of lemon peel

Coffee Cocktail

1 pony of brandy
2 ponies of port
1 egg yolk
¼ spoon sugar
Serve in claret glass.

Hop Frog

⅓ brandy
⅔ lime juice
Ice and shake

Side Car

⅓ Brandy
⅓ Cointreau
⅓ Lemon Juice

Japanese

1 jigger of brandy
2 dashes Orgeat syrup
1 slice lemon peel

Netherland

⅔ brandy
⅓ Curaçao
1 dash orange bitters

Lizard Skin

(Submitted by M. L. Burnside, Lake Worth, Florida)

Hollow out half of a large orange.
Pour in large jigger brandy
Light flame, extinguish after a moment, then drink.

George's Beauty

Juice of ½ lemon, freshly squeezed
Generous jigger of good brandy
white of one egg
teaspoon of bar sugar
Shake thoroughly, strain into a highball glass and fill with soda.

Brandy Smash

1 wineglass of brandy
1 teaspoon of sugar
1 tablespoon of water
Put in 8 oz. glass and fill with shaved ice. Decorate with sprig of mint and berries in season.

The eggnogg schools are as disparate as the mint-julep factions. The southern taste seems to run to brandy in lieu of Bourbon or rye for the popular drink. Here is the recipe for the sort known as the:

Baltimore Eggnogg

Beat the yolks and white separately of two dozen fresh eggs. Add 2 pounds of granulated sugar to the yolks. Then add one bottle of fine Cognac, one pint of Jamaica rum, ½ pint applejack and ½ pint peach brandy. Add the liquor slowly to the eggs until they are thoroughly cooked by the alcohol. Then add three quarts of milk and one quart of rich cream. Stand for at least 6 hours to cool in an ice box or on a cake of ice. Before serving stir thoroughly and fold in the beaten egg whites.

Brandy Champarelle

¼ Curaçao
¼ Yellow Chartreuse
¼ Anisette
¼ Brandy

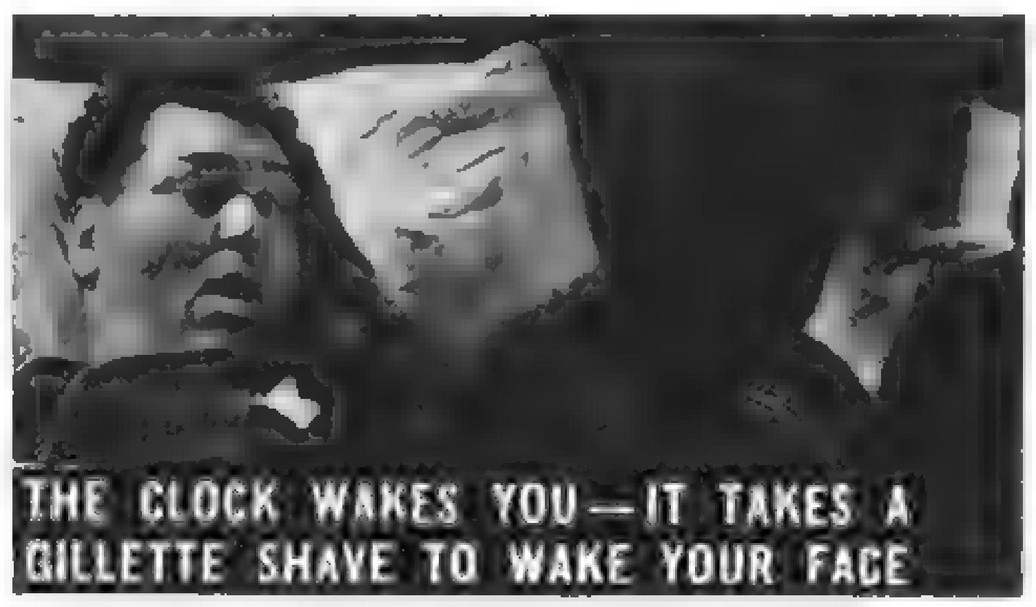
Brandy Sour

1 glass of brandy
1 teaspoon sugar or syrup
Juice of ½ lemon

Shake well, strain into wine glass and serve with or without dash of soda and fruit. ⱡⱡ

WIRE-HAIRED TERROR

● Jack Dempsey's face is always on parade. In his famous New York restaurant at 8th Ave. and 50th St., he greets world celebrities every night. And he's got a beard that's a terror. So shaving is *important* to him. "In my daily rounds with tough beard," says Dempsey, "I've no time to spar around with experiments—no temper for nicks or half-shaves. So when I shave myself, I use a Gillette Blade in my Gillette Razor. I've tried other methods, but this combination takes the fight out of my whiskers in a hurry—gives me clean, close shaves that *really last!*"


THE CLOCK WAKES YOU—IT TAKES A GILLETTE SHAVE TO WAKE YOUR FACE

● There's the gong! An alarm clock rouses Jack Dempsey—but it takes a clean, close Gillette shave to wake up his face! No other method is so refreshing. It makes faces *feel* and *look* fit.

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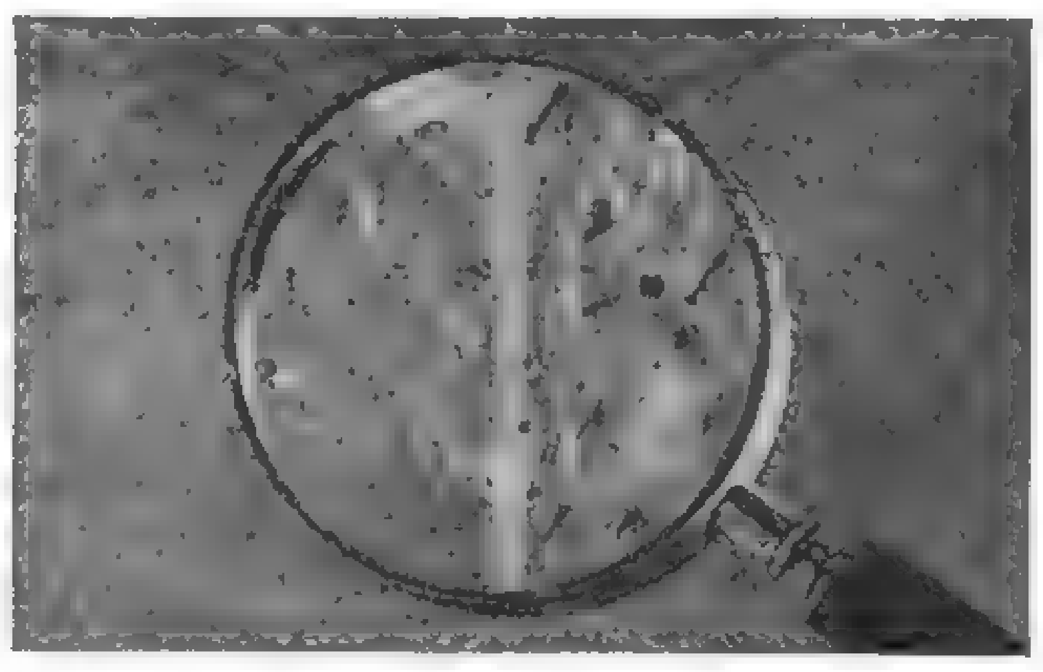
REMEMBER IT'S YOUR FACE

● No purse is offered for taking substitute blades on the chin! Don't make your face a proving ground for shaving experiments. Demand Gillette Blades and you will get the world's best shaves.



GILLETTE METHOD: Gillette removes whiskers at the skin line, giving you a clean shave that really lasts!

OTHER METHOD: The ragged stubble left by another method will look full-grown in a few short hours!

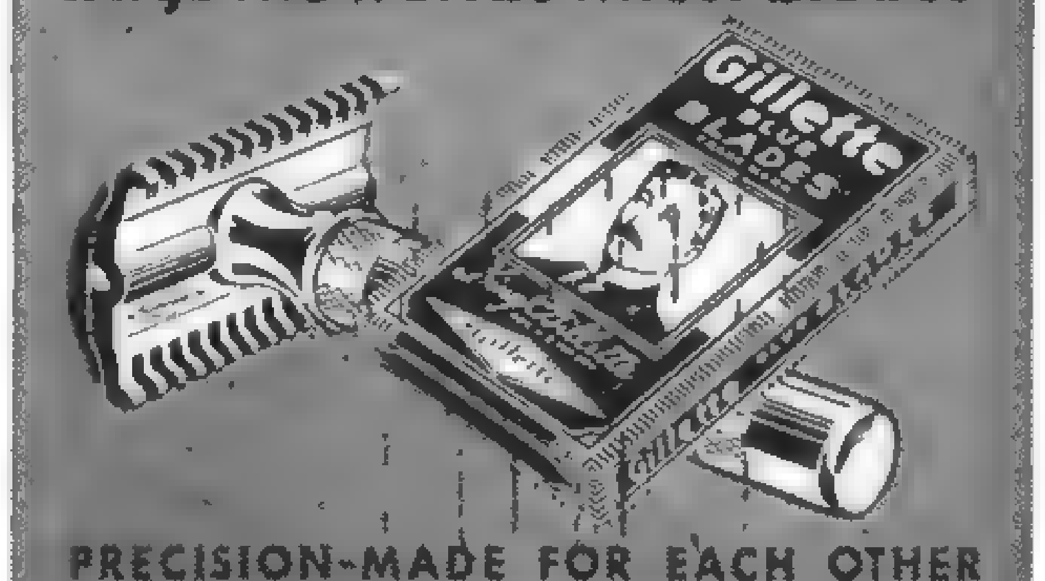
YOU CAN'T ALWAYS SEE A MISFIT

● You may smile at Dempsey's mighty "mauley" in a tiny glove! But a misfit *razor blade* isn't funny. Faulty shaves look bad—feel worse. Gillette Blades fit Gillette Razors perfectly.

NOW A GILLETTE SHAVING CREAM!

● Prepare your beard for perfect shaves with Gillette's amazing new Brushless Shaving Cream. Made with peanut oil, it softens wiry bristles, speeds shaving, tones and soothes the skin. A big tube costs only 25¢.

LESS THAN 1¢ A DAY
buys the world's finest blades



PRECISION-MADE FOR EACH OTHER

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Blades
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MANHATTANS . . .
HONG KONG . .
-1913 . .

". . . The Mandarin claps his hands. 'Boys,' pass round cocktails, Manhattans. I take one, take another. Only at such bars as the old Waldorf-Astoria have I tasted splendid cocktails like these. I am amazed—until my host shows me the Club Cocktail bottles." Extract from Albert Stevens Crockett's letter.

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THE CLUB
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DISTILLED
DRY GIN
MILSHIRE
DRY GIN

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 94

it might nicely have been christened *To Rouen and Back*.

The production, while often physically atmospheric and visually attractive, did not profit from such familiar economies as showing Emma aesthetically enthralled by the operatic performance in the Rouen theatre and confining the said performance to a very obvious off-stage phonograph. Constance Cummings as Emma displayed a considerable technical advance over her antecedent manifestations but still lacks the inner warmth and spirit that make all the difference in the world between a merely competent actress and one who has in her, in addition to competence, the power to win over and move audiences.

For still another illustration of the Guild's bad picking take Sidney Howard's *The Ghost of Yankee Doodle*. I have a vague feeling that I know what Howard was driving at in his play, which seems from the evidence to give me a slight edge on Howard himself, but my boasting begins and ends there. After giving his exhibit my last ounce of close and studious attention, I find myself unable to clarify it any too satisfactorily for you. I can very easily tell you that in a general way it has to do with the plight of the liberal in the world of today and I can even tell you that there is in it a lot about jingoism, the problem of unemployment, the late world war, the next world war, mob hysteria, crooked journalism, Communism, the pathos of autumnal love, the narrowness of college thought, the proper manufacture of eggnog, the nut and bolt business, aviation, the lack of trees in Alaska, the profusion of fairies in Florence, Italy, the first editions of Mark Twain, the pictures of George Bellows, Shirley Temple, Fascism, Julia Sanderson, and Karl Marx. But to make it much clearer than that is beyond me. I know that it has somewhere in it a love story involving a great newspaper-chain owner and a middle-aged woman who was once an actress, and also a love story involving her daughter and a young aviator, and I seem to have been able to decipher something about the newspaper owner's hope to plunge the country into war in order to save the nut and bolt factory, which supplied his beloved's income, from bankruptcy. But that is all you can expect from me, unless Esquire sees fit to honor me with five hundred dollars, to say nothing of a few bottles of Cointreau, by way of persuading me to go over to the storehouse, take another look at it, and try to get a renewed hang of the proceedings.

Like Hecht, Howard started out as a playwright of possible promise. Then, like Hecht, he imagined that he could go to Hollywood and write movie scenarios with one hand and reputable plays with the other. And now, also like Hecht, he discovers—or if he doesn't, all the rest of us do—that he imagined the apparently impossible. One can't have one's swimming pool and drink it. *The Ghost of Yankee Doodle* is just another example of what passes for original and intelligent philosophical drama in the film capital and for just a lot of platitudinous gabble in the legitimate theatre. It isn't cheap, but it is commonplace. It isn't insincere, but it is dull. It isn't trashy, but it is stale and humdrum and woefully hollow. First-rate performances by Ethel Barrymore and Dudley Digges could not redeem it. The stage direction of John Cromwell, who was brought on by the Guild from the Hollywood studios, was of the bogus suspensive species that caused any two characters who found themselves alone on the stage to pause for a moment and then cautiously to move across the room and pull the doors closed before proceeding with their perfectly innocuous conversations.

* * *

Although my good brothers, the reviewers, may not know it—or, if they do, will indignantly deny it—it seems to me that more and more are they falling into the habit of criticism by comparison, that whimsical and often dubious practice. There have been any number of examples this season, but the most revelatory, I think, is to be had in the instance of the Mercury Theatre's production of *Julius Caesar*. The night preceding its opening, the boys were summoned to pass upon the merits of the Laurence Rivers production of *Antony and Cleopatra*, with Tallulah Bankhead as Cleo. You have been sufficiently informed long ere this of Mlle. Tallulah's Queen of the Nil (no *e*, please, Mr. Printer; don't make something out of nothing), of Prof. Strunk's undergraduate conception of the Shakespearean text, of the elaborate conventionality of the scenic equipment and costuming, and of the disastrous aspect of the whole works. The boys came, saw, and duly, properly and appropriately condemned the display in terms extra-theatrically reserved for a description of the more puissant and empyreumatic cheeses and the novels of F. Marion Crawford.

Then, on the heels of this undoubted and incontrovertible mess, came the Mercury Theatre effort noted. It disclosed a semblance of intelligence, a semblance of inventiveness, some competent acting performances, and an investiture that combined a share of impressiveness with a winning financial economy. The shock of contrast bowled over the boys, with the single exception of Brother Lockridge, of the *Sun*, completely. Dismissing calm, considered and rational criticism, they rebounded from the previous night's débâcle like so many excited rubber balls. Tallulah's show was so rotten that Orson Welles' became a masterwork. And if the criticisms of Tallulah's were demolishing, those of Mr. Welles' sounded like Sam Goldwyn describing one of his own movies.

I do not wish too greatly to detract from the Mercury Theatre's achievement; it had, surely, its good and commendable points; and the Mercury group seems to have a promising future. But its *Julius Caesar* no more deserved the kick-back hysterical and all-embracing praise visited upon it than Leslie Howard's Hamlet last year deserved the wholesale denunciations it got simply on the score that John Gielgud's was not quite so deficient.

Let us consider the reviewing reaction. The Bankhead *Antony and Cleopatra* was staged in the older tradition; the Welles *Julius Caesar* in the modern-plus. The former's stage was given over to a wealth of shining costumes and lavish settings; the latter's to ordinary modern clothes, bare walls and a simple interplay of lights.

The reviewers anathematized the former as being ridiculously outmoded and hailed the latter as the height of originality and imagination. If, to anyone acquainted with the producing art of Russia and pre-Hitler Germany, this was not criticism by contrast and as criticism therefore suspect, I take the liberty of wondering how the boys would have estimated this *Julius Caesar* if it had been preceded the night before not by the elaborately orthodox stage production of Tallulah's defective *Antony and Cleopatra* but by the elaborately orthodox stage production of Maurice Evans' admirable *King Richard II*. If the liberty I take is deemed excessive, may I politely request the boys to look into their files and reconcile their high opinions of Evans' physical production with their low opinions of Tallulah's.

The Mercury exhibit, as I have remarked, was rapturously praised for its imagination and originality. The imagination and originality were confined largely to identifying the text with modern times and events and playing it in modern dress. So far as the imagination and originality of identifying a Shakespearean text with modern times and events goes, *Julius Caesar* was presented in that manner in Russia fully a dozen years ago; *Hamlet* was presented in the same manner in Germany four years before the advent of Hitler; and there have been various such re-treatments of other of the Bard's plays in book form. As to the modern dress idea, we have already had it, in New York alone, in the cases of *The Taming of the Shrew* and *Hamlet*. Imagination, accordingly, in the reviewers' minds, is apparently to be defined as anything either hypothetically or factually different, irrespective of sound merit. And originality as anything that one missed seeing because one didn't happen to be abroad that year.

We come critically to the business of playing the historical tragedy of *Julius Caesar* in modern clothes. This strikes me as being akin to playing *The Prisoner of Zenda* in overalls, or *Charley's Aunt* in togas. I may be peculiar, but Brutus dressed like Lucius Beebe, Metellus Cimber in the wardrobe of the dramatic critic for *Variety*, Portia in a Bergdorf-Goodman number, and Trebonius looking for all the world like me in my last year's serge suit seem a lot less to me like Brutus, Metellus Cimber, Portia and Trebonius, however exuberously I exercise my imagination, than so many actors who have boozily wandered into the Shakespearean proceedings from Prezzolotti's spaghetti joint just around the corner.

What is more, I am so peculiar that I can't help having something of a time trying to reconcile modern dress with characters whose means of conveyance are chariots, who go about with swords, who have to refer to their business lounge suits as cloaks and robes, and who are governed by praetors.

And I am not used, whether Shakespeareanly, critically or alcoholically, to a lean and hungry Cassius played by an actor weighing at least 185 pounds and who looks as if, just before the show began, he had eaten Dinty Moore out of house and home.

One final word for the theatrical historian on the Mlle. Tallulah. The day following her première, commenting to a representative of the press on her unanimously bad critical notices, she animadverted, "It seems that I am admired only by the public!" In view of the public's great admiration it seemed a little strange that the Mlle. Tallulah and her show ran only five days.

Pursuing our storehouse excavations for the benefit of the records, we engage a little figure in the way of verse drama: *Robin Landing*, by Stanley Young. Laid in frontier Kentucky in the late 1700's, it was so generally typical of what happens when one of our younger American writers feels a play in rhymed dialogue coming over him that this bit of belated comment on it may serve some critical purpose.

The first thing that some such novice does is to take hold of a plot that has already served two dozen Italian dramatists who have laid it either in Rome or Sicily, to say nothing of Somerset Maugham, who has laid it in the Straits Settlements or Africa, and then to proceed to transfer it almost intact to some section of America prior to the Civil War.

The second thing he does is to make it so excessively strong and masculine that Ernest Hemingway would be afraid to fight it even if it had both its hands tied behind its back. This strength and

Continued at top of page 142

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... I like your Barbasol Face"

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Quick as thought to use, Barbasol not only gives the cleanest, sweetest kind of shave—its bland oils also help to make your face smoother to feel, more handsome and youthful to look at.

Why wait longer to turn back the years? Try Barbasol for ten short days. When you see what a difference it makes in your skin, you'll stay with Barbasol's clean-shaving goodness till grandpa thinks he ought to grow a beard. Large tube, 25¢; giant size, 50¢; family jar, 75¢. Five Barbasol Blades for 15¢. At all drug stores.

For modern shaving
Barbasol
For Modern Shaving
Sanitary Beard Softener
Barbasol
No Brush—No Lather—No Rub in

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 94-141

masculinity usually consist in referring to the women characters as bitches and whores, in numerous allusions to the luxuriant hair on the men's chests, in a copious tippling, in the overpowering longing of the frontiersmen for copulation with a white woman, in the inclusion in the blank verse of several goddams, bastards and sons-of-bitches, in a lofty contempt for personal bathing, and in at least two references to the softening effect that cities have upon men.

The third thing the young playwright does, though he is never aware of it, is to populate his Kentucky or whatever it is with actors instead of characters. The fourth thing he does is pretty generally to include in his opus an idiot boy or some other such witling (one who has been purposely dropped on the head by the villain at a tender age and who is the illegitimate son of the aforesaid villain and Anne Hathaway), to constitute him a combination of drooling *raisonneur*, *deus ex machina* and bughouse *compère*, and to cause him to meander aimlessly through the action spouting ominously about the fairies sleeping in elephants' ears until, at five minutes to eleven, he enjoys a moment of comparative lucidity and kills the villain just as the latter is gloating that he has triumphed over the hero, who has ever been the moron's friend. And the first thing the director hired to stage the verse play does is to insist that the actors sedulously read the verse as if it weren't verse, thus making the whole enterprise doubly ridiculous. *Robin Landing* in both its writing and stage direction did not vary perceptibly from the established formula.

* * *

Thomas Job's free dramatization of Trollope's *Barchester Towers* was fruity with what they call Victorian charm, along with all its collateral dullness. Ina Claire, for all her histrionic resources, could get nowhere in it. *Brown Sugar*, by Bernie Angus, was a Negro melodrama of no merit whatsoever. But Ed Wynn in *Hooray For What!* will make you forget the money you wasted on such things with some of the loudest laughs you've had in a long time. A genuinely funny guy, that Wynn! ⌗

Pomp and Its Circumstances

Continued from page 42

Corso, in Budapest. Her nose well-powdered. Atkinson's jessamine perfume was streaming from her.

The lady of the house inquired: "Will you stay for dinner? Do you like paprika chicken? There will be egg-*galluska* on the side, and Tokay 1840 to wash it down. For dessert cherry and apple strudle, and mousse—if you like it." Then she withdrew with great dignity to give instructions to the servants.

The freckle-legged girl made up her mind to go to her room to put on some stockings. And Rózsa—as if trying to show that the guest held no particular interest for her—walked down to the garden to read, under her arm the fifth volume of Proust's *Collected Works*, her nose stuck up haughtily.

The men were left alone. Count Szentirmay slapped his guest's knee in a friendly manner:

"Haven't seen you since last Wednesday! Is it nice to neglect your friends like that?"

His Excellency smiled with a little embarrassment into his old friend's copper-colored, wart-covered, gentleman-farmer face:

"Well, my dear Géza, I really came today to ask a great and very touchy favor of you . . ."

"Of course, old man! Anything you like!" beamed Count Szentirmay with such happy benevolence that one could tell that he would be willing to give the shirt off his back to please his friend.

His Excellency looked around carefully to see if anybody could hear them. Then he blurted it out:

"My dear Géza, I am going to ask you to do me the horribly great favor of lending me at least five *pengös*. We have no matches, no tobacco, no oil in the castle, and I am ashamed to send to the store without money, I already owe them so much . . ."

There was a long, painful silence. The count scratched the back of his ear. Then he answered his friend almost inaudibly, in great embarrassment:

"Damn it! If they had just never invented money! Because the way it is I must tell you that when I saw you just now the first thought that came to my head was: I wonder if I could touch this fellow for at least ten *pengös?* . . . It's a shame, I know, under my own roof, but you know, necessity disregards the law . . . The Prince Hóvárys are coming over tomorrow from Kereki for bridge. We play one-twentieth of a *fillér* per point. Just for fun. But still you feel ashamed if you lose a few rubbers and can't pay the four or five *pengös* you owe . . ."

His Excellency sighed. Count Szentirmay, too, groaned, sorrowfully. Both of them gazed at the ground under their feet, silent and pondering. They were trying to find an answer to the question: what made it so, the evil days the world had fallen upon or just their own individual clumsiness that, in spite of their castles, lands, family silver, horses, equipages, swine herds, cattle, wheat, and vineyards, on a beautiful spring day like this they didn't have as much money as it takes to run the rummy-mill in the card room of some cheap boulevard café in Budapest. ⌗

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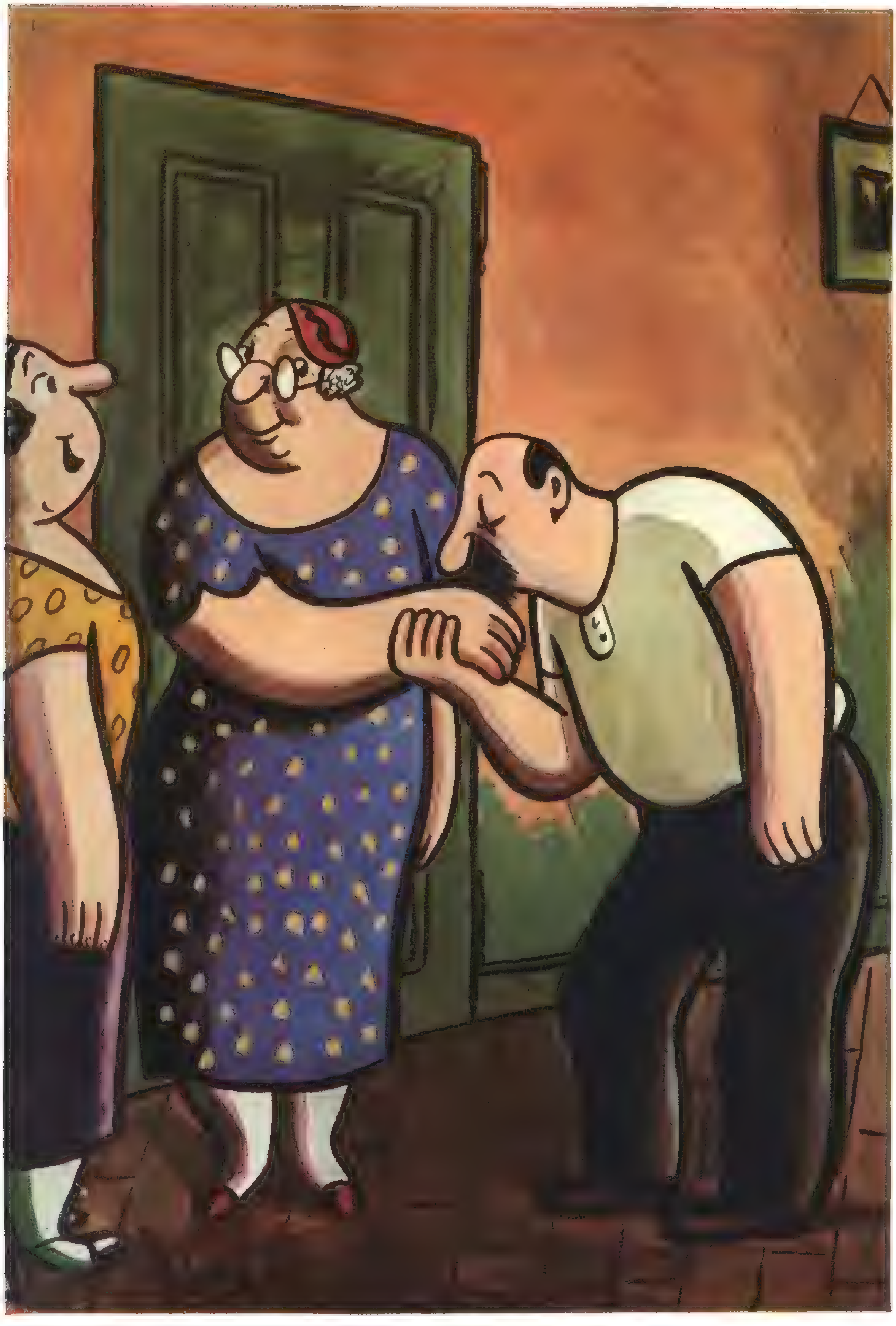

"Hoiman is very continental"

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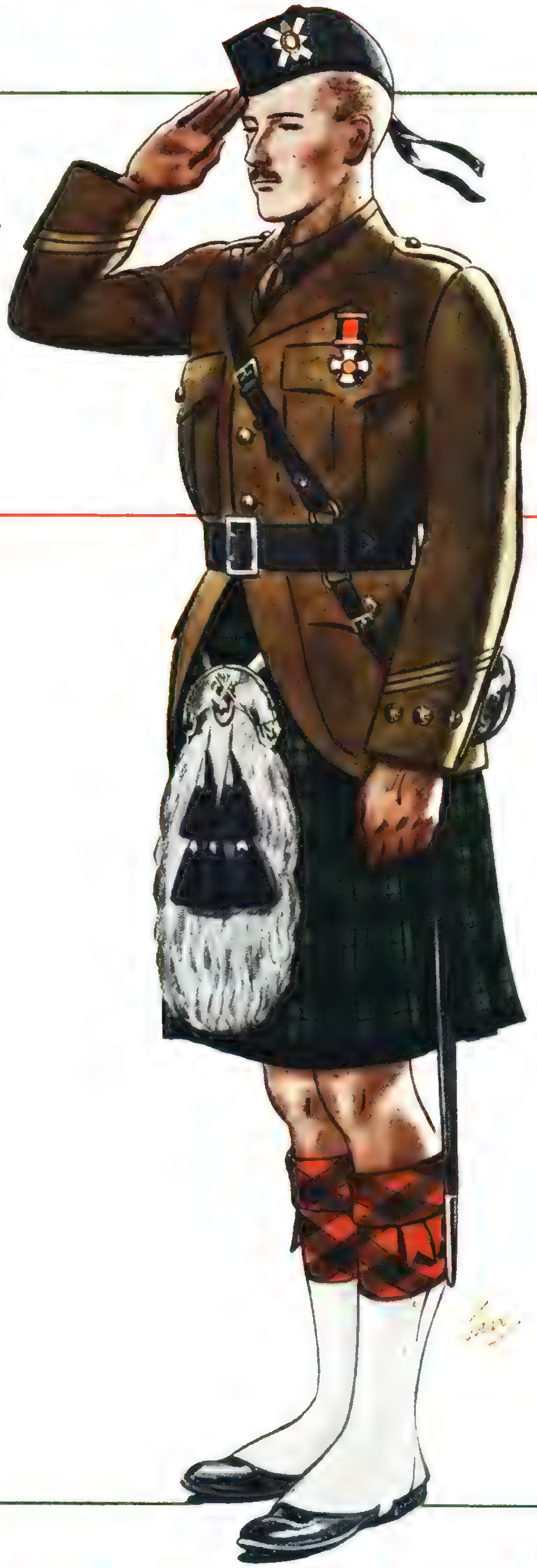

HONOURS OF THE BLACK WATCH

Guadaloupe, 1759 — Martinique, 1762 — Havannah — North America, 1763-64 — Mangalore
Mysore — Seringapatam — Corunna — Busaco — Fuentes d'Onor — Pyrenees
Nivelle — Nive — Orthes — Toulouse — Peninsula — Waterloo
South Africa, 1846-'7, 1851-'2-'3 — Alma — Sevastopol — Lucknow
Ashantee, 1873-'4 — Tel-el-Kebir — Egypt, 1882, 1884 — Kirbekan
Nile, 1884-'85 — Paardeberg — South Africa, 1899-1902 — Marne, 1914-'18
Ypres, 1914, '17, '18 — Loos — Somme, 1916, '18 — Arras, 1917, '18 — Lys
Hindenburg Line — Dorian, 1917 — Megiddo — Kut al Amara, 1917

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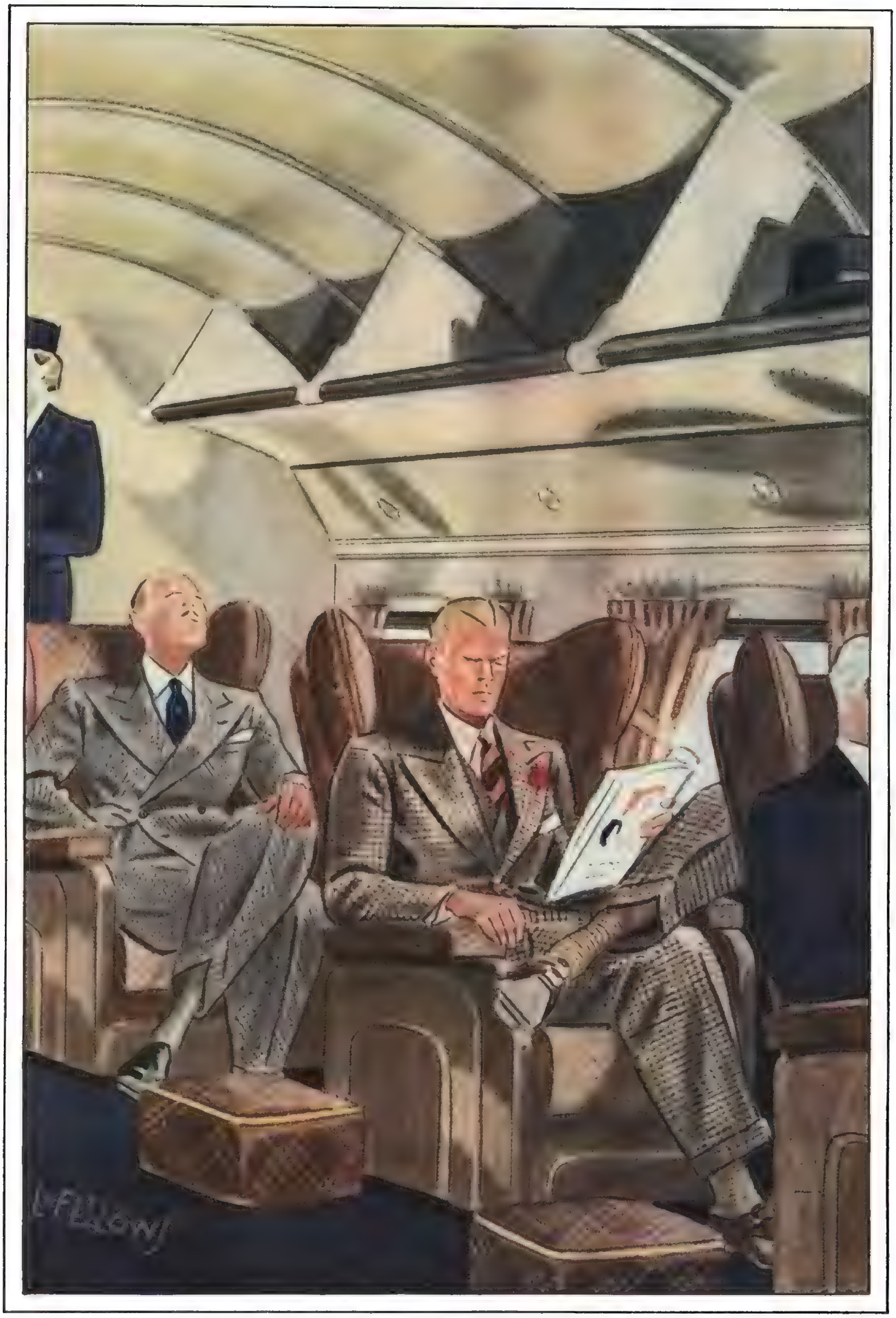

SEMI-SPORTS AND BUSINESS SKY-CLOTHES

Here are two outfits, both appropriate for travel wear, although the one on the left is a bit more dressed up than the other. It is a double breasted suit of sharkskin, that smooth hard-finish fabric that made grandpa's suits comparable to the one-hoss shay for longevity, a punishment-absorbing worsted that is ideal for the knockabout exigencies of travel. Note that it is a four-button front instead of the traditional six and may be worn buttoned either at the waistline or at the lower button. With it is worn a blue broadcloth shirt with white stiff widespread collar, a dark blue Spitalfields tie with a pearl stickpin, grey lisle hose and black blucher town shoes. With this outfit either a dark blue Chesterfield or a tweed topcoat would go well, and a black or blue Homburg or a derby. The other is a semi-sports suit of Saxony, a country fabric made up on town lines, worn with monk-front shoes.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Nobody Laughed in Yldes

Continued from page 85

fool in truth. To find a girl who pitied him; to marry her; to beget a child. Then to go mad, stark mad—the memories were too much! Oh, my son, my poor boy!"

The young man gulped. But he must ask. "And the others?" His voice came very low.

"They are all there."

"There?"

"Don't you see them? Can't you see the bayonets?" The old man's shaking hand pointed to the spears the young man had thought were cornstalks. The young man's eyes grew wide in horror. The sweat was on his brow.

"The enemy was quick and powerful; the earth was soft."

The young man's legs were gelatine beneath him. "My God!" The two shrill words escaped his dry throat.

"The poor children had dug a trench, a mere hole. The enemy attacked as night was falling. We in the town heard the guns. Our boys had rifles; the others had gas, and hand grenades, and high-explosive shells. That was how it happened. The gas was too much for them. Even now I can see their faces and arms becoming shiny and gray-black. I can see the bewildered looks on those children's faces as they gasped for air. I can hear them trying to call their mothers." He paused an instant, and then said in a voice low and breaking, "A few well-placed shells were enough to start the cave-in . . ."

"Oh, no," the young man whispered.

"Yes." The old man bowed his head. "That's the way it happened. We buried them alive. And because they were so young and you are young I brought you here. You might be able to do something about it—I mean, about trying to make sure it is not repeated."

The young man opened his mouth but closed it at once; there were no words within him.

The old man still spoke: "You are so gay that you made me smile. For the first time in years. But, really, my son, how can one smile? How can one think of beauty, and of trees, and of flowers growing wild and in profusion . . . when always it is like this—those bayonets there and in our hearts the weight of twenty years? What pleasure is there in living and loving and giving birth to babies when always it is the same thing, those bayonets standing there: a harvest of rusting junk and the seed our children!" ⌗

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 90

song of Asturias. Four or five days ago, isolated and ill-supplied Asturias had fallen to Franco. But forty thousand refugees, and over ten thousand soldiers, had been evacuated before the last stronghold was taken. Now the refugees are in Barcelona, Valencia; and the soldiers are coming to take their vengeance on the fascists. Perhaps these were the first of the Asturian soldiers come to Madrid; or they might have been only Madrilenos who had kin in Asturias; the way they sang, the sorrow and the depth and the strength of their song could have come only through the tie of blood. You could not make out the words of the song—even if you could understand the language. Except that name-word Asturias, thrusting up with the most eternal, undying melancholy, again and again in refrain; thrusting up too with a psalm-like power and pledge of retaking.) There it was in the film (Asturias, Asturias), a picture of a northern folk, Finns, persisting in their folkways in the very face of the invader, rolling their hoops of fire into the river, couples running and leaping hand-in-hand over flames in their old custom of pledging troth to each other. The hero too, with the heroine—the Russian ballerina, leaping over the flames. And there is the film, suddenly, the charge of the Cossacks, cutting blindly with the sabers, slashing into the crowd, trampling folk on the river banks, into the river. (Outside, on the walls of this theatre, are posters bearing facsimiles of Italian newspapers. GREAT ITALIAN VICTORY AT SANTANDER, headline these papers that have been smuggled over from Italy. Our Glorious Heroes Ride Triumphantly Into the City.)

So, in the film, there is a night when the hero knows the Russian Commandant will be at the ballet. Members of the Finn's secret organization pack the theatre, trapping the Commandant. They are about to force him to grant certain liberties, and free political prisoners, when they, in turn, are surprised by troops that have been summoned, for the ballerina has betrayed her Finnish lover by warning the Commandant.

Well, that is a movie; and back in the hotel you can see beautiful and mysterious damsels who look like spy-ballerinas in the films; no one can quite explain them. Some say they live under the protection of certain foreign consulates. And there are posters about this, too. There are posters showing soldiers with padlocks over their mouths, captioned Silence, Spies are Listening. Silence, even with your mother, your wife, your sweetheart.

But the movie is still a movie, and the audience responds audibly, kidding the mawkish scenes, making loud smacking sounds for the kisses, the audience is more vociferous than any in America. Except for the striking patches of silences when they are watching scenes like that in which the Cossacks ride into the folk festival.

There are lots of soldiers in this audience—perhaps a third of the

Continued on page 150

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Of course, you know the Bacardi Cocktail—that best of all ways to fill the pause before dinner. But do you know how *versatile* Bacardi is? Enjoy the one-and-only flavor of Bacardi Rum *straight*—or in a high-ball, sour, old-fashioned...its *liqueur* quality adds new distinction!

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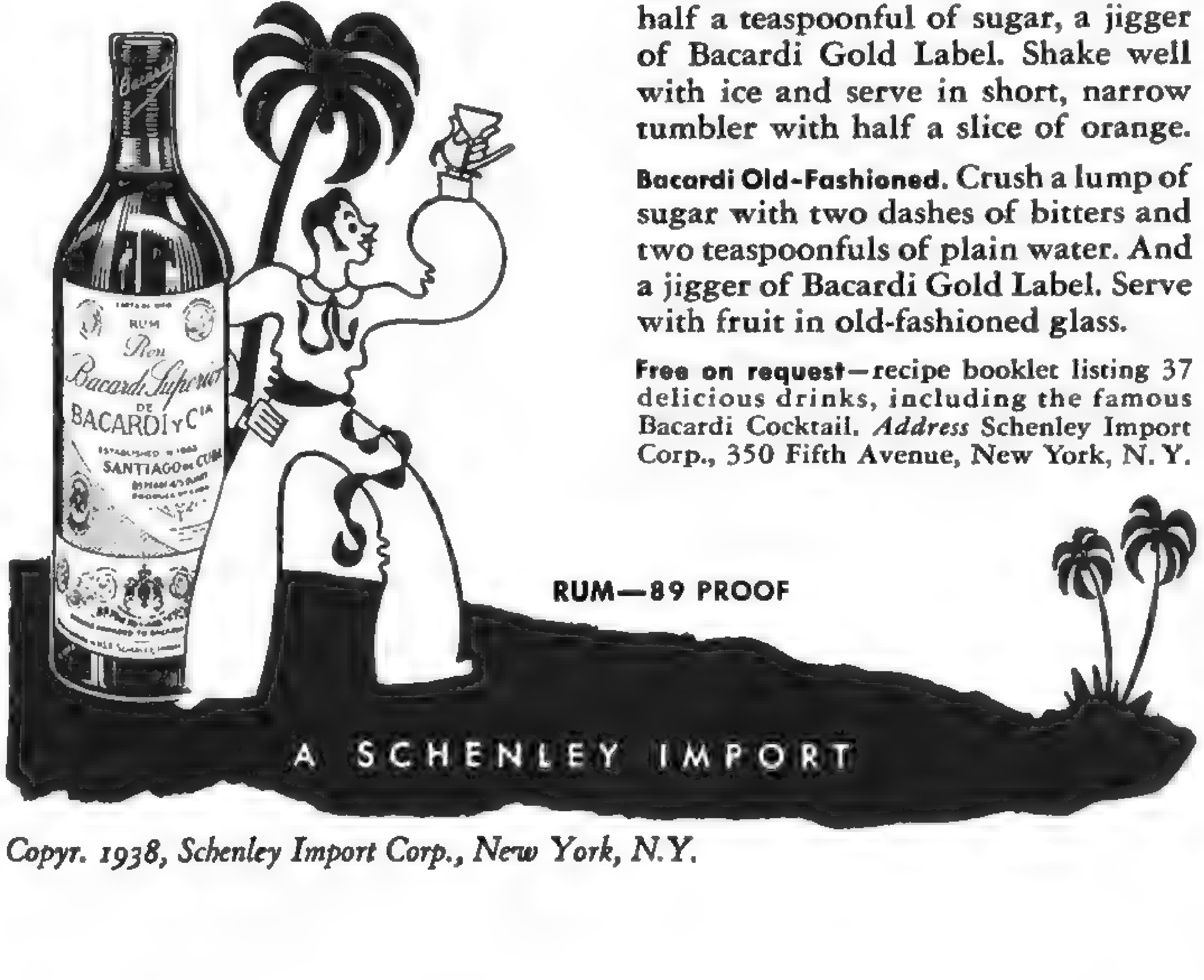

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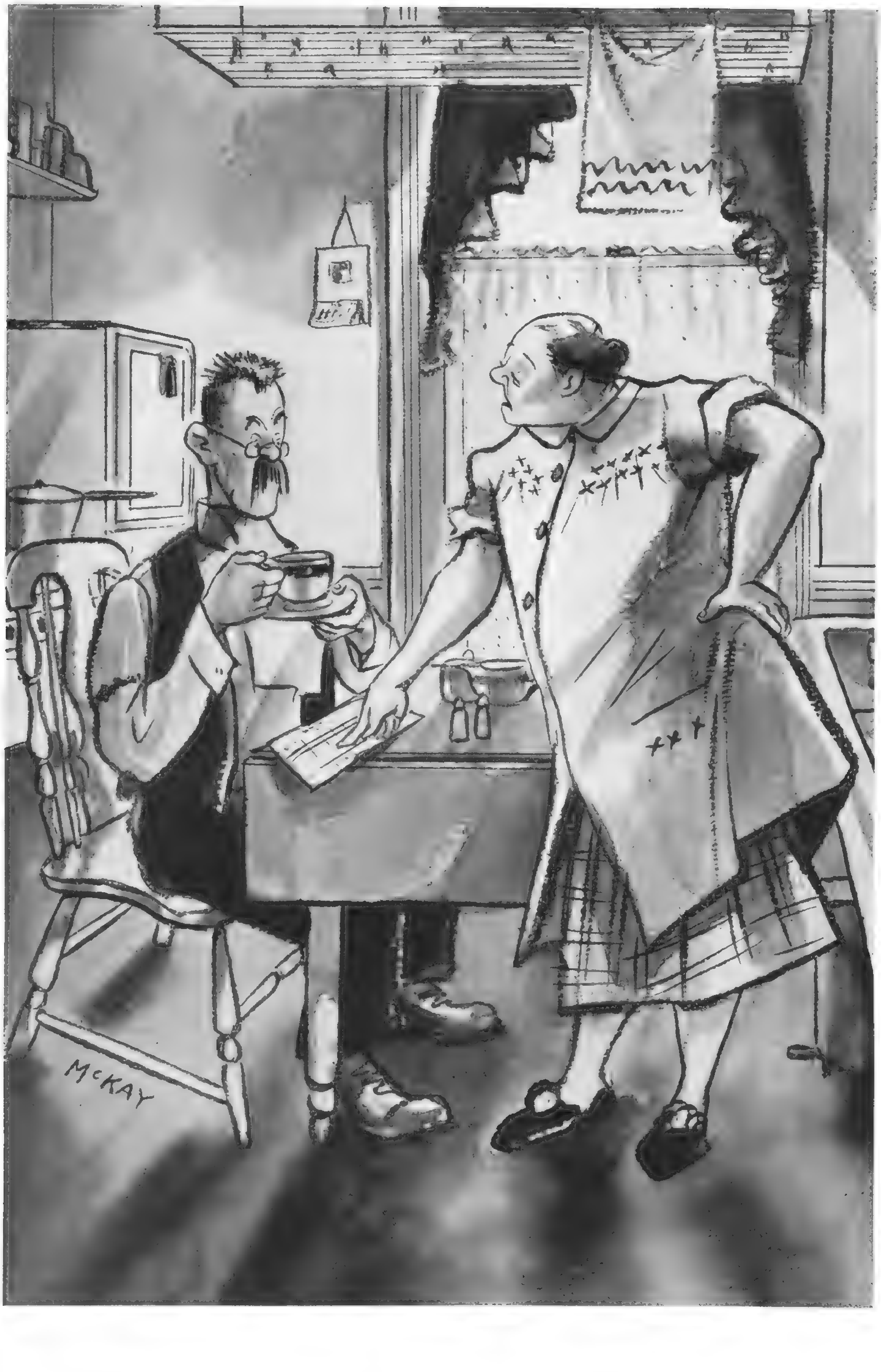

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The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 90-147

men are in uniform. But this is the Broadway of Madrid. In the neighborhoods, there are few soldiers; lots of kids in the movies in the daytime; westerns are popular.

You remember reading in a paper in the States that a shell fell as people were coming out of a movie, killing many of them. Sitting there, you can faintly hear the thud of the shells bursting in the city somewhere; only occasional shelling, just now—one every five minutes. Each one is landing somewhere in the city, maybe killing somebody, wounding a few. Still, it takes a long time to kill a million people, if you take out only ten a day. This has been going on for a solid year now; the first anniversary of the siege of Madrid has just passed, and suppose you have been there all year—you were not hit yesterday, or last month, or six months ago, why should you be the one to be hit tomorrow? And then, if a shell does fall on your house, or as you are coming out of the theatre, it may only be a dud—a third of them are duds. Or, if it explodes, with sharp-edged hunks of German steel shooting in all directions, you may still escape—you may only be slightly injured by a bit of stone from a building that has been hit by the steel. Or, a broken edge of steel may cut off your head, and then you have nothing to worry about. It may cut off an arm, a leg, or half of your face; that would be worst. But when you figure out all the chances—why should it happen to you—precisely in that way?

In the theatre, you are not quite sure of the sound of the shells. That one might only be the banging of a door, upstairs. And another one is confused with the sound of shooting from the screen. And then the film becomes comical for a while, and you don't hear anything outside.

But when you come out of the theatre you hear the passage of the shells like far away howling dogs. You never get over the strangeness of the rush of people in the darkness; the sidewalk is crowded; you see only the pencil-streak of an occasional flashlight. The dark throng herds you down toward the Metro.

There are whole moments, in the daytime, when you happen to look down a street where there has been no obvious shelling; you see people moving about, getting on streetcars, going in and out of shops, and there is no war at all. A miracle that goes on for a year is no longer news, but commonplace; Madrid is this continuous miracle. The population is neither stoical nor heroic. It's simply natural. Evacuation trucks are ready for them every day. They are exhorted to leave. Few leave.

It is not wise. There are twice as many people in Madrid as in the army; feeding them is twice the problem. They won't go. They live here.

You take the subway to the last station, get out, and see the chipmarks of machine gunning on the walls. The fascists got in this far. But the people of Madrid drove them out. Not quite out of the suburbs, but out of the city anyway. They've been trying for a whole year to get back even this far, but haven't come a step.

You walk a few blocks down; every street-end is built across with permanent-looking stone barricades. People who live in the buildings just beyond the barricades go in and out. Your pass takes you a few blocks further and you see houses with the top two stories torn open, and fresh family washing hanging out the windows of the story below. You see a wagon in the street, half-loaded with furniture, and think—at last they're moving out. A couple of men approach the wagon, take down a huge chest of drawers, and carry it into the house. Across the street is an air bombed ruin. A cannon-shell just makes a hole; it wrecks maybe one apartment. But when an airbomb hits a building it goes straight through, leaving the four walls standing, tearing down the entire interior, dumping it into the basement.

The debris has been cleared away, there; the four walls stand around a vacant lot; kids are playing soccer on the lot.

You turn a corner and you are at the front.

* * *

Two Congressmen from home—O'Connell and Bernard—are visiting Spain; a government newsreel man follows the party. He photographs Congressman Bernard talking to a fellow Italo-American whom he meets in the front line trench of University city. They peer through the sandbag firing-post at the fascist line no more than two hundred feet away, at the tangle of wreckage that was the medical clinic of the university. Congressman Bernard slaps the volunteer on the back; "You're doing the best job in your life," he says. Congressman O'Connell's cute wife, who had no other than high-heeled shoes along, trips gamely through the long trenches, and is photographed throwing the dice in a parchesi game which the Spanish boys have organized, behind the lines. The newsreel photographer follows the party to Arguelles, an apartment-house section like Rogers Park—if you

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know Chicago. This is the most ruined section of Madrid, for it suffered from concentrated air-bombings before the government planes got going. Congressman Bernard climbs up the remains of a stairway, into what was once an apartment. The floor is still littered with left-overs. Books, letters, snapshots. There's an old union card. A bank-book. One of the party laughing picks up a book on marriage hygiene. Another takes along a prayer-book, half-torn by shell-debris, as a souvenir.

A ladder amongst the wreckage gives access to a second-floor apartment. Here is the remains of someone's little pride. For the apartment was decorated entirely in Oriental fashion. Bits of red lacquered furniture are strewn around. Light-fixtures made to look like Chinese lanterns hang half-torn from the walls.

In another wrecked house, Mrs. O'Connell finds a family album, and a child's puppet. Congressman Bernard, who is musical, picks up a score of Beethoven's *Seventh.* He shows it to one of the soldiers, who, immediately excited, begins to hum the themes. The soldier, it turns out, is an accomplished pianist. He knows of another wrecked apartment where a piano remains, unharmed. When he's off duty he goes there and plays. The Congressman gives him the score. The soldier can't stop thanking him.

* * *

Another day, we go out with Herb Kline, who made *Heart of Spain,* and is back making another film. He and Henri Cartier, a young French director, are making some Madrid background scenes. They want a good scene of a breadline. It's a rainy morning. At nine, the lines are already forming. Usually they are about fifty feet, at most half a block long. But sometimes, for periods, certain commodities are not to be had. The longest we saw was one for wine, for though wine is still plentiful, transportation had been tied up for a while. This queue was two blocks long. The women simply sat on their jugs, gossiping. There never seems to be any complaint. They know.

Kline and Cartier wanted to get the shot unposed. They developed a special trick for taking the scene before the people were aware they were being photographed. Two would casually approach the spot from which the scene should be shot; the cameraman would come behind them, focus between their arms, and click off the scene while they stood talking.

But some things are hard to get into a picture. Trench humor is hard to catch. When you go through the suburb of Usera, where the government is advancing, almost house by house, you see signs which the men have scribbled on the walls. "House for Sale," they write on a roofless wreck—"Sunny Exposure." And on another—"This House Not For Sale—Too Much Exposure." Some objects have been hung on a wall; above them the soldiers have lettered, grandiosely: "Museum of Trophies Captured from the Enemy by Our Heroes." The "trophies" consist of a birdcage containing an old shoe, a torn bit of woman's clothing, some feathers.

When a store has temporarily or permanently run out of some article, it puts up a sign, "No Have." In Spanish, it reads "No Hay," pronounced "no aye." Most hotels have signs on the door announcing "No Hay Comidas," meaning no meals for outsiders. Stores will have signs, "No Have Soap," "No Have Sugar," etc.

Coming back from the Aragon front, we came one night to the town of Caspi, in which a brigade was quartered. We were supplied with bread and cheese, but thought we might scare up a meal. The only place to eat, we were told, was with the army, and we decided it was too late to bother them.

There was one café lighted; the rest of the town was pitch dark. The café was jam-full of soldiers singing and having a gay time. At least, we figured, we'd get some wine for our bread and cheese. But the café had a sign in the window, made with great flourishes. No Have Nothing, it said.

Inside, the soldiers were sitting at bare tables, flourishing empty glasses, they had made a song out of No Have Nothing—No Aye Nada!

Then you say, you can't beat people like that. Sure you can beat them, with enough foreign explosives you can blow them all to pieces, you can scatter bits of their skulls over the mountains; with enough foreign tanks and airplanes and hundreds of thousands of invading soldiers you can beat even these men; but you'd have to take apart every last one of them, before it was over.

Coming out of Spain, you are astonished to hear that the war is over, that the government destroyed all the churches, that Madrid has fallen: the fascists are better at making propaganda than at making war. You say you have seen the churches intact, their art rigorously protected—except for the churches air bombed by the fascists. Then people look at you closely and remark, "But you don't look starved. You've just come from Spain?" You inform them there is enough food in Spain; true, it is rationed, but the army is really well fed, and the civilian population, though it can't always choose what it wants to eat, nevertheless doesn't starve. You explain it's really a matter of transportation, of trucks.

In the railway station at Narbonne, there's a wise old porter who gets the idea. "They say the war is over in Spain," he remarks, and winks as he nods toward a train of flat-cars going down another track, toward Spain. There are about fifty cars; each carries a new heavy-service truck. "All day," he says. "So the war is over in Spain, eh?" #

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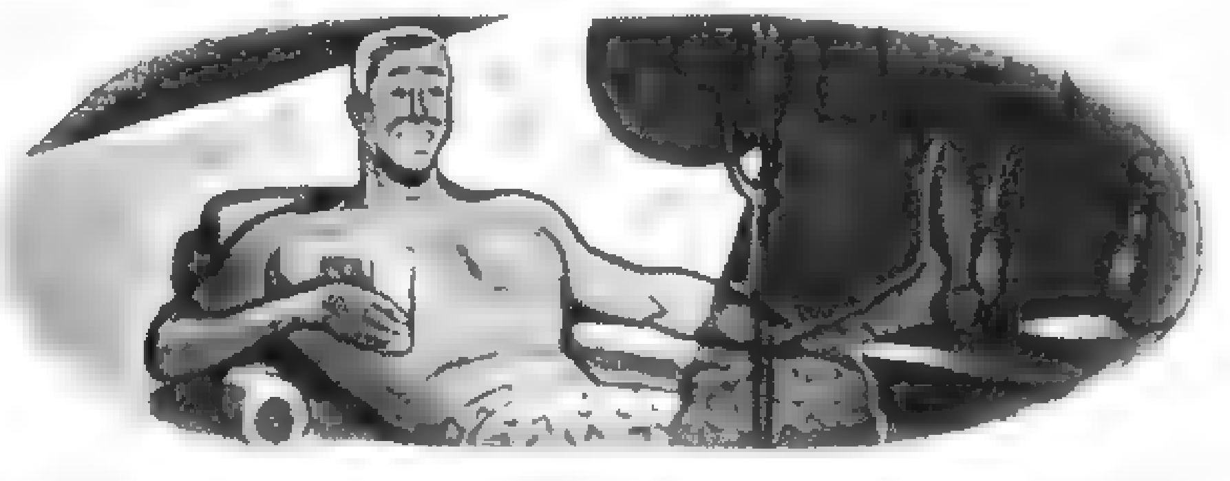

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MILLS AT STAFFORD SPRINGS CONN

The Turn on the Screw

Continued from page 66

Mueller halts his tirade, as a shadow falls across us. We look up. There are the dirty, baggy blue trousers, the shiny uniform coat, the egg-like form and little pig eyes of Pete.

"Cut out that layin' in the dirt!" he howls. "Where the hell do you think you are—in some county jail? Lookit yuh, Mueller, wallerin' around like a hog in a mudhole! Git up, God damn yuh, an' stand at attention when an officer speaks to yuh!"

Wearily we rise.

"Is there anything in the rule book," asks Mueller slowly, "about not sitting on the grass?"

"Shut up! One more crack outa you an' I'll have your tail in that hole. I'll do all the talkin' there's to be done around here. Lookit yuh, the whole pack of yuh—how long yuh gotta be around here before you'll know enough to salute and fold your arms when an officer speaks to yuh?" We stand patiently. "Salute!" screams Pete, stamping the earth with his lead-tipped cane. "Every one of yuh! Salute!"

Mechanically we salute and then stand shoulder to shoulder with folded arms. I steal a glance at Mueller. His face is dead white. His lips twitch. His gaze is centered on the trees beyond the wall.

"Bunch of ignorant, tin-horn thieves," squeals Pete. "Never knew anything, never will, an' when yuh get in here yuh try to outsmart somebody that knows more than the whole of yuh put together!" He waddles away, muttering, "Show yuh who's boss around here."

"Nice guy," says Lassiter. "I'd like to meet him sometime."

"I'll meet him," growls Mueller throatily, "either in here or out. He's going to keep on riding me until he finds himself in the morgue. I got nothing to lose by bumping him."

"No," says Lassiter ironically. "They'd only take you out for trial, and bury you in the hole for the rest of your life."

"What's the difference? I'd be out of Pete's shop, and nothing could be worse than working for him. God, if I could only rip his guts out with a twine hook!"

"Take it easy," Lassiter cautions again. Both he and I fear for Mueller's sanity, and we eye each other knowingly now. We must keep his mind as much as possible from his troubles; when he broods overly much, he's a raging maniac. Only the fact that his case is soon to be considered by the pardon board keeps him from going to pieces entirely. "Wait till we get out, kid," continues Lassiter. "We'll lay for that little fink and give him the beating of his life."

"Jesus," I say dreamily, "but it would be nice to run into Pete on the outside! Boy, oh boy! I can't sleep nights for thinking about working on him with a blacksnake whip."

"Whip!" howls Lassiter. "What the hell kind of a cream puff are you? Talking about whips when you could be pounding nails into his belly, or something good like that!"

"Yeah," I drawl. "Well, what would you do?"

"Me? It makes me feel better just to think about it. I'd tie him up naked on a bed. Then I'd turn a steam hose on him and cook him a little. After his fat hide had got so tender you could stick your fingers through it, I'd smear him with honey, and stake him out on an ant hill, and watch the ants eat him alive."

"Not bad, at that," I admit. But Mueller makes no comment. Lassiter turns to him.

"How's that, boy? Make you feel better?"

Mueller merely shrugs. Fires are smoldering in his eyes.

"Come on," urges Lassiter. "If you're so good, tell us what you'd do to him."

Mueller slams his fist into his palm. "You want to know what I'd do? I'd hold matches against his bare feet, and cook his toes off, one at a time. I'd burn off his fingers and his ears and his nose. I'd knock out all his teeth with a sledge hammer. I'd break his arms and his legs. I'd tear his eyes out with a pair of red-hot pliers. I'd cook those fat cheeks of his, and let the dogs chew the meat right down to the bone. I'd slit open his pot-belly, and rip his guts out, and tramp on them with a pair of hob-nailed boots. I'd—" Mueller chokes. He is terrible in his sudden rage. Hatred and insane violence are alive in him, a roaring flame. I kick myself mentally for having started him off on this tirade; my mentioning of the whip led up to this. Mueller leans against the cell hall and closes his eyes. "Just the sight of him suffering," he mutters. "Jesus!"

Lassiter smacks his lips. My flesh crawls.

The big whistle on the power house hoots a long blast, and our half-holiday is ended. We fall in line. All talking ceases. Another week of silence closes down on us. The line starts moving toward the dining hall.

* * *

Lassiter looks like death. He is suffering from terrific pains in his back. And when he stands erect, he cannot breathe. This morning Pete refused him a pass to the hospital; within an hour, Lassiter fainted at his work and had to be carried to the doctor, who examined him cursorily, and turned him over to the inmate head nurse—a former truck driver. The nurse, a pet of the doctor's, informed Lassiter that he merely had a crick in his back, gave him some C-C pills, and allowed him to lie down in the dressing room of the hospital for a short time. Just before noon, Lassiter was shunted back to work. He told me the story during the noon meal—the only time of the day that we are permitted to talk.

"The pardon board met yesterday, too," he said, "and my attorney figures that I may get out. God, wouldn't it be tough to kick off just about the time my pardon papers were being sent down here? I should get either a denial or a release notice in today's mail."

This afternoon Pete again refused Lassiter a pass to the hospital. When Lassiter tried to tell the screw that he was in such pain he couldn't work, Pete shoved him, and he fell into a pile of spare parts; a drawbar caught him across the back, and he was unconscious when they carried him out again.

Now it is night, and I am in my cell, waiting for Mac, the night cell-hall screw on our gallery, to bring me word of Lassiter. Mueller, in the cell on my right, paces up and down. The slips came from the pardon board, and Mueller's application was denied. I can see his shadow slide across the gallery, each time he nears his cell door.

Mac, a hard-bitten little Irishman, stops in front of my cell. He is one of the best screws in the prison, a married man who took this job merely to tide himself over, and who now can find no other work.

He has little love for the institution or its rules, and decries the fact that he must profit from the misery of others. Consequently he tries to make our lives a little more livable.

He eyes me somberly and says, "He's gone out. He went out an hour ago."

"No!" I experience the first pure joy I have known in over two years. "God, that's swell! Poor old Lassiter—he had a break coming to him. Never bothered anybody."

"Yup, they shipped him home to that little wife and those kids of his."

"Jesus! Home! I'll bet he's not even sick any more."

Mac shakes his head mysteriously. "No. Sickness will not be bothering him any more."

His face is deadly serious. A slight chill touches me.

"Why?" I ask. "Everything's all right, isn't it?"

"Sure. Yes. If you look at it a certain way, everything's swell. He's gone out. He's on his way home."

He pauses, and then clips off short, biting sentences.

"He went out the back gate. In a hearse. He's dead. They let him die up there in the hospital, the murdering butchers."

I catch at the bars, press close, and search his face. "You don't really mean it, Mac. You're kidding me."

"No. He's dead."

"God almighty, Mac!" I commence to rant crazily, "I talked to him at the table this noon; he worked part of the time today; he even smiled at me; why, he's due for a pardon tonight." I cease my rattlings. My knees are water. I sit down on my chair. "What was it?"

"I couldn't find out for sure, but the cook at the hospital said that he heard it was either spinal meningitis or a broken back."

"Pete knocked him down today when he wanted to go to the hospital. It hurt his back so bad, he passed out."

"They'll cover it up if it's a broken back. Injured at his work, is the way it will read. I've seen these things before."

I start muttering aimlessly, something about Pete and Lassiter and the head nurse and the doctor.

"Don't let it get you down, Frank," cautions Mac. "You'll blow your top if you harp on it. I saw plenty of this stuff when I was in the army."

Mac starts to move along, but I remember something else and call him back.

"Mac, tell me; what did Lassiter get from the pardon board?"

He eyes me for a moment. "We'll let that go until some other time."

He stops at Mueller's cell, and I hear them whispering. I stare frozenly at the floor. Many men have died in this prison, but Lassiter's is the first death to touch me directly, to take something of my own life. For Lassiter was my friend. I had always thought that some day we would all be free to leave our unhappiness here with the gray walls and wasted years, and forget all that we had endured. But to live through years of misery, to accept discouragements, to endure abuse and humiliation, to drag one's self through an existence that was abject misery, buoyed only by the hope of happiness ahead, and then to die, here in prison, without even a glimpse of the dream world of the future—God, oh, God!

Mueller's whispers become louder and hoarser. Mac tries to quiet him. And then it happens. Mueller's tin cup crashes against the floor, and he screams, "God damn their dirty souls to hell! They've killed my pal! And I'll get them! I'll get the screw and the croaker that killed my pal!"

As the lights go out a half-hour later, Mueller is sobbing angrily,

Continued at top of page 154

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The Turn on the Screw

Continued from pages 66-153

and Mac, thank God for a humanitarian, is coaxing him to undress and go to bed.

It is morning, and we are in the shop. Mueller stands defiantly at the rear of the big No. 1 breaker, and refuses to work. Pete is off his stand in a second, and rushes at Mueller.

"Git up against that wall!" Pete screams. "You're going to the hole!" His face purples with rage; he flails the floor with his cane. "Git up against that wall! I'll bury you for good this time."

Mueller moves around in front of Pete, blocking him behind the machine. He says slowly, "So you're the guy that wouldn't let my pal go to the hospital."

"I'll put you where he is if you don't get outta my way an' face that wall!"

Mueller's eyes start to burn. "And you're the guy," he continues, his voice rising, "that kept Fargo Red here seven years."

"Git up against that wall!"

"Why, God damn you!" roars Mueller. His eyes are blazing wildly. "You're the son of a bitch that killed my pal!"

Pete raises his cane. Mueller weaves quickly to the wall and snatches a long-handled bale hook from the rack. Pete, suddenly panic stricken, drops his cane, and retreats to the back of the machine, where he attempts to scramble over it. But Mueller swarms down on him in a few strides. The hook rips through the air, and the point plunges into Pete's neck. He collapses across a bale of raw Manila that lies beside the machine. His mouth slobbers bloodily.

Mueller cries, "This is for Lassiter!" The hook flashes down. Blood spurts. Pete clasps his hands together, as if in prayer. His lips move, but a great red bubble forms on his mouth and bursts with a tiny smack. I shut my eyes. "This is for Fargo Red!" Thock! "This is for Ross!" Thock! "This is for—" Thock! Thock! Thock!

After an eternity, the noises cease. I open my eyes. Mueller stands astride Pete, whose body has rolled to the floor. Blood pours from his neck. His mouth sags open. His legs twitch. My gaze fixes frozenly on Mueller, who caresses the hook and chuckles insanely.

"Life," I tell myself—"life in the hole. God, what a long, long time." #

Now I'm a Bindle Stiff

Continued from page 77

Petaluma an' all the cracked eggs a man wants. When I'm hungry for 'em I go there an' egg-up. Marysville an' Yuba City are good for prunes, dried peaches, figs an' 'cots. The people tried to make ol' Scotty McNier at Petaluma quit givin' away mush." (oatmeal) "But he's too rich. Ever since 1931 all a fellow's had to do was just go into his store an' help himself. If you can't mush-up in Petaluma it's your own fault. From Sausalito on the North end of the Golden Gate Bridge along the Redwood Highway clean to Ukiah, where the farmin' country ends, a man won't starve. I make it every summer. I don't hurry. I just ease along. Once in awhile I feel like goin' fishin'. So I loads up an' goes off somewheres to a quiet river an' eats fish till the bones sticks out of my ears.

"In the Santa Clara grape country if a fellow goes to a Spanish (not Mexican) house an' asks for a glass of *water*, most likely he'll get a fine glass of claret." He winked knowingly.

"I get everything else the same way— coffee at warehouses in the cities; raisins, or fruit or whatever's goin'. I got bacon there— see!" He extracted a two-pound slab from a roll of greasy paper. "A butcher in Woodland gimme it. Most any rancher or trucker will give me all the vegetables I want. It ain't so easy for young fellows. But these people has a heart. They knows us old fellows ain't able to work no more."

"Where will you sleep tonight?"

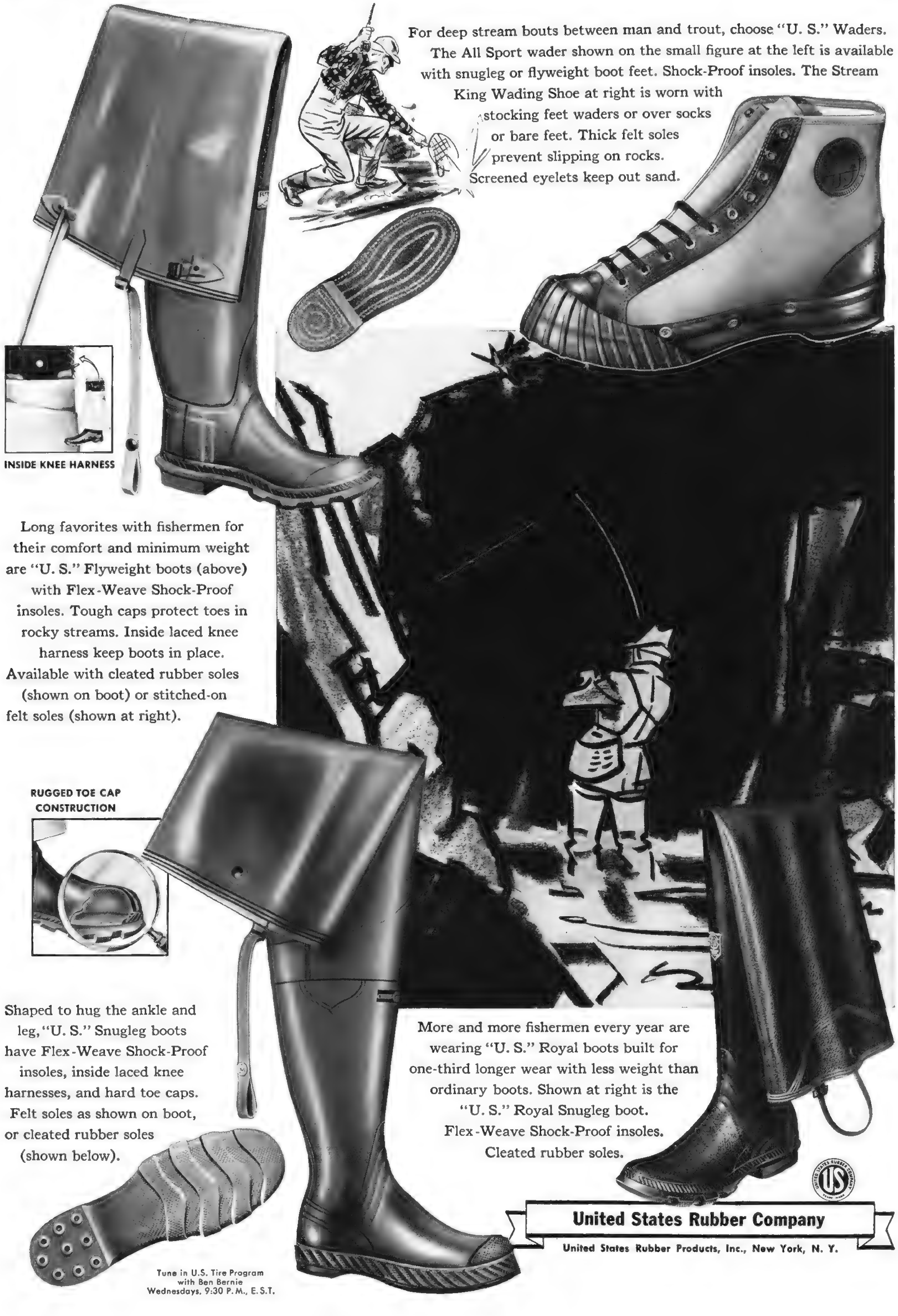
"Why, if this wind keeps up, under a bridge a mile up the highway. If it ca'ms, I'll spread my blankets under a tree where I'll be out of the dew. Man, I got this here country all mapped out better'n ol' Rum Dumb McLalley. Wherever I am I know where I'll sleep. If it's wet or too cold to sleep out I know where there's a warehouse, barn, sheep shed, cave, an old mill, a bridge cr an empty buildin' that happens to have a window I can open. O, I get ketched once in awhile in towns where nothing's open—not even an empty boxcar. The railroads seal 'em now. Only in terminals is a fellow sure to find empties. It's not only th' sleepin' places but every other thing in my line is all mapped out—right here." He tapped his forehead. "I know where there's firewood, water, an' —an' everything. But I ain't tellin' part of it to nobody. That's the stores, butchers, bakers an' backdoors that's good—good for me. If I needed it I could get four-bits from the Sheriff of Yolo County at Woodland. Good man. One reason us fellows don't ride trains is we ain't goin' nowheres in th' first place. Then there's always somethin' to pick up. Brass, aluminum, copper an' everything. Money sometimes. Books, too. Just a few weeks ago in an alley in Sacramento I picked up a kind of shabby lookin' old book about this here Marshall, the real discoverer of gold—not Sutter. A book buyer gimme two-bits so quick it made my head swim.

"What's *he* up to?" I wonders.

"Do you know what that there book was worth?"

"No."

Continued on page 156



For deep stream bouts between man and trout, choose "U. S." Waders. The All Sport wader shown on the small figure at the left is available with snugleg or flyweight boot feet. Shock-Proof insoles. The Stream King Wading Shoe at right is worn with stocking feet waders or over socks or bare feet. Thick felt soles prevent slipping on rocks. Screened eyelets keep out sand.

Long favorites with fishermen for their comfort and minimum weight are "U. S." Flyweight boots (above) with Flex-Weave Shock-Proof insoles. Tough caps protect toes in rocky streams. Inside laced knee harness keep boots in place. Available with cleated rubber soles (shown on boot) or stitched-on felt soles (shown at right).

Shaped to hug the ankle and leg, "U. S." Snugleg boots have Flex-Weave Shock-Proof insoles, inside laced knee harnesses, and hard toe caps. Felt soles as shown on boot, or cleated rubber soles (shown below).

More and more fishermen every year are wearing "U. S." Royal boots built for one-third longer wear with less weight than ordinary boots. Shown at right is the "U. S." Royal Snugleg boot. Flex-Weave Shock-Proof insoles. Cleated rubber soles.

United States Rubber Company

United States Rubber Products, Inc., New York, N. Y.

Tune in U.S. Tire Program
with Ben Bernie
Wednesdays, 9:30 P.M., E.S.T.

Now I'm a Bindle Stiff

Continued from pages 77-154

"Thirty-five dollars!"

"Aw, hell."

"Yes, siree! It was one o' these here first additions an' this bird had been a-lookin' for it a long time. An' here I got only two-bits!"

"Where did you spend the winter?"

"In a 30-mile strip along a branch of the S. P. out of Woodland. Cold? No. I had a place all fitted up in an old boxcar with its wheels on the ground an' came out in the spring fat as a bear in October. Always before I been goin' South winters. Ventura an' Santa Barbara usually. Once to San Diego. It's not like this part of California, though. This is the country for a man. But I'll mosey down there again about Thanksgivin'."

"Do you ever pal up with rattlesnakes when you're sleeping outside in the country?"

"Sometimes. I woke up one morning near Chico an' rolled over onto a rattler that'd been warmin' himself against me all night. Did I jump? Then another time I was sleepin' under a warehouse below Stockton an' woke up in th' night an' a skunk was standin' on my face chawin' my bacon."

"Your *bacon?*"

"Yes. I had it under me head for a pilley an' th' damn bastard was a-eatin' it up. I yelled so loud I must'a' scared hell plumb out of him. 'S'a wonder he didn't gimme a slug when he vamoosed. I guess he didn't have time.

"Last winter, one night when I was sleepin' in a boxcar along of some other guys two bulls come an' took three of 'em away. Next morning one of 'em was back. 'That's the third time in three weeks I been picked up, fingerprinted an' questioned,' he says. It was the time th' guy up in Washington swiped a doctor's boy an' killed him. Cops don't never bother me." He stopped abruptly and burst out laughing.

"What is it?" I demanded.

"The joke's on me, but here goes: Six years ago, in Petaluma, they was a lot of us fellows camped up an' th' people was makin' a holler. A few bums is all right, but some of them fellows overdo things.

"One evenin' we was all sittin' 'round our fires when the Chief an' one of his men come down.

" 'How many of you boys are they?' he asked. Then him an' his man began countin'. 'Nineteen,' says th' Chief.

" 'Now, boys,' he goes on, 'I want every single one of you to be right here at nine o'clock tomorrow morning. Don't a one of you leave meanwhile. We'll bring enough cars down an' take you all up to the jail an' give every blessed one of you a good warm bath. Understand?'

" 'Yeah,' we says.

"Nine o'clock next mornin' I was lammin' it down th' Mission in Frisco. I guess I was th' clostest of the whole gang to Petaluma. One of the guys told me afterwards he'd made Fresno by nine—two hundred miles or better."

The old bindler prepared to leave. "Remember what I told you: Don't go wastin' your time lookin' for a job an' worryin'. You'll never get one 'less we have another war. Good luck to ye."

He trudged up the Redwood Highway and disappeared around a bend.

For a long time I sat pondering over what he'd told me. Then I began to take stock. Here it was August. I had been out looking for work since early April. Altogether, I'd worked eighteen days and made forty-eight dollars. I had six dollars when I started. Every nickel of the total had gone for necessities. A pair of shoes cost $2.87, and a coarse work shirt, 69 cents. The rest went for food, razor blades, soap, two haircuts and three nights' rent for a hotel room in Marysville. By staying there I could be on hand when a truck came to town for orchard help at 5:30 a.m. But it was wasted money. The driver got all the young chaps he wanted.

To be or not to be a bindle stiff, that was the question. There were three months more of crop gathering ahead of me. "If I can get steady work, the food problem is solved for three months," I reflected. But could I? There are long loafing periods and long jumps to make between crop and fruit harvests in California.

Up to August last year I'd worked considerably more. But when the crops were harvested about the week before Thanksgiving and men by the thousands

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• • •

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were flocking to the cities for the winter I had only twenty dollars. In the industrial East there were not many winter jobs open for either skilled or unskilled men. In California, agriculture and fruit growing being the principal industries, there were less. No work for thousands of young chaps. Swell chance for the older man.

"Well, Hamlet," I decided at length, as I sat there on the highway, "whether you're a bindle stiff or a city idler next winter, you'll suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune anyway. But if you choose to be the former they won't be quite as acute. Instead of sleeping in a flop-house or a cubicle-sized housekeeping room where there's a mile of dark hallways two feet wide, and fifty pensioners and remittance men to put on delirium tremens specialties every month; where you are always bedeviled by the specter of rent and food; where drunks, street noises, radios, vermin, dirt, coughers and other distractions will add to your misery, you'll be out in the rains, the winds and the sunshine.

"Old man," I said aloud, although he was then, no doubt, bedding down for the night under the bridge, "I'm going to take a whirl at your racket. It's a tough game. But it's the lesser of the two evils confronting me."

Who dares tell me there is a third and better course? Haven't I tried ten thousand times to find that third and better course? . . . Nothing today. Sorry . . .

* * *

So here I am, a full-fledged bindle stiff, as immune from work as a boy that's had 'em is immune from measles. During one month of the life—my novitiate, as it were—I've been exposed to work twice. The first was a sheep-chasing job that an athlete of twenty-one couldn't have done—five days' work for five dollars. The second offer was even more insulting.

All bindle stiffs are supposed to be crackpots. You can expect anything from them. Near San Leandro, one day, I had an opportunity to preserve the tradition and at the same time administer a deserved rebuke to a cheap skate. As I walked along the highway a man in the yard of a fine home called: "Do you want to earn two-bits an hour pulling weeds? There's about three hours' work." The local rate for common labor was forty cents an hour.

Instead of answering him, I merely whistled, a short, quick soprano-like "whee-o."

It was a waste ball, high and wide.

He repeated the offer, adding, "That's good money, old boy."

Another "whee-o."

"Well, I'll be a ————!" he exploded, his eyes and mouth wide open. He looked at me for a minute, then piped, in a greatly exaggerated tender voice, "You'd better hurry, grandpa. Your keepers will be along soon and take you back."

I gave him another "whee-o," and he cut loose with some extra choice waterfrontese.

These days whenever I pass an orchard, a field, a cannery or other scene of industry where full crews are at work and applicants are standing around waiting for jobs, I have a feeling of satisfaction and self-righteousness. Especially when I see older men in the crowd. Then the old bindler's words come to me: Don't waste your time looking for jobs and worrying. You'll never get one.

You ask:

"Has a healthy man, 55, a moral right to quit seeking work and travel the highways and byways of a pleasant land, living off the public's generosity?"

Let me parry it with several others:

Will you spend a month in a winter flop-house with me? Then enjoy four delightful weeks in a bread-line (there are no bread-lines now), followed by a similar period waiting seven hours daily in a United States Employment Service office in a California fruit town in winter? If you're alive after that, we'll try a month at a mission. Not Soledad or San Gabriel, but one of those where you get "saved" nights, and days you go 'round from house to house bumming rags, magazines, old clothes and furniture "for Jesus," play stoolpigeon on your fellow workers who are doing the same on you because Th' Adje asked everyone to do it; eat moldy rolls, bread and other junk a bakery, restaurant or housekeeper threw out; sleep in a buggy cot without enough bedding in a draughty, damp dorm with forty groaning, coughing, spitting, teeth-grinding men; do all the disagreeable, dirty, laborious kind of work a hypocritical, bullying, insulting former bum, who once ran a bagnio in L.A. and did five at S.Q. for an attack on a child but "got religion" and was paroled orders you to do, and curses you when no "stool" is around; or take one of those "elderly-man-for-light-chores-no-wages" jobs and have a bunch of smug, patronizing success people call you "dad" and order you about; and after you'd been up since 4:30 a.m., "release" you at nine p.m. with, "Well, dad, I guess we'll call it a day," and you slink off to a damp, cold room over the garage where you'll be disturbed from your sleep at all hours by the night-clubbing brats, and at 4:30 get up to begin another day's free work? Will you——?

But that's enough.

I'm a bindle stiff. However, I may not always be. Some day I may be trudging the highway near San Leandro and a man come rushing out and hail me.

"Hey, dad, do you want a job at $200,000 a year?" he'll say and, without pausing, explain: "Harry Sinclair of Consolidated Oil has resigned. The job's yours."

Offhand, I'll say right now I won't "whee-o" him. But you can tell your Aunt Lil I ain't going to get excited. #

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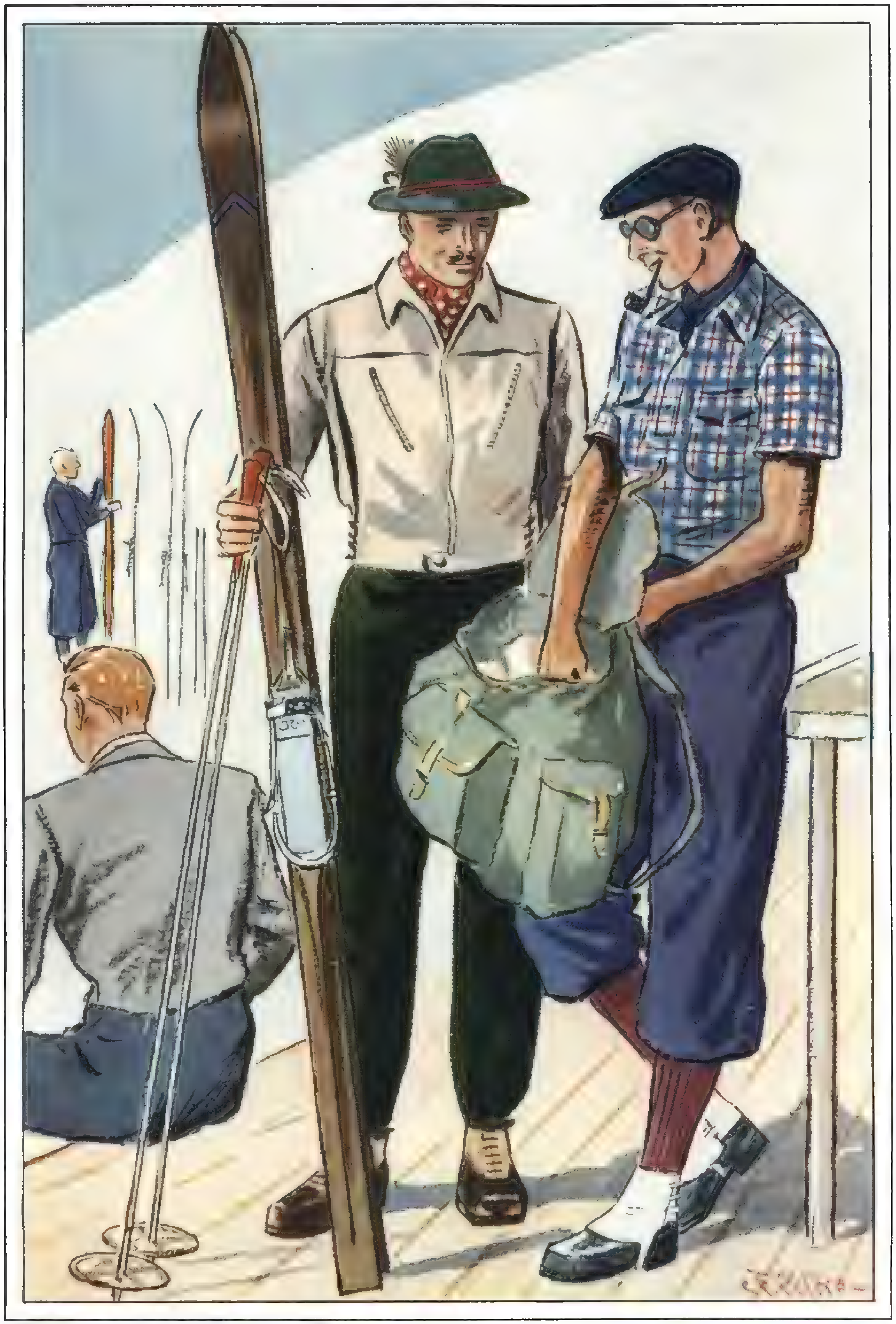


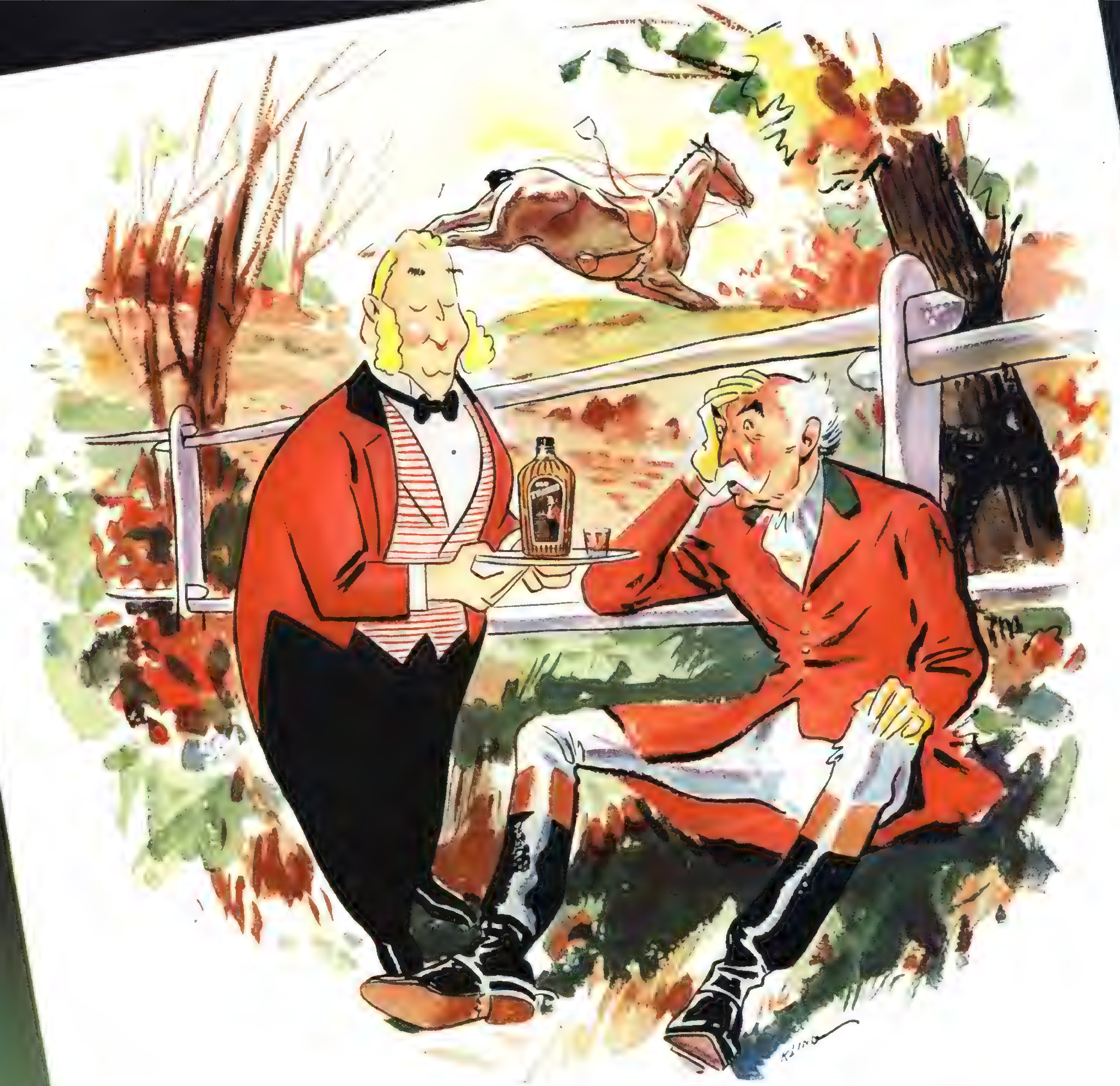
The scene is the Eastern Slope Inn, in the White Mountains in New Hampshire, the Headquarters of the Eastern Slope Ski Club, a favorite skiing center which attracts sportsmen from New York, Philadelphia, and other Eastern cities for skiing week ends under the guidance of a famed instructor from the Austrian Tyrol.

PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS BY C. F. PETERS

THE SKIING LASTS AS LONG AS THE SNOW

Skiing has had such a boom these last couple of years that the season is now much longer than it used to be, the enthusiasts staying on the slopes through March and into April, as long as the sun will let them. This has necessitated the development of lighter outfits for the spring season. For instance, the man in the middle has a single breasted wind jacket of light-weight cotton, with slide fastener front and pockets, worn with trousers of light-weight wind-proof cotton in the official shade of Dartmouth green. A light-weight silk scarf, authentic Tyrolean hat and two-toned Norwegian ski boots complete the turnout. The man on the right goes even further with a half-sleeved Tyrolean checked cotton shirt, blue gabardine ski knickers, light wool hose, white slalom gaiters, black ski boots and the gabardine ski cap with invisible earlap. The rucksack which he is holding is used by many skiers here and abroad.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



"I think you've got something there, Tucker!"

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Shortcut to Skiing

Continued from page 54

average skier needs to know, the *stem* and the *christie* (Christiania). Downhill position requires one to bend the knees as far as possible without lifting the heel or sitting or squatting, the stem requires a pigeon-toed position, the christie requires a skid or whirl. Normally one does none of these movements, they are the principal ones that are peculiar to skiing and the knee, ankle and leg muscles involved are those that most need strengthening and training. Downhill position, stem and christie have these four requirements in common: 1, balance; 2, control of the body's weight so that it can be shifted easily at will, particularly from one foot to another or from the heel to the ball of the foot; 3, keeping the heels as well as toes down on the ski; 4, strong and supple knees, ankles and leg muscles.

Weight shifting plays a basic role in skiing, it is the secret of easy control. Shifting the weight to one foot while keeping both on the ground, is a simple thing, of course—so simple that we forget when we are doing it, and thus shift it wrongly in skiing, or think we are shifting it when we are not.

We need exercises to exaggerate the shift of weight so as to remind us more sharply of it and accustom us to it more. That is why the Stork exercise is so useful a base for all movements.

Starting from this basis we can divide our ski exercises into those aimed at preparing one generally and particularly for downhill, stem, and christie.

GENERAL

1. The first exercise, the Stork, has been explained.

2. The Cossack is the Stork made much more strenuous; it's not for babies. Stand on right foot and slowly squat on the right heel and then rise again, never letting the left leg touch the floor until standing again. In other words, lower and raise the whole weight of the body with one leg. Then repeat with the other. This builds powerful knees, ankles, and leg muscles while developing balance and habituating one to shifting the body's weight. It may prove too hard at first, but with practice and the help of the other exercises it will come.

When you can do it fairly easily, do the Cossack dance. That is, when squatting on the right heel, tap the floor with the extended left heel, bring it back under you and shift your weight to it while extending the right and tapping the floor with the extended right heel, then bringing it back and shifting your weight to it while extending the left, and so on. To develop the side muscles of the knee, sometimes extend the free foot sideways instead of front, tapping the floor on the right side with the right heel, and on the left with the left.

The Cossack is placed second to group it with general exercises, but since it requires the most muscle of any of the six it can be left to the last, especially by those who cannot do it at all.

DOWNHILL

3. Stand with both feet parallel, close together (to make balance harder and therefore improve it), toe of one foot at instep of other, heels on floor (low heels), arms down sides loose, body straight and loose. Keeping the trunk straight bend the knees as far as possible without raising the heels, straighten up, and repeat till tired or bored. To relieve monotony swing the knees to right or left when bending.

If you brush your teeth or shave or telephone while doing this, so much the better; it not only saves time but develops co-ordination. Practice shifting the weight with this by putting the weight sometimes as you bend mostly on right or left foot.

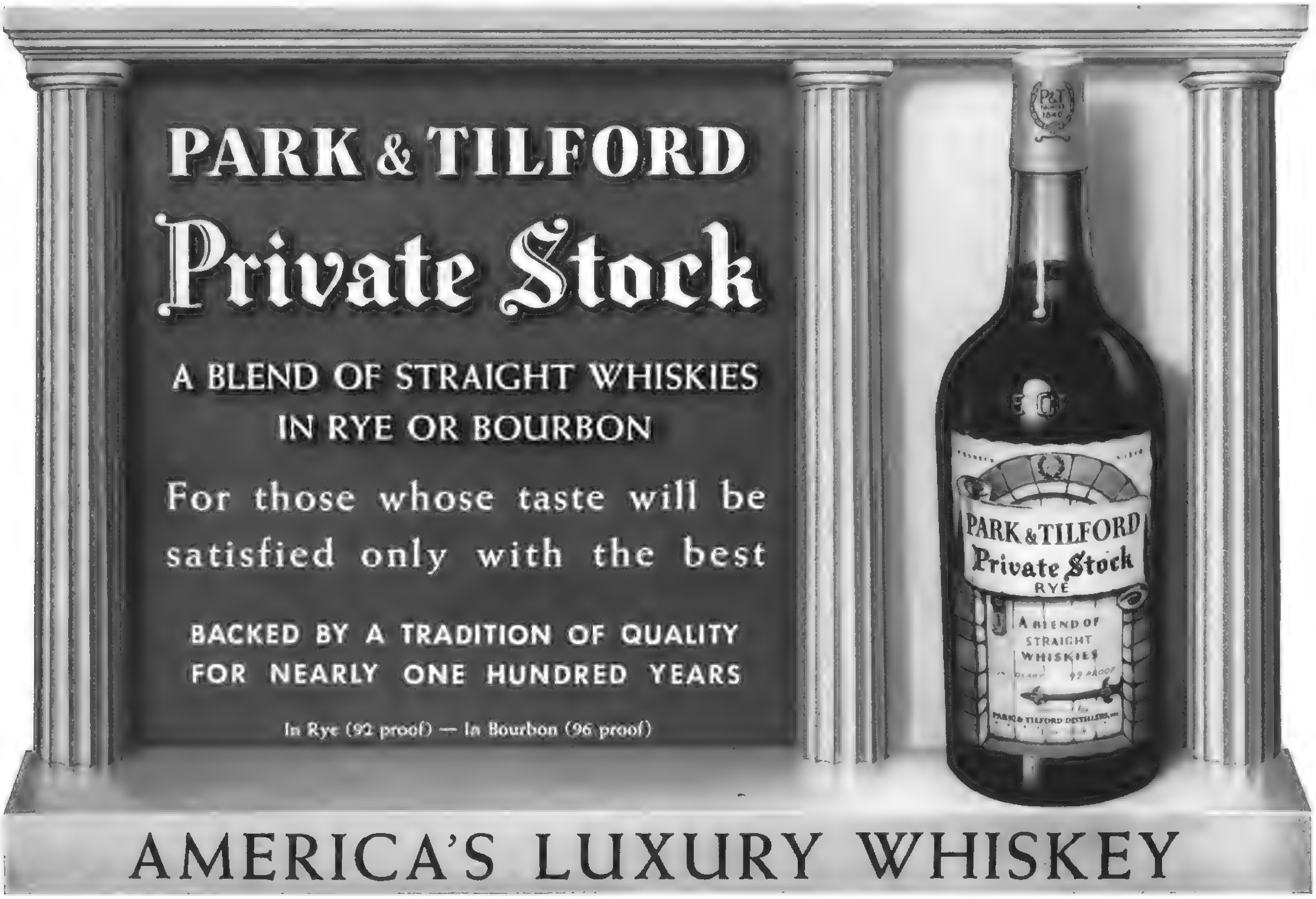
A variation is to stand straight and without bending try to strike the shoulder with the knee. But don't shave while doing this one!

STEM

4. Stand straight, pigeon-toed, and push the feet simultaneously a foot or two sideways while keeping the weight evenly distributed and heels and toes on the floor. Keep the knees as close together as possible while doing this. Bring the feet back to first position by the opposite pull and repeat not ad nauseam. Vary this by shifting weight from one leg to the other when separated, and by keeping one foot straight and pushing out the other—a half stem. One can do an amusing dance with this exercise or combine it with brushing the hair.

CHRISTIE

5. The Whirl: Stand as in No. 3 with legs bent, but with trunk parallel to shins. Jump straight up and whirl in the air, attempting to go round as far as possible and light standing, balanced. Repeat, whirling in opposite direction. If you find you do better in one direction, whirl more in the other. If you can whirl round either way and light almost in your tracks in good balance and can do this four or five times each way without tiring, you are in fair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condition, and you will be able to whirl even more than once round. The Whirl develops and trains the up-swing and side-swing muscles of the knees and by exaggeration accustoms one to the basic christie movements while at the same time developing the ankles, springiness, balance, and leg power. To develop side-swing do not jump up more than a few inches, for the higher you jump the less you whirl. To develop up-swing jump higher and whirl less.

6. The Christie: Stand as at the start of the Whirl, weight on advanced foot, straighten knees smartly and just as this movement lifts your weight slightly from the floor, whirl or skid round ninety degrees or more in the direction of the advanced foot, keeping both feet parallel and touching the floor. Repeat, starting with the opposite foot forward and turning in its direction. Try it with weight well forward and also toward heels.

To become more accustomed to very upsetting conditions in which the christie must be done on skis—namely, a slope where one foot is higher than the other—practice this exercise on a stairway. Stand on two steps toward the edges with the foot on the lower step advanced, whirl 180 degrees on the lower foot, the upper foot landing on the step below the pivot foot. Repeat in opposite direction. One can go downstairs this way—if the family or neighbors permit.

* * *

These exercises are meant only to prepare the ski muscles of the beginner and to keep those of average skiers in shape for skiing. For instruction on skiing there are plenty of books by experts at hand, if no expert is available as teacher.

It would, however, seem useful to help train and strengthen the muscles for whatever ski movement one desires to learn by practicing it without skis on the floor—by devising an exercise that copies it as much as possible and exaggerates, if anything, the essentials in the movement.

Such are my ski exercises. Now for the before and after testimony. I must, unfortunately, give only my own experience; there is no other to report. Before I began these exercises at 39 I could not do a mile run of 1500 feet descent without stopping often to rest and without falling several times—the less stops the more falls. After doing these exercises during the fall for a few minutes whenever I thought of them, I entered the season without feeling stiff after the first day of skiing. By midwinter (skiing only occasionally) I could do the Parsenn Derby run from the Weissfluhjoch at Davos, Switzerland—6,000 feet down in six and a half miles—in 33 minutes 47 seconds (official race timing) without stopping and with only one fall.

This, of course, is nothing to mention in comparison with anyone except myself previously; the best time in my age category (30 to 40 years) was 25 minutes 35 seconds, and the best for all ages in the "General Category," 19 minutes 39 seconds.

A week later I did one day five runs in the *Parsenn gebiet* for a total descent of more than 23,000 feet over a distance of about 22 miles, the fourth run being down the Derby course in 29 minutes. The most I had ever been able to do the previous winter in one day was 9,000 feet down over a distance cf about 12 miles in three runs.

Anything that can give one this much more running or allow even my very modest kind of ski racing to begin at forty is, it seems to me, likely to help those who cannot do better or who are just beginning to ski. That is why I have ventured to speak of my experience. *Ski heil!* ⧻

The Prince and the Piper

Continued from page 86

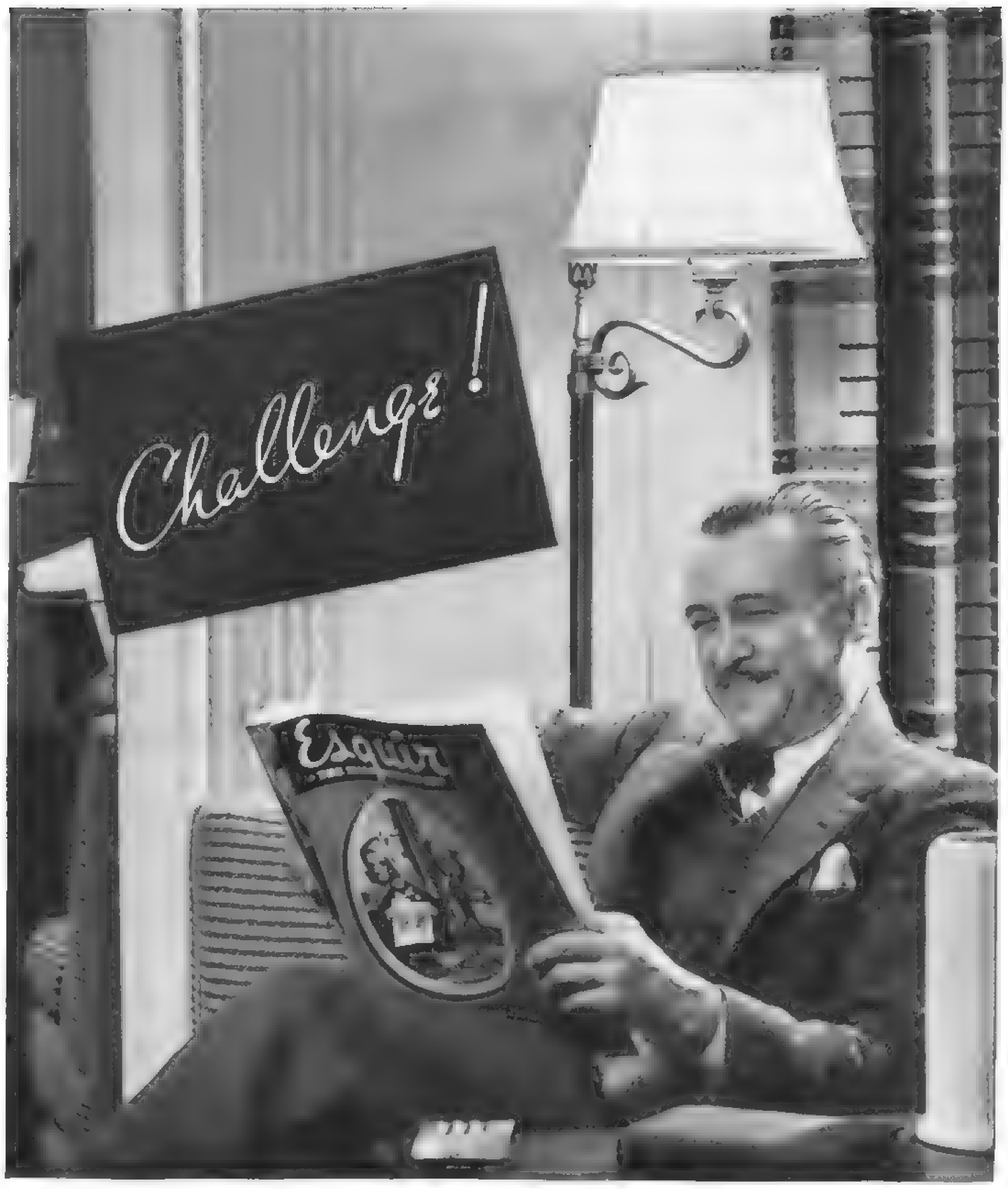
myself. Until the day, until the night when at last a little lady—who did not know who I was—said to me as she poked me with her elbow: "Well, old man, how does it happen that you make a noise like a muted trumpet . . ."

"And there, my dear attorney, is how I became private secretary to Archag Pacha. A dream life! Ten thousand francs a month, every luxury, every pleasure, cruises, blue skies, a fashionable life and nothing to do but sleep—the mouth open! Free as the air all day. I took orders only at night. My sole duty was to sleep at stated hours. There are worse jobs.

"This lasted a whole year. A magnificent year. My employer was very well satisfied with me. I smiled at the prospect of the future.

"And then last month came this automobile accident. A collision, my car overturned, my face covered with blood. I escaped with eight days at the clinic. And the little scar which remains on my face is scarcely noticeable. Only when, after those eight days at the clinic, I left the surgeon's hands, I became aware of one thing: that accident in breaking my nose had made it normal . . . I snored no more.

"That is why, my dear attorney, I ask damages of the owner of the car which upset me. I immediately lost my job with Archag Pacha, you may well believe. That young man is thirty years old: estimating at twenty years the time when he will desire that his neighbors do not know that he snores, I do not believe that I ask too much. Twenty years at 10,000 francs a month makes 2,400,000 francs. That is what I lose. In reclaiming only 500,000 francs you see that I have set a figure which, although it at first glance seems excessive for a broken nose, is, on the contrary, extremely reasonable." ⧻



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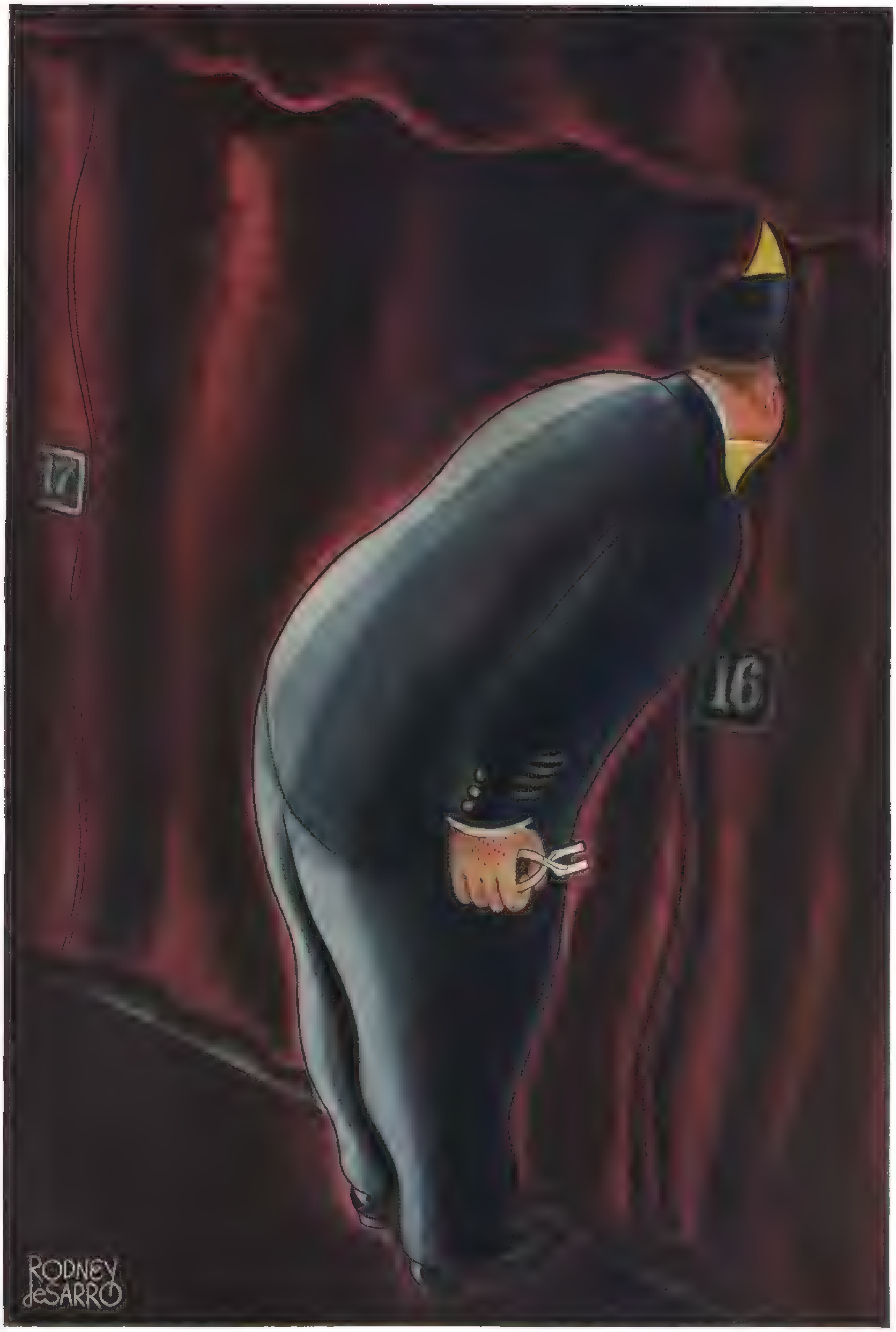
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16
RODNEY deSARRO

"I'm sorry you lost your bag, mam—can you sleep all right the way you are?"

"You Do Solemnly Swear . . ."

Continued from page 47

This boy of mine has got some mighty good friends and he didn't get them playing ping pong. A man makes a lot of friends even when he's put away for a little while. Well, some of these men are pretty sore about you making this mistake. My client wouldn't want to see anything happen, you know, but some of these boys have made a few cracks about you and a man can't tell his friends what to do or what not to do if they take it into their heads to do something. You're a fine young fellow with a nice wife and kids. You haven't been around a hell of a lot or you'd realize what you're bumping into here. If these boys start moving, that thing won't do you any good."

He nodded his head and turned his eyes towards Wally's pocket. Reaching across Wally, he opened the door.

"Well, so long, Moffatt. Mighty glad to have met you and had this little chat. See you later."

Silent, Wally planted his feet on the sidewalk. Dashboards. Money. Blackie Meeves. Thin lips and broad nose, wide eyes full of hatred.

He tried to still the kaleidescope and fix the pattern as he walked into the bakery.

"Who's your pal?" asked his boss.

"Calvin. He's a lawyer for this yegg."

"What'd he have to say?"

"Says this bird has a wife and kid and I can have some new suits if my memory ain't so good. Says this guy's buddies are a bad bunch."

"What'd you tell him?"

"Nothing."

"What're you going to do?"

"I'm gonna tell 'em just what I saw just like I saw it. What else could I do? Bill, can I keep this awhile?"

The revolver showed the wet imprint of his hand. He wiped his hand on his striped overalls and rubbed the gun on his leg.

"Sure. It'll make you feel better. They're running a bluff."

"Yeah. They're running a bluff."

Slipping the gun back into his pocket, Wally looked around the office, his breath making a little rushing sound through his teeth.

"But, by God, if anybody gets funny with me, I'll let him have it, the rats."

* * *

Calvin came back. He came on a snowy afternoon at closing time when it was almost dark, driving up to the curb as Wally was locking the door. There was no way to avoid him. With his hand in his overcoat pocket, Wally stood beside the car.

In the back seat was a coarse, fleshy woman with a pink bundle in her arms.

"Moffatt," said Calvin, "This is my client's wife. She wanted to have a little talk with you."

Wally felt surly.

"What about?"

"Listen Moffatt," replied Calvin, "You're a square shooter. You want to be fair, don't you?"

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Well, suppose you go on the stand and then we show you wouldn't talk to the defense. You haven't got anything to hide, have you? This thing's a frame-up, anyhow. What's the jury going to think? They'll think you're in cahoots with the bulls. Besides, if you want to be fair and square you can at least listen to what she has to say, can't you? Sit down a minute."

"I can talk here," said Wally. Maybe that wasn't a woman. Maybe that was one of the boys Calvin was talking about. Calvin opened the back window.

"Martha, this is Mr. Moffatt. Moffatt, this is Mrs. Meeves."

The woman turned to the window and pulled the blanket down off the child's face. It was only a few months old and was sleeping soundly.

Wally thought, "A guy like that's got no business having kids. God, what people."

"Oh, Mr. Moffatt, I don't know what I'm going to do."

The woman billowed closer to Wally. He whiffed cheap perfume.

"We just can't do a thing. Blackie can't get a job. Nobody'll take him with this hanging over him and we haven't any money. The relief won't help us. I can't even get milk. The baby's got to have milk. Oh, I don't know what I'm going to do."

Tears began coming. One glinted in the light from the bakery window and dribbled down the groove between her nose and heavy cheek, leaving a faint streak of mascara. Wally shuddered.

"Blackie didn't pull this job, honest he didn't, Mr. Moffatt. We was home playing cards with friends, I'll swear we was. I was sick and the baby was sick and Blackie was home taking care of us and these friends came over to keep us company. That's God's truth, Mr. Moffatt. Blackie's been straight. He's been so good to us. He's tried so hard, with his record against him and all. You musta made a mistake, Mr. Moffatt, you musta. That wasn't Blackie. I'll . . . I'll swear it wasn't."

She began to sob. The baby awoke, crying. Calvin turned.

"Take it easy, Martha, take it easy. She's all shot to pieces over this thing, Moffatt. You don't have to be bull-headed, kid. Nobody's going to blame you if you admit the truth, are they? On a dark night like that you couldn't see awfully well. It could have been somebody else, now, couldn't it?"

The woman was gasping, "It wasn't Blackie. It wasn't Blackie."

Wally got mad. He said to Calvin, "If she wants to live with a safe-cracker that's her funeral. I didn't marry her to him."

The woman said, "Oh, wait'll

Continued on page 164

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"You Do Solemnly Swear . . ."

Continued from pages 47-163

Blackie hears that."

Calvin started his motor and drove off in the snow. Wally was saying, "Damn that guy. I wish he'd leave me alone."

Suddenly he realized he was standing alone in the light, with darkness all about him. He tightened his hold on the cold bulk in his pocket.

* * *

Twice again Calvin's car stopped across from the bakery. Neither time was Calvin in it. Both times Meeves was driving. Once there was one man with him. The next time there were three. They just sat there, looking over at the bakery, for about ten minutes and then drove away.

Bill shifted Wally's hours so he could go and come in the daytime. He grew used to the weight of the gun in his side pocket. He didn't tell his wife about the threats. She'd worry herself sick in no time.

It was a wonder she didn't get wise, with him being so careful all the time. God, it was hard to keep on the lookout every minute, day and night. Then there were the phone calls. Once in a while he would be called to the phone and when he'd answer he'd hear a nasty laugh and a click when the party hung up the receiver.

* * *

The District Attorney was in a hurry. He found Wally in the court house corridor in response to the subpoena and drew him to a bench.

"I figured they were running a bluff, Moffatt, when you told me what Calvin said. We checked the whole story. That woman's not Meeves' wife. She's a damned prostitute with a record longer than his. She's been living out there with him for a couple of months. The kid isn't his and it isn't hers. Calvin borrowed it from a woman in his hotel and told her they were taking it out for some air. The poor kid caught pneumonia. Those suits are hot. They came out of a box car that was cracked down in the yards about eight months ago. We've blown the whole thing wide open, but we can't get it in here on Meeves' trial or Calvin will play the persecution game and make out it's all part of a frame-up to get Meeves and that he's being sacrificed on the same altar. You never can tell what a jury will grab at. One thing, they won't dare put this Martha on. How do you feel?"

"O. K."

"Stick around, kid, and don't worry. There're three good men in the crowd who'll keep an eye on you. We'll call you about eleven o'clock. Give 'em the works."

* * *

Nora kissed him when he came in the door.

"You look tired, honey. How did it go?"

"O. K., I guess."

"Did they ask you many questions?"

"Not many. The D. A. just asked me what I saw and what I did and I told 'em."

"What about Calvin?"

"All he did was show me a picture of our car and ask me if it was a good picture of it. I can't figure out where he got it."

"Is that all?"

"Yeah."

"What about the picture?"

"He made a play to the jury about mud on my headlights. There wasn't any mud on them headlights, but in the picture there was a shadow made them look dirty."

"Did you tell them that?"

"I couldn't. He didn't say anything about it 'til the case was all through and he was arguing to the jury."

"Is that all they had to go on?"

"There was a couple of people said they were at his place playing cards. They looked shiftier'n he did.

"Calvin gave the jury a lot of thin salve about having to be extra careful because the guy had two convictions which made everybody extra suspicious of him and if they wanted to be real square shooters they would be pretty careful what they believed against him.

"He hasn't got a prayer. I'll sure be glad when he's tucked away, the rat. When do we eat?"

"Right away. I'll get it right on. Turn on the radio while I set the table."

"O. K. Kid's in bed?"

"Yes."

". . . this is your Continental Reporter speaking, bringing you the latest news flashes through the courtesy of the Continental Garage, Sixth and Spring Streets, in this city. Facing a possible life imprisonment as an habitual criminal, A. G. "Blackie" Meeves went on trial yesterday before Circuit Judge Vernon A. Ryan, charged with burglary following the blasting of the Superior Dairy safe early in January of this year. One of the shortest cases of its kind in the annals of the local courts, the case proceeded swiftly and went to the jury this afternoon at four o'clock. After deliberating for three hours, the jury returned its verdict of not guilty . . ."

In front of the radio hovered the face of Blackie Meeves—laughing. Wally stood up, trembling.

"Well, I'll be God damned." ⧺

Man Bites Dog!

Continued from page 65

called for from the audience. With this dog, I was able to go out into the wings and work from there. Someone from the audience would ask to have the dog pick out a dime. Starting from the first coin, the dog would hesitate until my helper would call out, so that I could hear him, certain phrases in which a cue word was concealed, which informed me what sort of coin the dog was looking at. When I got the cue word that called for the dime, I would scrape my toe on the floor. Having been taught to respond to any scraping floor noise, the dog would pick up the dime and trot it out to the apron of the stage. Tricks, tricks and nothing else. Intelligence?—thoughts?—human reactions?—nuts!

It may sound funny but the hardest tricks to teach a dog are the simple ones of coming to you or going from you. Those are the first tricks it must learn. After mastering them, the dog has been taught to realize that its master's will is what counts and not its own will. It realizes that if it's going to eat regularly, if it's going to be free of painful annoyances, it's got to do what its master is trying to teach it. Once the dog has been taught to obey the simple come and go commands, the more complicated tricks are comparatively easier. However, the difficulty in teaching dogs tricks is that, not only must the dog be taught what it must do, but it also must be taught the mechanics of the trick. A human being sees another person turn a somersault. Immediately, through the process of reasoning, he knows what he has to learn and he sets about learning it. But it ain't the same with a dog. It takes just as long to teach a dog what to do as it does to teach him how to do it.

Another popular notion I've got to explode is the one that dogs can talk. Every now and then a squib in the paper tells about some dog that's got a vocabulary of twenty words or more. But let me tell you something; there ain't no such animal. Dogs can't talk. They can growl, they can whine, they can bark, they can make noises that sound like words but they can't talk. Thoughts make words. And dogs can't think.

I trained a dog to talk once. That is, people thought it was talking. At that time I had a troupe of about twenty dogs working for me with the Lemon Bros. circus. It took me about a week to determine which of the troupe would be the easiest to teach to growl on command. I finally decided on a cur, Spot, a cross between a bull and a shepherd I think, that weighed about twenty-two pounds. The dog was already working in the act so it was easy to handle, having been stage broke. But I discovered that when it had a bone it would back into a corner away from the other dogs and keep up a constant growl.

Then I began to work on Spot. Of course, the first thing I did was to slack up on its feed. After a few days, when I thought it was hungry enough, I decided that I'd better start working it because it was sort of giving me the eye always at feeding time. So I haunched myself down with the dog, a juicy meat bone in my hand, and I drew it tantalizingly across Spot's nose. Then I gave it to him to bite and I smiled at him when I did it. As soon as he took to it I pulled it out of his mouth. He growled and backed away, fearing a bite in the ear. But he kept on growling. Then I handed him the bone and scratched his ear to indicate to him that I wasn't sore. He stopped growling and I stopped feeding him.

When I thought he was hungry enough, I decided to work Spot again. This time the dog growled more readily. And as soon as it growled I gave it some chow. This continued for some time until I had trained the dog to growl whenever it was hungry. In fact, every time I would haunch down in front of it and motion for it to eat, the dog would growl. So, the first step was over. And that took almost two months of on and off work.

Having established a steady growl in Spot, my next job was to teach him to control the growl. I experimented with a number of ways until I began to use my own hand to stop and release the growls. This broke up the steady growls into a series of short ones. I did this by holding the dog's snoot the while it was growling and then releasing it again, immediately. Then I would smile down at it. A smile to a trick dog is the cue that tells him that the trick is over and was done satisfactorily, so Spot stopped growling and I gave him some meat. I tried that for several weeks until I decided that the sounds the dog made were very much like the word "mama." Once I settled on the word, I kept teaching the dog until I was able to get out a sound that really sounded like "mama." For another week I grabbed Spot's snoot, each time saying to him, "Say mama!" In time, the dog began to realize that if it was to get its food, it was obliged to growl as I had been teaching it to do. Otherwise, it would have gone hungry. And so, rather than starve, Spot growled out "mama" whenever I grabbed for his nose. Gradually, instead of grabbing the dog's nose, I would rap it under the chin. The next step was to use a short stick instead of my finger. After that, I lengthened the stick until it got me what I thought was the proper distance to work with the dog. I still had to get rid of this stick cue. I did it by laying the stick on the floor with myself at one end and the dog at the other. With the stick still in view and at the command, "Say mama!" the dog growled, although I hadn't touched

Continued on page 166

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Man Bites Dog!

Continued from pages 65-165

it at all. But I did motion with my hand as though I were wielding the stick. Thus the stick was eliminated and all I had to do in order to get Spot to growl "mama" was to make an upward motion with my hand and give the command. And I had my talking dog. I added several other words to Spot's repertoire but they were easy after the difficulty of that first word.

In teaching dogs tricks, there's only one system to use. That's known as the force system. In other words, you've got to force the dog to obey you. It's the quickest way of teaching. Not all dogs can be taught tricks, you know. If the purp don't respond to the force treatment, it's dropped. A smart dog man don't worry with a dumb dog. Dogs are cheap and the work is too hard and too tedious to waste on a slow learning dog.

I first learned of the force system when I was doing a contortion act with the Lemon Bros. circus. I was young and ambitious and I thought I'd like to learn how to train dogs. So I asked Chief Everton who had the dogs at the circus to teach me.

Well, the Chief agreed to take me on so I went to the dogs. My first lesson was with a cur that the Chief had picked up on the lot. Most circus dogs are fox terriers or collies. Spitz dogs and greyhounds are also used. Poodles are tough workers but when you get hold of a good one, you've got a dandy trickster and a good-looking one, too. The women go for them. Personally I find them hard to keep clean. Give me a slickhaired terrier all the time.

Well, as I say, we picked up this big healthy cur on the lot and the Chief kept it in a box, by itself, and starved it for a couple of days. Meanwhile, I had been working with the Chief's other dogs and was getting acquainted with his system of training.

When the Chief thought our cur was hungry enough to work with, he said for me to have the dog ready that night in the dressing tent. When I got there, the Chief told me to tie the dog to a stake in the center of the tent. Then he opened up a bag and took out his working tools. Nope! there wasn't a whip there at all. He had his whole force system with him. It was what is known as a tack collar. This contrivance was a leather strap about a foot long with carpet tacks sticking out of one side. Another strap sewed over the heads of the tacks kept them in place. A light rope, about twenty feet long, was attached to one end of the strap. The other end had a brass ring attached to it. When the rope end was drawn through this ring a loop was formed. And this loop was put around the cur's neck, the leather tack-filled collar fitting snug. Gradually, the Chief let out the rope as the dog walked away sniffing the ground.

"I'll call him Ring," the Chief said, "On account of that was always a lucky name for me."

The dog sniffed the air and growled. It was hungry. It was still a young one being about a year old which is the right time to start to train them, the Chief said, because they've just about gotten over their puppy friskiness.

Suddenly, the Chief called out, "Ring!" At the same time, he jerked on the rope. As soon as the tacks sank into its neck, the cur jumped like a bucking horse and, without a sound but fighting like a bulldog, grabbed hold of the rope with its mouth and tried to get its front paws between its neck and the collar. The dog struggled and bucked and tugged at the rope all the time making it worse because its movements were raking the tackpoints through its flesh. But, slowly, the Chief drew the rope in closer and closer to him. And the tacks kept digging in until I could see little tears of blood scattered all around the collar.

But the Chief had miscalculated with the new dog. For, the minute it got close enough to him, it made a lunge for the calf of his leg, sank its teeth into the flesh and hung on for dear life. I made a break to grab a rock and smash the cur over the head. But the Chief called out in a low tone, "Don't do that!" Then, as quietly as I'm telling it, he reached down and released the tack collar. Then he proceeded to pry the dog's teeth loose from his leg. This he finally accomplished by squeezing its windpipe until it was forced to let go. This done, the Chief laid the dog down and motioned for me to chain the dog up again. I did it and watched the Chief attend to his leg, squeezing the blood from the lacerations and touching up the raw wounds with iodine. Then he leaned back and had a smoke from his corn cob. After a while, he said, "All right! Let's try it again, but this time you hold onto the chain and pull your way when he jumps."

We went over the same thing again a dozen times. Each time the dog would lunge for the Chief's leg. And, each time, the Chief would tug at the collar and force the tacks deeper into the dog's neck. But the cur was game and it seemed like nothing could teach it not to grab for the Chief. But he kept on patiently. After a couple of hours of this, the Chief offered the dog something to eat. It refused it with a growl. But the Chief only smiled and began again with the tack collar. And each time he pulled the rope, he'd call out, "Ring! Ring!"

Finally, the Chief decided to reverse the collar. The dog sensed, somehow, that the source of irritation was gone so, taking advantage of the fact, it made a leap for the Chief again and managed to grab hold of his trouser-leg ripping the bottom off entirely. But this didn't faze the Chief. Instead, he reversed the tack collar again and started all over.

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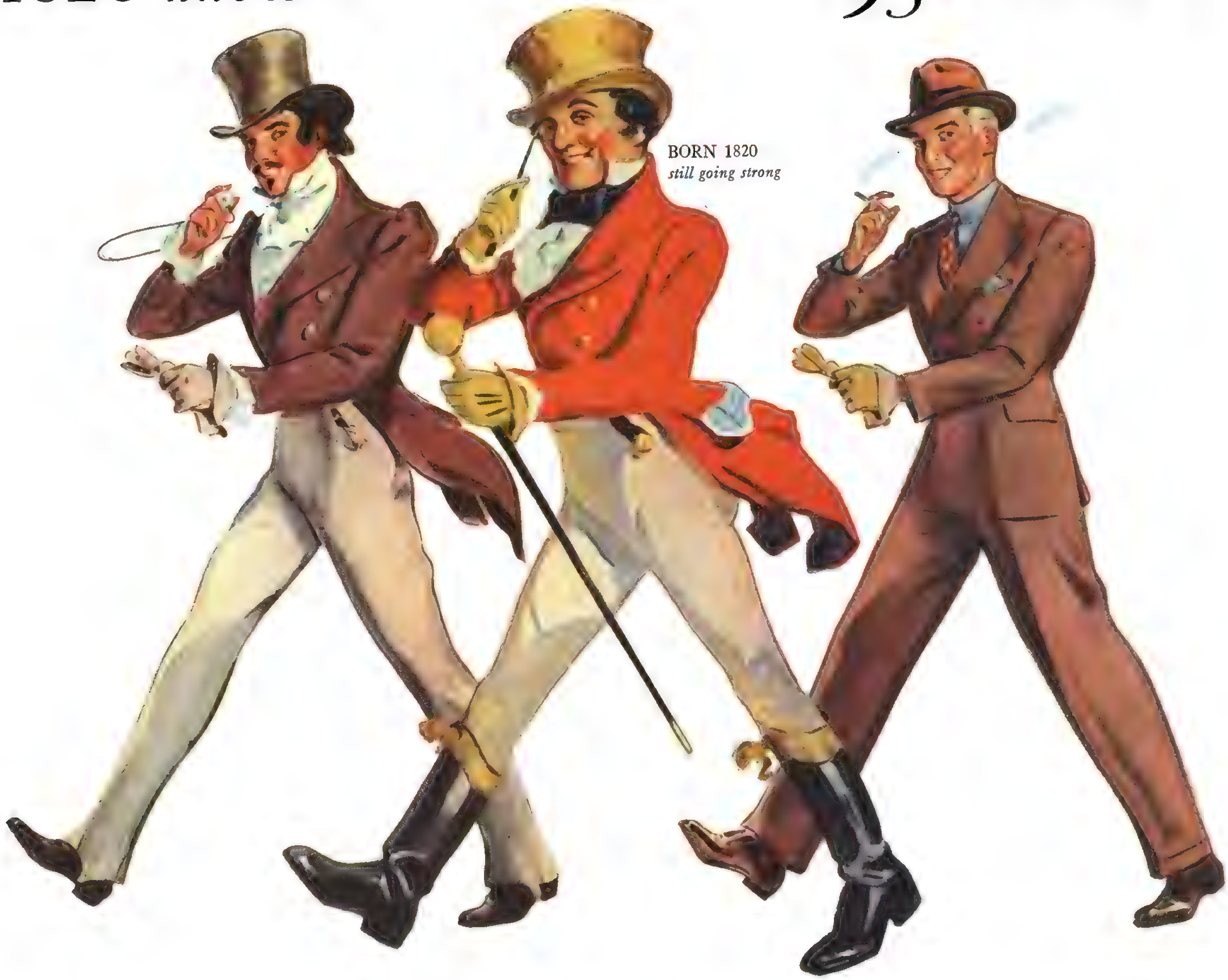

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Man Bites Dog!

Continued from pages 65-165-166

For eight hours we worked with that cur. Eventually, the dog was taught to come at the sound of the word "Ring" without the tack collar around its neck. Then the Chief used only the light rope. Finally, the Chief dropped the rope entirely. When we left the tent in the early morning, Ring was following meekly after us sniffing at our heels.

But I couldn't use the Chief's method of not punishing a dog when it balked. When a hound acted up with me and refused or was slow to learn, instead of using a whip, I'd just grab hold of the dog, hold its mouth in one hand and its legs in the other and bite into its ear. If it insisted on acting up, I'd go through the same process and bite its other ear. Sometimes it'd bite me. And, after a long session of training, we'd both come out of the training room covered with blood and wounds. But you may be sure that the dog was trained to do what I had wanted it to do.

I don't know, but this here may be material for the S. P. C. A. to investigate. But, as long as there are people who like to see dogs perform, and there are millions of them, that sort of stuff will go on. As long as people want to train unthinking brutes to do things that human animals can do, animals who can think, then such things are to be expected. Because, when you boil it down, it's only a matter of dog eat dog. Give a dog its way and he'll bite you as sure as blazes, if he's sore at you. Teach him self-control, teach him that you're his master and you'll have a "friend." And if you want your "friend," the dog, to do your wishes, you've got to make it fear you like the devil. You've got to beat "friendship" into the brute. "Friendship?" I don't know. #

Practical Defense Shooting

Continued from page 63

spirited resistance. John Selman shot Bass Outlaw just above the heart with a .45 in Tillie Howard's El Paso parlor house and after receiving this wound that would have dropped most men in their tracks Bass Outlaw walked some distance to Barnum's Saloon where he died.

A man of determination and courage is not easy to put down and out for keeps every time. Many outlaws as well as officers and good citizens have this quality in an abundance. The larger calibers will get the job done more effectively and efficiently and more quickly than the smaller calibers.

For over a century of Border warfare against bad men of all degrees of badness and color, the Texas Rangers have been the most distinctive and outstanding law enforcement officers in the nation. No other group has demonstrated such uniform courage, such superb horsemanship, such determination and endurance and such skill in the use of firearms.

When the large, interesting and comfortable Ranger Headquarters were opened at the Dallas Celebrations of the Texas Centennial under the direction of M. T. "Lone Wolf" Gonzaullas, an invitation was extended Sam Myres of El Paso to place a display of his saddles, holsters and belts in the Headquarters Building. His was the only exhibit there that might have been branded as "commercial." The idea behind the invitation was double-barreled. The Rangers wanted the benefit of his fine leather work in their exhibit and at the same time wanted to confer an honor as an expression of the esteem in which they held him. The boys of the Border Patrol, the Texas State Highway Patrol, the Rangers, the stockmen and stock association detectives, quick-draw artists the world over, the *buscaderos* along both sides of the *Rio Bravo* and many, many others turn to Sam Myres for their holsters and belts.

Holsters purchased from stock are usually very genuinely cheap and inferior. A good, well-made holster, in the matter of fast drawing, is usually the best form of life insurance and originally costs but little more. No man can go into *and come out of* a gun fight without having some pretty definite ideas about what should and what should not be in the holster makeup, design, hang and balance.

For almost half a century Sam Myres has been making gun harness in the Southwest. Most of the more famous *and notorious* gun fighters have been his customers and he has had the benefit of their advice aside from having been a Ranger himself. He makes a holster that fits both the wearer and the revolver, and that hangs as the shooter would have it hang. His items are from the best hides purchasable and he selects them himself.

None of the heavier weapons with barrels of four or more inches can be conveniently or comfortably carried any length of time without a holster.

Time and again Sam Myres has reminded the writer that if any shooter will constantly and consistently and *very seriously* practice the quick-draw from any one body position he will become fast, as sure and proficient and as fast in that draw as will any other man from any other position. He will in time be able to make the draw, fire one shot and hit a man target at 15 or 20 feet in less than three-quarters of a second! The shooter should determine the position from which he can make his swiftest and surest draw and at the same time carry the gun comfortably, and he may then have the holster he desires made for the revolver of his choice. Sam Myres believes, however, that the very fastest draw of all can be made from the spring shoulder holster.

The writer's favorite holster is the Tom Threepersons style, designed by the famous Cherokee peace officer of that name and made by Myres. This style has the trigger guard set high and exposed. It is not satisfactory, however, for the revolvers with two-inch barrels. This holster hangs on the belt at an angle, butt of the revolver forward and the toe of the holster to the rear. It is to be worn on the right hip for a right-hand draw. Other shooters prefer the slant of the holster to be in exactly the opposite direction. It is always pretty much a matter of personal inclination.

Be all this as it may, along the Mexican Border where guns are worn *and used* right frequently most of the fast triggermen carry their six-shooters on the right hip, or right side for a right-hand draw. When they dress up, the revolver rests mighty near the hip pocket. Captain Tom Hickman, formerly of the Rangers and now chief deputy sheriff of Cooke county, is a two-gun man. He has many times carried two matched Smith & Wesson .44's in specially built shoulder holsters, one under either arm. He has also carried these revolvers in belt scabbards, as well as a matched pair of pearl handled Colt Single Action .45's. He usually carries two guns, not for any particular reason he will probably tell you, but they do balance each other.

Captain Frank Hamer, the Ranger who collected Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker and many other desperate outlaws, usually carries a Single Action .45 with 4¾-inch barrel in a belt holster.

Captain Hickman is just about the fastest man in the Southwest with a six-shooter, and is as proficient in drawing from one position as from another. Captain Hamer shoots as well with one hand as with the other.

Gonzaullas is one of the few outstanding officers in the Southwest who owns and carries two of the finest engraved .45 Colt Automatic pistols ever produced. These are, without doubt, the most beautiful guns in all Texas. He carries these pistols in belt scabbards of carved leather.

The gun on the right hip or right side for a right-hand draw is the predominating style where revolvers are carried for use.

Many men have been disarmed and killed with their own guns. Do not let your adversary get near enough to grab your gun. A trained man can take your gun from your hand before you can fire. Herein is another advantage of the short barrel of the "belly gun" over the service models with longer barrels. It is more than three times as hard to *take* a "belly gun" as a service gun.

If near your adversary and drawing from the right side with your right hand and unable to step backward while drawing, use your left arm to keep him from closing in on you. Before firing be sure your left arm is out of the line of fire.

If you carry your gun on the right, or left, side for a cross-draw, and your adversary is near, use the other arm to protect your draw. *Do not permit the criminal to grab the wrist of your gun hand!*

Do not stand still when in a gun-fight *except when actually firing!* Weave from side to side and toward your adversary. *Always stop before firing!*

Most robberies occur in dark and lonely places. When approaching such places it is well to carry the gun in the side pocket of the coat or overcoat with the coat buttoned and with the thumb over the hammer spur, if it has not been removed, to prevent it engaging in the lining of the pocket when drawn. If and when you hear the command, "grab your ears!" or its equivalent in any language, obey the command! Do just exactly as you are told *and* as you raise your hand shoot straight for his belly!

People are being daily subjected to holdups while riding in automobiles by having thugs step on the running boards at traffic stops, opening the doors and inviting themselves inside. Most modern automobile doors can be, *and should be*, locked from the inside while you are moving through dangerous or unknown sections. This renders the outside handle inoperative. For automobile defense the revolver can be carried in the lap. Other convenient places are on the seat beside the driver, in a holster strapped to the steering post and in a dash compartment. The only holsters that have proved satisfactory for automobile use are the spring shoulder and suspender if the revolver is to be carried on the person.

Again and again—never shoot at a man while running. *Stop and send your bullet after him!* If you are breathing hard from exertion or your muscles are a little unsteady from unusual exercise it will be well to use the two-hand hold. This hold should be practiced for such an emergency.

In gun-fights, particularly at night, get down to the prone position if you can. In such a position you are only approximately one-sixth the target you would be standing. At night shoot at the flash of the other fellow's gun, if there is not a better target, and then immediately roll over to a new position which will render ineffective his fire at the flash of your gun.

Proper training in the use of the revolver for practical defense shooting will remove all nervousness and apprehension. You will know when *not* to shoot as well as when to shoot. You will know what you can and cannot do with your revolver—and better yet, you will have a fair idea of what the other fellow can do with his!

But above all else, *keep your mind on what you are going to do to the other fellow and forget all about what he MIGHT do to you!* #

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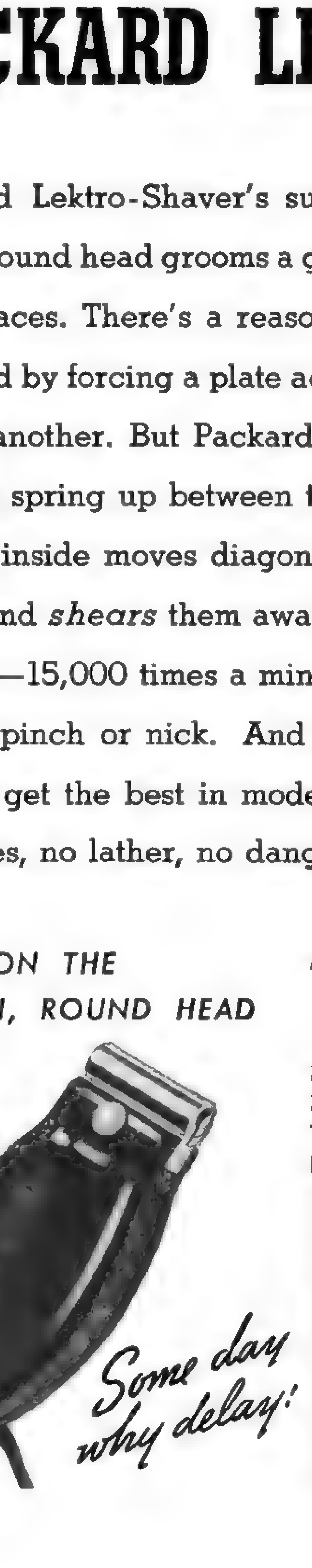

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 10-14

CALIFORNIA SUNSTROKE

The California flood has stopped as suddenly as it had begun and the sun achieved a sudden stunning brilliance this morning. As unpredictable as the California weather is your mag's effect on me. I am always discovering "new" things in it. It took me three years to discover the prose and only this morning I suddenly discovered your *Sound & Fury Dept.*

Do you pay for those contribs? You should. And I'll tell you how to finance it, for as it is now it is nothing more than a lot of advertising copy without a sponsor.

Why not get the bicarbonate of soda people to sponsor it? Until reading *Sound & Fury* I never realized the true value of bicarbonate of soda.

Most letters to this dept. sound badly in need of it both before and aft writing. And the readers could do with it both before and aft reading.

Furthermore, what better slogan for bicarbonate than *Sound & Fury.*

Thanks in advance,
Beverly Hills, Cal. D. MOCHKA

P. S.—If you get the ad from the manufacturers and public benefactors, don't forget my 10% cut.

LIFE IS SHORT BUT ART AND LETTERS ARE LONG

Permit me to express my opinion regarding Mr. Antheil's streamlined musical notation. There are some men who would rather be original than right and insist on rediscovering the past and repeating past errors. For utter asinine imbecility this is a prize winning article. Mr. Antheil takes a false premise and sweeps to a brilliant but silly glittering generality.

Now that Mr. Antheil has removed all work and perspiration from music study please ask him to devote his massive intellect to redesigning the Stradivarius and also dash off some new rules for chess so that both sides can win.

Now, as he says, for the business:

He seems to think that the present music notation system was dashed off by some medieval monk accidentally and that it was an error somewhat similar to the first typewriter keyboards in which the letters were alphabetically arranged. This is not so. Music notation resulted from a long period of experimental methods applied to various instruments as the piano and organ keyboards evolved from their primitive types. Innumerable methods such as his were tried and found wanting. A vast amount of research work, usually unfortunately appearing only in obscure foreign music magazines has been done in this field.

Please note that something similar to what he advocates is easily obtained by turning ordinary sheet music on its side and ruling in some red ink lines to serve as visual aids. He only creates new visual problems by removing one. Note that his song words are removed awkwardly from the notes. Of course he has taken the simplest type of song in which the rhythm, chord structure and syllables are matched with ease. He will find some difficulties with Schubert's *Serenade* or *Speak To Me Of Love.* In the latter song the accompaniment would require a separate space from the notes indicating the melody.

Such kindergarten antics are characteristic of American critics who have had such a slight amount of solid musical training that they go off half cocked on wild goose chases similar to this.

Permit me to digress to prove this point. The rank and file of American guitarists are struggling desperately with the use of a pick to obtain some kind of a garbled music in no way resembling that of a performer like Segovia. It is so evident that the fingers can do everything that a pick can do but a pick is limited in its scope and only pieces with no contrapuntal values can be played with it. The American guitar players spend years studying and then discover that any European player can read and deliver music which they can't cope with.

At the present time there is a vast library of splendid guitar music properly arranged being published in Europe, "Leipsic", which is only found with difficulty in the United States.

Much of the present confusion and bad arranging is the result of the popular misconception spread by hit and run quickie piano schools teaching a monotonous type of left hand accompaniment based on chord progressions. There is much more to music than chord progressions. There are anticipation and suspension notes between chords. The text by Goetschius is still the bible of men like Friml and Ravel.

For instance. It is impossible to correctly perform many numbers on a piano accordion inasmuch as the little buttons at the left only mechanically play chords. Victor Herbert's *Ah Sweet Mystery Of Life, Estrellita, Allah's Holiday,* etc., are frequently butchered by piano accordion players. I saw several piano accordions with keyboards for the left and right hands and hoped to see the present atrocities retired. My hope has vanished as I now see that what Americans want is a musical bargain such as the Antheil two-week course.

Mr. Antheil should write a course for trumpet players showing instead of notes pictures of the puckering of the lips and a guitar method with pictures of the hands of Segovia playing his Bach *Gavotte.*

The visual clarity of music plates is the result of a blending of various intangible and elusive factors. The average pianist, sight reading and playing rapidly is conscious of his immediate line of music and also of the next line. There is no uniformity of practice. In my own case, in reading a concerto, if there is a convenient break or rest I frequently turn a page two bars before necessary or even two lines before.

It is admittedly regrettable that piano music is not written like zither music using two treble clefs. It is too late now as there is millions of dollars tied up in the engraving of the plates of the classic repertoire. Two treble clefs would aid young children inasmuch as it eliminates the divorcing of the mind into two subconscious divisions as in the base and treble notation now used.

Paul Janko and Paul Terzina of Vienna both became great performers using the famous Janko keyboard and a simplified note system. Also about 1850 an Oxford research professor spent his life learning to play on a rebuilt piano with a sequential keyboard and a note system resembling ukelele diagrams. My personal reaction after considerable study is that for every difficulty removed they created two new problems.

It has been my observation that all the students who start off on these short cut piano methods quit in disgust and remain permanently musically crippled. After six months they have learned to play badly two or three pieces but never obtain the satisfaction of reading even pieces of the third grade. Any system of faking the bass leads to spreading a veneer of monotonous similarity over every piece played.

There is no sadder spectacle than the fact that Schubert died poor and that during the last year, while conscious of failing health he wished to obtain lessons in counterpoint and that Gershwin, struggling to overcome the handicap of inadequate preliminary music training, could never satisfy himself by completing a melody and always garbled it with faulty rhythmatic gingerbread.

If I am wrong about this I am ready to be corrected. I've been wrong on horses and poker hands.

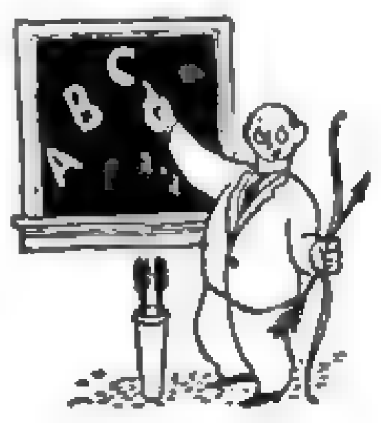
Yours truly,
Hollywood, Cal. NOEL NAMFUAK

ARCHERY AGONY I

Re. January article *The Cloth Yard Shaft.*

"Probably more hooey has been tossed around about the bow than any other instrument in the history of sport and war."

Pratt sure said it and promptly proceeded to prove same. Your original article by Walter Clare Martin was splendid to both archers and laymen. Your second article by Grogan on *Tradition* showed an insight into the game, appreciated most fully by archers. Pratt's prattle slips from your previous standards, to the extent that it will probably call forth considerable comment from many of the hundred thousand odd archers in North America.



Specifically, from a background of considerable hunting of big game with the bow and a few National and International tournaments at the target, I rise to remark:—

Careful perusal of the writings of White, Pope and Young, discloses no arrow at a charging lion. It would be the height of foolishness and probably incapable of damage to the animal.

Perusal of the game laws will indicate that most hunting is defined as "pursuit", which does not eliminate the bow as a hunting tool. As a matter of fact, many if not most of the States have and are getting, definite laws covering the bow. I know, from experience, that any ambitious hunter who does try to evade the game laws, will get into much of the same trouble that I have bumped into.

Paragraph 4 is mostly wrong. A good archer will beat a good golfer all of the time and will never beat a good pistol shot, on either the American or York rounds. As long ago as December, 1930, the archery magazine, *The Sylvan Archer*, published a pistol score that I shot against archers. I had even then ceased to be what might be called a good pistol shot, but as I recall it, my score in the American round was not equalled by archers for some years. A good pistol shot would take the match at either an American or York round distance, very handily, even today.

Perusal of any of the State Archery-Golf Championship scores, discloses winners in the low fifties and sixties. Incidentally, a good archer-golfer will get 350 to 400 yards off the tee, not 250. A good archer will take the best golf professional any day in the week. I regularly give golf professionals a stroke a hole and then win about half my matches and I am far from being a good archer.

The willow wand is not a question of deflection or elevation. The wand has more area than the centre of the target. Standard competition wands are 2″ wide and about 6′ high or 144 square inches. The area of the centre of the target is about ½ that. The four best scores ever shot in the American round averaged between 11 and 12 centre hits on the target, out of the 72 shots fired at 100 yards. The best wand score that I know of, at 100 yards, was 5 hits out of 36 arrows. It is possible, of course, that the target shooters would have made higher hits at the wand.

The charging moose or bear happen only out of a bottle. It is fortunate for the archer that the animal is usually running away, because a broadside or a diagonal rear shot is the only one that is effective on heavy game.

Hunting arrows have two edges, so far as my contact with most of the big game archer-hunters in North America has disclosed. Actually, a three edge hunting arrow would have very poor penetration from positive tests that have been made. The rotary effect is hooey, as a little consideration will disclose. The arrow may rotate once in 10 ft. or in 1 or 2 ft. depth of penetration and it might rotate from a tenth to a fifth of a revolution, if not retarded, which is not much of a screw effect, you must admit. Actually, the rotation must stop almost immediately when the flat blade gets into solid tissue. The flat surface and small rotational momentum take care of this. The diameter is not 2″ or 3″, but about 1″. Cuts that I have measured in moose, bear and caribou seem to be about ⅞″ and I will wrap up an arrow hole and send it to you if you doubt this. This screw effect involves kindergarten physics that plagues the patent department with suggestions to put a twist drill on the front of a naval shell.

More bad physics are implied in your paragraph mentioning that gravity keeps the velocity of an arrow fairly constant. Actually, the arrow slows down rapidly at all hunting ranges and even if it is shot vertically, it would never come down anywhere near as fast as it started up. This is due to the tremendous drag of the feathers. This does not detract from the known penetrating power of an arrow, which results solely from the efficiency of the cutting head and the remarkably small concentration of energy behind it, required to give penetration.

More violation of the fundamentals of physics is found in the repetition of the prehistoric fallacy that the material or design of a heavy bow can make it seem to pull as easy as a lighter bow. Stretching this comparison from 45 pounds to 100 pounds is the height of absurdity.

The crowning difficulty is that anybody can make arrows, but should buy their bow. Actually, you will find that the topnotch shooters will maintain that a good shot can perform with almost any old bow, but the real problem is the arrow. This may not hold for back pasture stump shooting, but it certainly holds at the target. A good set of arrows may involve as much as finding some 60 year old material in an old building, sawing it up, seasoning it further, keeping it religiously away from a dowelling machine, planing or grinding it endwise to the final shape and after several dozen are made as near as possible, selecting half of them by dimensions, weight, spine and balance point, thereafter shooting them in a machine, to throw away perhaps another half and ultimately hoping that you might get 6 or 8 that are alike. Such a set is treasured for years, or as long as they last.

In spite of the above, let us have some more articles on this subject. I am enclosing one of a general nature which may be of assistance to your next writer on this. May I suggest that you have near or in Chicago, two men that are eminently well qualified to give you constructive criticism on any article on this subject. They are—Dr. Paul E. Klopsteg, President, Central Scientific Company, 1700 Irving Park Blvd., Chicago, and Mr. Roy Case, 1755 South Main Street, Racine, Wisconsin. A little proof reading would have eliminated many inaccuracies in your current article.

Yours very truly,

Toronto, Ont. F. NAGLER

ARCHERY AGONY II

I ought to have warned you—I ought myself to have been warned by experience, that writing or saying anything about archery is sticking out your neck. There are more experts on the subject than there are on baseball; they are more opinionated and make more noise, since it is a more personal art.

What makes it still more difficult, in the present case, is that Mr. Nagler seems to be referring to an article which differs considerably from the one in my copy of ESQUIRE. Do you print two editions?

For there is nothing in mine, nor do I remember writing anything about "the material or design of a heavy bow can make it seem to pull as easy as a lighter one." And the reference to a charging moose or bear is also puzzling; I don't find it in the article.

As to the charging lion, let Mr. Nagler do a little more perusing, with especial attention to the files of the *Saturday Evening Post* of 1928 and 1929, in which magazine he will find a photo of Stewart Edward White affectionately cuddling the head of the

Continued on page 172

Their Hands Work Magic

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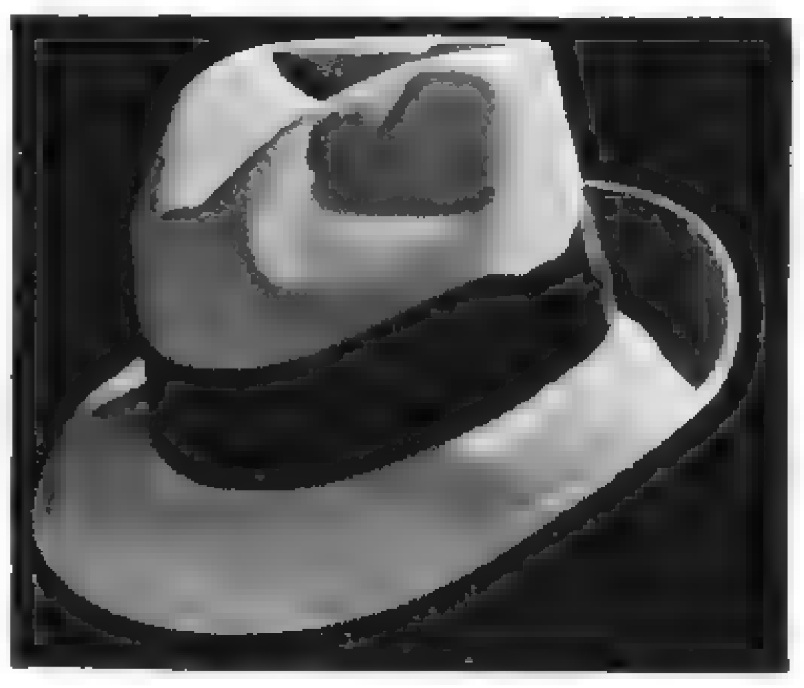

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 10-14-171

lion he has just shot with a bow—also of a couple of friends armed with good express rifles who stood beside him while he did it, which will explain the "foolishness" of which Mr. Nagler complains.

I agree with Mr. Nagler that many of the states are "getting" laws about hunting with the bow; I disagree if he means that "most" of them now have them, and would point out that in every case I know of, the laws are much less stringent than those regulating hunting with a gun.

Now about the bow-vs.-pistol business. Mr. Nagler is referring to matches shot (apparently) at archery targets and archery distances; I was referring to matches shot at pistol targets and the distances given in the article. No comparison.

As to the bow-vs.-golfer business, if Mr. Nagler can get 400 yards off the tee, I can only kiss the hand to him and retire. That's pretty wonderful; but maybe he uses bamboo flight arrows for his off-tee shots—maybe he uses flight arrows all through. When I tried the stunt (and when a couple of others whom I know did) the specifications called for an ordinary target shaft being used, and the arrow being subject to the same rules a golf ball is—that is, no changing arrows till the hole had been completed.

I am also aware of what he says about modern willow-wand shooting, which is more or less a fancy trick, like knocking in the 10-ball while playing *Yankee Doodle* on a jew's harp; but I still stick to the statement in the article, that the question of elevation or deflection is the important one.

As to the physics of the arrow and its penetration, I bow and retire; he's probably right. I am not a physicist and have worked only by rule of thumb.

But I do maintain that it is easier to make a good arrow than a good bow. When Mr. Nagler speaks of the business of "finding 60 year old material, etc." he is talking about turning out a set of the very finest kind of arrows that could be made, and he is perfectly right in saying that such a set would be treasured for years. I doubt if you could buy a set like that at any price; but very decent journeyman arrows that will do for any use to which an amateur could put them can be made up out of ordinary hardware-store dowels.

The last thought will probably make Mr. Nagler shriek; experts always do when that statement is made. And that would be a pity, because from his letter he evidently is an expert and he has expressed himself with much good sense and good temper, and only a little carelessness in reading what I said in the article.

Very truly,
New York, N. Y. FLETCHER PRATT

PLIGHT OF AN ANGEL

For two years I have been a constant reader of your most ultra ultra "*Journal Moderne*," without uttering one quirk of reproval, but now I must rebuke, not because I'm prudish or a religious fanatic, but because I, (like the majority of normal humans) still contain a certain code of ethics. Not too strict a code, but enough to still respect religion. From all indications ESQUIRE has run out of originality, and therefore has had to resort to that, which borders on the sacrilegious. I refer, of course, to the grotesque and highly invidious piece of illustrated imagination dubbed "Uriel, the Archangel."

Why make a trial on human opinion? Why "rub against their grains," just for something original? The illustration of the Lord Almighty should, and probably will, incite many people to condemn your well embossed pages of literature. I agree the ladies guild, or the ministerial societies are not apt to be rabid followers of ESQUIRE, but I also wish to stress the point that the supposed suave, sophisticates who do read your magazine have not become so worldly that they have lost all respect of religion. I hope I have made my point clear. Be smutty *if you must*, but not sacrilegious.

Another Eighteen Year Old
South Haven, Michigan.

SCOTCH BROTH

This is costing me twopence ha'penny but I spend the money almost cheerfully in order to denounce your Mr. Burton Bloody Rascoe. He is the most querulous son of a bitch I have ever struck, or wanted to strike. His antics in your past four issues were just funny. But his December tilt at T. E. Lawrence made me retch.

I skip his faint-praise damnation of the *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. That's what he thinks. But when he starts to toss excreta at Lawrence he is straining the relations of two friendly peoples.

I can only account for his acceptance in an otherwise excellent magazine as being your cunning way of making the other stuff seem so much better.

Please tip off your advertisers that a kilt is rather longer than a body-belt. I am laughing myself sick at a sock ad. Scotsman.

Hope I'll always consider your mag. a bargain at three bob.

Yours aye,
W. B. DICKSON
Edinburgh, Scotland

DRY HUMOR

Sometimes I wonder very seriously if you do not solicit the insane asylums to garner that growing crop of mendacious, sanctimonious hypocrites, yclept, authors.

For instance, Theodore Pratt, who seemingly did not have anything else to do, so he wrote "The Southern Drunk." Pratt denounces the deploring lack of julip-sipping, goateed old colonels, who lazed around on pillared porches in yesteryear. He describes the present drinkers in the South as quote: "He may be a minor political hanger-on, the guard of a chain gang, the proprietor of a small roadside stand, etc."

In my opinion, Pratt allowed himself the luxury of a grave lack of consistency. The politician, the guard, and the proprietor, of which Pratt wrote, are of a much lower intellectual, financial, and social standard, than were the admittedly fine old colonels. What Pratt failed to record was that those same menials of the lower strata of society naturally existed also in the days of the colonel, and participated in the same crude type of orgy and soiree as of the present.

The present-day southern culture includes a society of beau monde which compares morally, very favorably with the old colonels.

Pratt also condemns the present Southerner for his sadism in regard to negroes. Pratt seemingly thinks that persecution of negroes is a newly discovered diversion. Unless I am very sadly mistaken, the revered old colonel whipped a colored boy not infrequently, and I am certainly not mistaken in the fact that these same old gentlemen were the cause for the negro being brought into this country, ever so contrary to the desires of the said black and tan.

In closing may I say that I am not originally from the South, but frittered away all but the past year in the supposedly dry state of Kansas and that I have seen more violent, fighting drunks on one Saturday night in Kansas, than I have encountered in the South in an entire month.

Please, my dear, dear ESKY, let us have no more such facetious, antediluvian satire, by any backwoods, soi-disant authority as Pratt. What with Martin Panzer and Theodore Pratt, your menage seems gravely overcrowded with penny-a-word novices.

Yours from an indignant southern "Drunk,"
LEWIS NORTHRUP HARRY
Dallas, Texas

CIRCULATION VS. MEYER

It is somewhat beyond me to attempt to write in the prevailing smoking-car vocabulary of your *Sound & Fury Department*, but in my undistinguished style I would like to add a word to the current symposium on your Mr. Meyer Levin.

If I may paraphrase a somewhat dog-eared saying, God, in His infinite wisdom, doubtless might have made a greater bore than a pink "liberal," but doubtless He never did.

Irrespective of the soundness of Mr. Levin's social theories it seems somewhat grotesque that he should continually mount his soapbox with a copy of *Das Kapital* in one hand and with the other shading his eyes the while he scans the horizon for the Marxian Utopia, instead of simply telling us whether current photoplays are worth seeing when we seek that form of diversion.

The general atmosphere of ESQUIRE is one of

> "Merry quips, jolly pranks,
> All in the spirit of fun"

ESQUIRE'S circulation rise in its brief existence transcends any performance of a 50c magazine. This has not been achieved by the work of the class-conscious boys who are attempting to create in this country a proletarian school of literature in which every writing must be a part of the propaganda for a new social order. Levin alone among your department conductors seems to be sounding this sour, blue note in an otherwise perfect symphony. But far be it from me to suggest in the remotest degree pitching him out on his ear. No; that would gladden the cockles of his heart as only those of a pinko are gladdened when he finds the least excuse for the martyr complex. On the contrary, a more cruel form of punishment would be the requirement that he stick strictly to the business of non-proletarian motion picture reviewing and take his socialistic lucubrations to *New Masses*, *Nation*, or *New Republic*. Incidentally, in relation to your own staunch six hundred thousand, their circulations (25,000, 38,000 and 25,000, respectively, according to the current Ayer's Directory) form an excellent measuring stick for the actual demand for the Levin school of literature.

Very truly yours,

Atlanta, N. Y. H. A. WHIPPLE

JUST OUR FAVORITE GUY

I am not in the habit of writing magazines, either words of praise, or complaints, yet this month I can neither hold back my bouquets for you, nor my condemnation of those saintly punks who pay fifty cents each month for your magazine, and continually complain.

Any month's issue of ESQUIRE that contains an article by Lester Hutter, Murdock Pemberton, or Lawton Mackall, is worth its price, and if there is at any time in the future any fiction that I will not care for, I shall skip it and not damn you, for what may be my lack of good taste in fiction.

I especially like *Painting The Town With Esquire*, and I enjoy the ads, and will never resent them, as long as they do not take up more than fifty per cent of your original, and fascinating magazine.

Sincerely,

W. F. BINDERUP

Hastings, Nebr.

JUST TRY LOOKING WISE

I have for the past few months looked over your book, and I was dared to write you and ask, if it were possible to place some where in the book, the real meaning of the pictures.

I am not very much up on that, and this friend thinks I am dumb, I know I am, and passed the remark you should have a page where one could get the desired information, I was dared to write you so this is the letter.

After months of trying to dope them out I have found out what a few are, and would like to pretend to this friend, that I know what they do mean, since you print the pictures, and many other things in the magazine, I cannot see that the answer to the pictures would be any worse.

I will not put my name and address to this, and hope to subscribe to the magazine this year. Then I will not have to look at my friends and when I know what the pictures are I can look wise.

One of the women who look at them and has a hard time to find out what they are.

IN OTHER WORDS JUST PLAIN DUMB
New York, N. Y.

MEYER'S SUCCESSOR

I would not question Meyer Levin's ableness as a critic of the social system, but why label his proletariat sympathies "The Candid Cameraman" which name would be more appropriate for a department allotted to motion picture reviews. With Hollywood bombarding the market with excellent films, he ferrets out unimportant foreign films and ten minute short subjects for his unrestrained praise. If he is vacationing or feeling ill when next month's copy is due you might be able to use the following:

Go Out of Your Way to See: Soviet Symphony. A realistic, soul-stirring, earthy, intimate, genuinely boring saga of family life in Stalin's Utopia. A sympathetic interest in the humble family's dreary, impoverished existence is constantly maintained by incidents such as the 18 year old boy seen excitedly, hopefully milking a cow and the aged grandmother feeding the chickens, the latter as thrilling and heart-rending a scene as I have seen in many moons.

Born to Starve. A film similar in scope to Soviet Symphony and yet vitally different. In this picture resourceful directorship is very evident particularly in the scene where the old man fumblingly milks the cow and in the beautiful episode in which the poignant young girl of 17 feeds the pig while her three illegitimate children romp at her side symbolically.

Go Along To See. The Creek. A government film containing as its hero a little creek traced from its birth in the hills overlooking a starving coal mining town to its maturity and death in the oblivion of the vast, all devouring ocean.

Waste: Conquest, Tovarich, The Hurricane, Wells Fargo.

You can readily see how helpful reviews like the above are as a guide to the better films since those recommended by Levin are seldom shown in the hinterlands wherein reside a few of your six or is it seven hundred thousand expectant subscribers.

How about a job as movie critic?

Sincerely yours,

Bethlehem, Pa. H. W. LYNN

GROWING "DOUS" LIST

In regard to *the* five words in the English language mentioned in your November issue that end in the letters "dous" and the five more found by Douglas Harris in the January issue, what is wrong with the following?

Decapodous,
Frondous,
Gasteropodous,
Heteropodous,
Isopodous,
Ligniperdous,
Molybdous,
Mucidous,
Nefandous,
Steganopodous,
Tylopodous,
Vanadous.
Lagopodous.

This brings the total to twenty-three words that can be found in any good English Dictionary and there are more no doubt.

Very truly yours,

Sacramento, Calif. E. W. DAVIES

P. S. I would suggest that you keep the word "pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanokoniosis" out of ESQUIRE even though it is in the dictionary.

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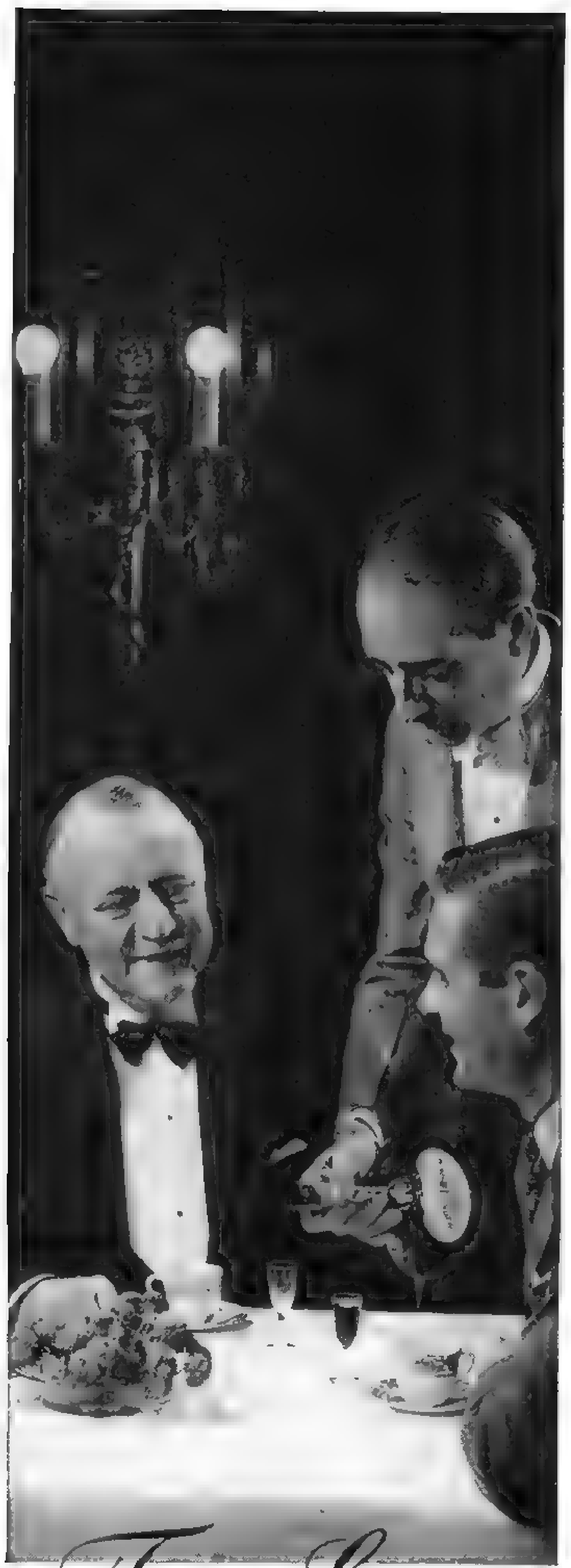


Try a Liqueur

INSTEAD OF DESSERT

This Is a Players' Game

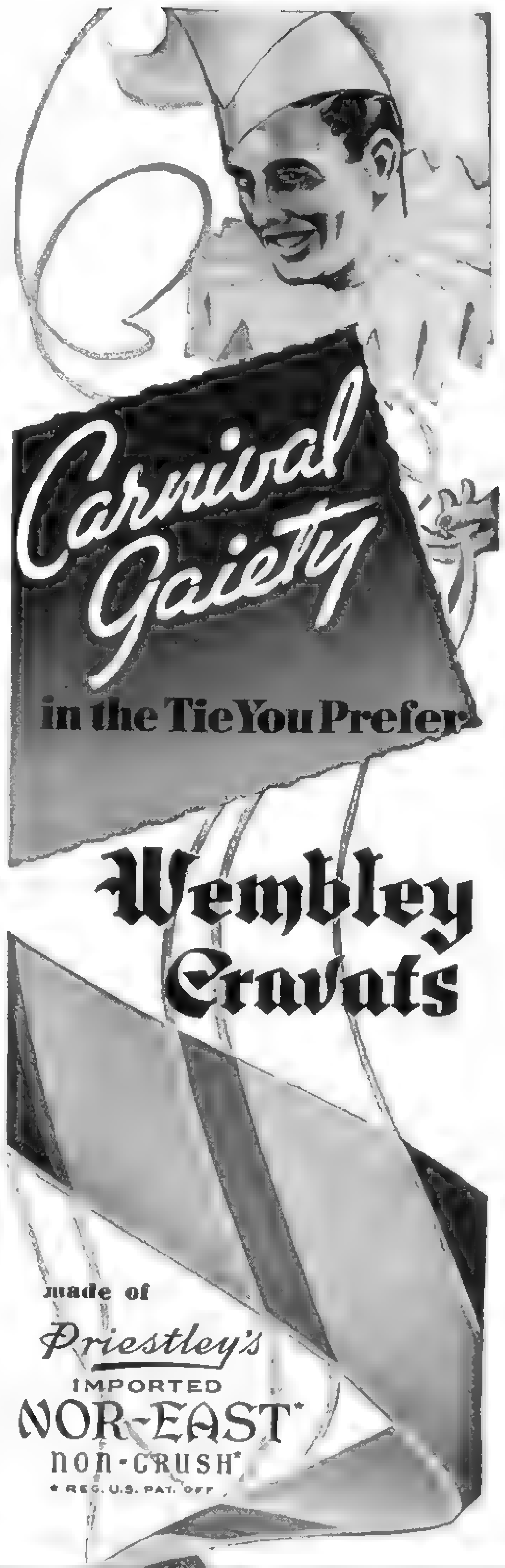
Continued from page 69

the kind that Cochet had in tennis, the kind that Harry Wolf has—and Johnny Jacobs, the professional at the Harvard Club of New York.

For men like them squash tennis is a grand, brilliant game, but the argument against it is that the average man doesn't have the physical co-ordination to play it. The rabbit-like ball too soon gets out of his control, and long rallies are all too infrequent. Squash racquets, on the other hand, can soon be picked up by the dub to the point where, in the company of another dub, he can enjoy long rallies and run his head off. In fact poor players often rally longer than good ones, because they haven't got the finishing shots to put the ball away. Remember that squash differs radically from lawn tennis in this respect: If you hit a tennis ball over the baseline it is out for all eternity. In squash, a poor shot—too wide or too high—may still get to the front wall, thereby remaining in play and putting the burden of returning it on your opponent. If you think, however, that such arguments as these squelch a squash tennis fan, you're crazy. His retort is that any one without the fast reactions to play his game is simply deluding himself by turning to squash racquets, and that he ought to break down, admit he hasn't got the stuff of which men are made, and take up marbles.

An impartial observer, however, must admit that squash racquets ing—you might call him the Rockne of squash if comparisons between the whole set-ups of squash and football weren't utterly ludicrous—has been the center of the game. In the intervening years almost every national championship has been won by a Cowles pupil, Glidden the latest of a line that includes Baker, Rawlins and the Pool brothers. Only two non-Cowles men have broken through, both of them, as you might expect, splendid players from the Philadelphia district—Neil Sullivan, Lehigh graduate and Donald Strachan, Princetonian. They turned the trick in 1934 and 1935 respectively.

The college angle is of importance because most squash players, both tennis and racquets, are either college undergraduates or graduates. The universities and the university graduate clubs in the big cities own most of the courts. It costs a great deal to build these courts, but not, as I have pointed out, so much to play the games. Of course, after you have left college, you have to pay membership dues in your club, but it's doubtful if you've joined up exclusively for squash and would be justified in chalking up your yearly fee to the game alone. Most college graduate clubs have an ascending scale of dues, enabling a recent graduate to join for as little as fifteen dollars per year, paying more as he gets older and (presumably) more solvent. A young fellow, paying eight dollars



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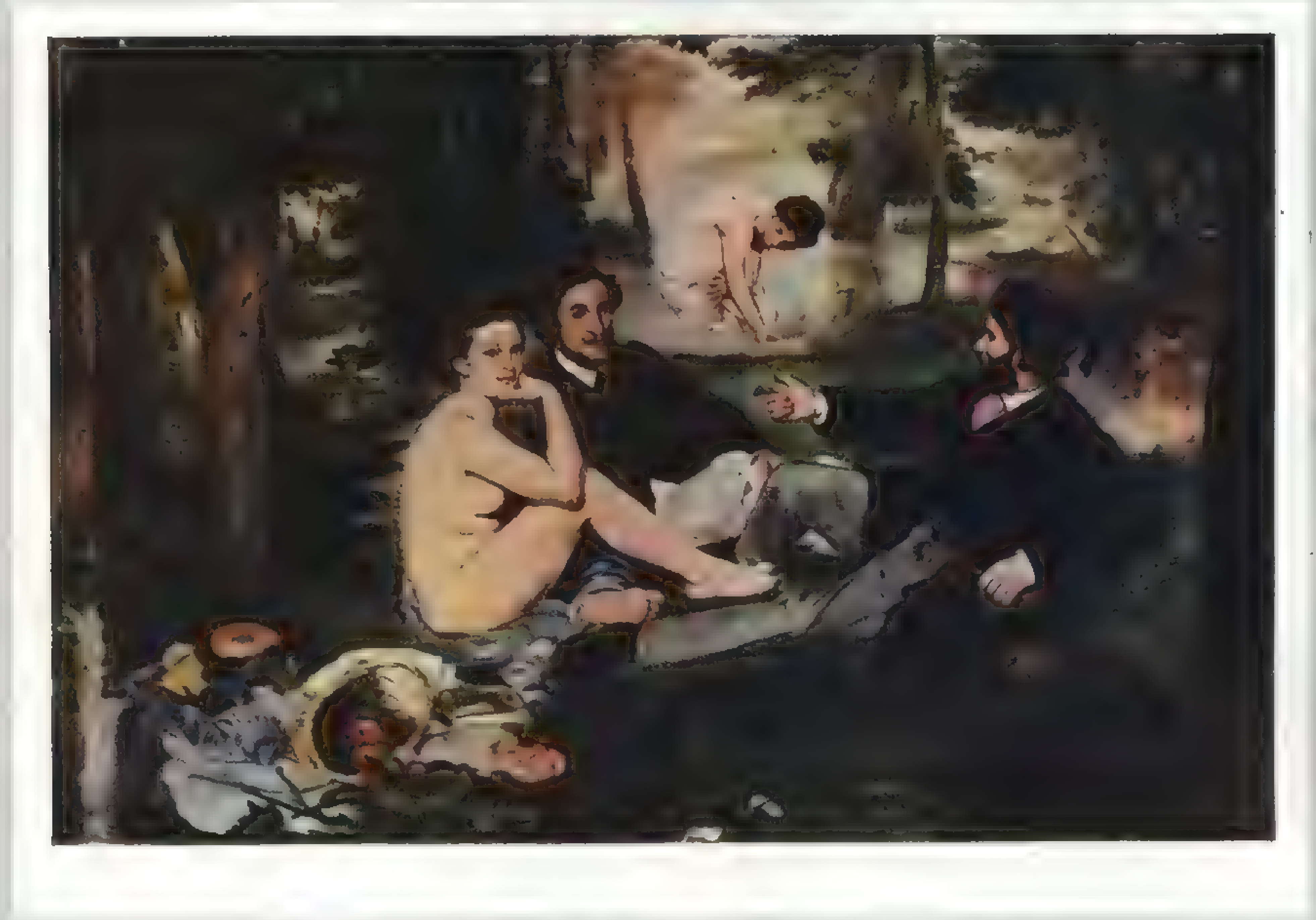

"The 'impression' produced," said a critic of the day, "is that of a monkey run off with a paint-box." But today, if you are to know anything about art at all, you must know something about impressionism. George Slocombe, noted critic and writer, dramatizes the story of impressionism in a series of four articles, illustrated with full color reproductions of paintings by Manet, Monet, Degas and Pissarro, in the February, March, April and May issues of Coronet. These four issues, costing $1.40 regularly, are offered at the special rate of $1. Address CORONET, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. All orders must be accompanied by remittance.

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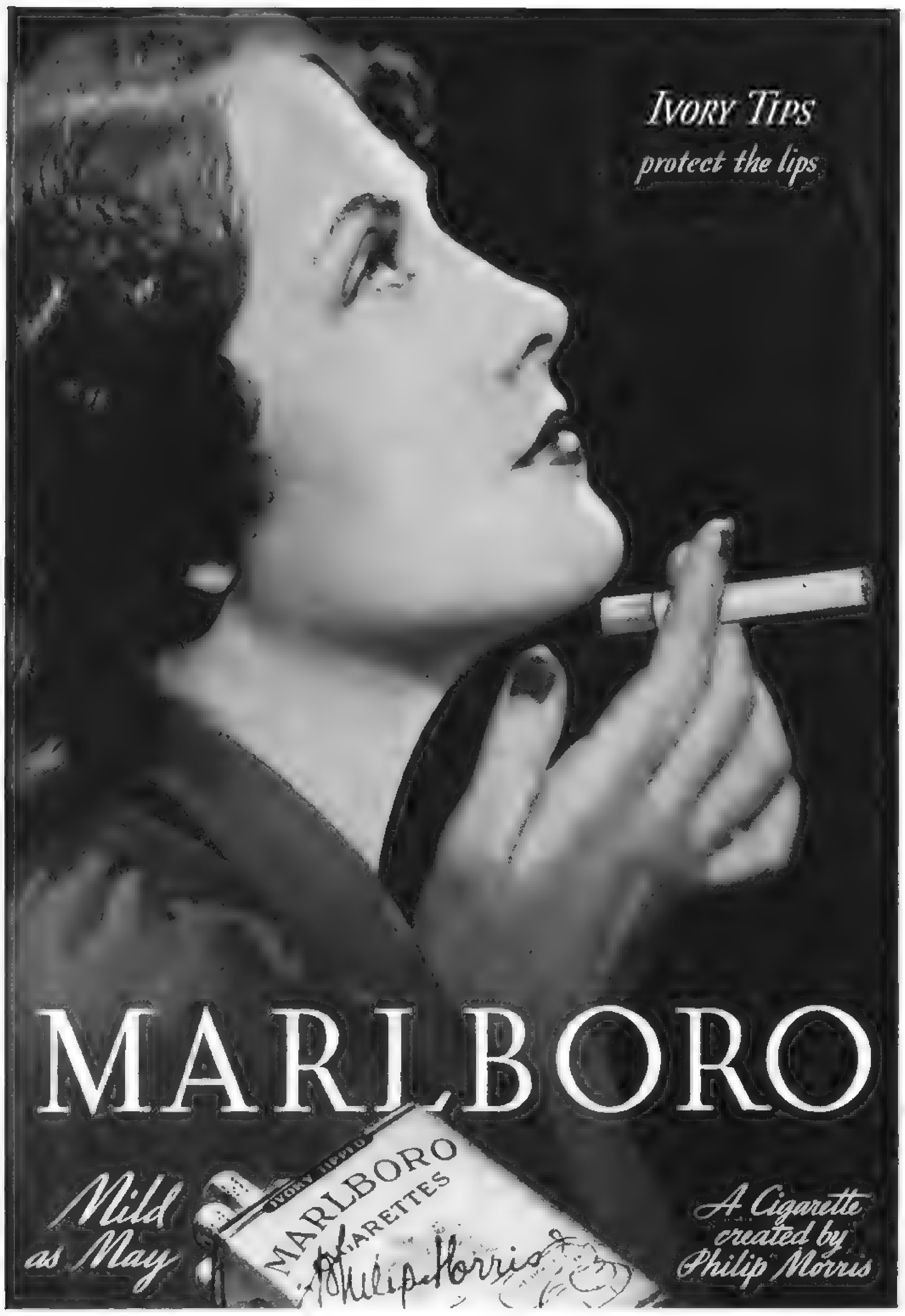

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This Is a Players' Game

Continued from pages 69-174

table. Officials of the two games called a conference, and the upshot was that all squash tennis courts were painted white and became squash racquets courts as well.

And so, nationally, there is no doubt that squash racquets holds, and continues to hold the upper hand. Its growing popularity in colleges and universities all over the Northern part of the country, no longer merely the Northeast, has, as we have seen, been a big factor because today the average fellow who takes up the game for the first time is a college undergraduate, and squash tennis, so far as I know, is non-existent in undergraduate circles.

Will Harry Cowles's Harvard players continue to dominate the game in championship circles? I doubt it very much. He'll continue to turn out fine players, but they are going to get more and more stiff competition from other opponents, both Eastern and Middle Western. In fact they're already getting it. In 1937 Yale scored its first victory over Harvard in the sport, and Purdue, taking an Eastern trip, also took a fall out of the Crimson. In a very few years you'll see more and more Western universities taking part in the intercollegiates. Already Cleveland and Detroit compete with seaboard cities for the national team championships, and here again you'll find more Western cities, buttressed by graduates from Western universities, getting in the picture.

However it isn't only college men who play, although at this point they're undoubtedly in the majority. Many Y.M.C.A. organizations are putting in squash racquets courts as well as handball, and factories and other business organizations are following suit. A squash court costs plenty, but so does a swimming pool when you come down to it, and there's hardly a Y in the country that hasn't been able to scrape up the funds for a natatorium.

For all types of able-bodied men, undergraduates, city business men, factory workers, Y.M.C.A. members, squash is a grand game—and for one reason: It affords splendid exercise in a short space of time. And that is all its adherents ask. They know that even if they become national champions, Hollywood will never beckon them, cigarette companies will never besiege them for endorsements, and promoters will never offer them seventy-five thousand smackers to make one-night stands in New York, Chicago, Boston, Detroit and a few dozen other cities. And they don't give a damn. Just let them work up a good sweat careening about the court after that dinky little ball, and they're sublimely happy.

Two Men on a Hatch

Continued from page 53

one at each end of a stick and sprawled on deck. He sighted, made a mark on the circle for north. He took different constellations for the east. The two sights were dead reckoning and made a right angle.

"Those sights aren't going to do no good without some way to use 'em," Roeder growled. His voice was thick with salt and hate.

"It's a big place out here," Tait said. "It would be a lot bigger for one man alone than two."

"Maybe," growled Roeder sullenly. "Or maybe not."

Dawn came for the third time since the night of that violent hurricane. No breath of wind came with it. Only the breath of wilting, torrid heat, a fierce breath out of that molten oven to the east. Roeder was standing on a corner of the hatch watching the glowing white ring come over the horizon.

"We won't last much longer," he said without turning. "Tin Boy, your number's up pretty quick now."

There was an ugly undercurrent to the words. Tait shot the man a glance, but Roeder kept his face to the horizon. The corners of his jaw worked oddly like the jaw of a black ant against the white flat dawn.

Tait set to work boring small holes in the half section of crate bottom. He smoothed one surface and made regularly spaced notches after many measurements with a shoestring. He split one of the thin staves, cut out even matched pieces, pegged them together in a triangular shape. He placed various sticks in the mechanism, three of them holding V-shaped brads carefully aligned. He took out the blank metal disc and fixed it in a fork of the sticks.

Roeder broke into heavy peals of rasping, cracked laughter. "A sextant!" he barked. "And what are you going to do with no compass and no clock?"

"Find out where we are," said Tait. "Give me that spool of copper wire."

Roeder's nostrils flared, his eyes fired. "Listen, Tait, are you trying to kid me you can get bearings with that cock-eyed gadget?"

Tait thought, "He's made up his mind to risk the knife as soon as I look done in. He thinks I'm stalling." He smiled coldly to himself. "I need the wire," he said.

Roeder's mood changed as suddenly as it had come up. "So you've still got pep? You can have the wire—for the knife."

"That knife," said Tait evenly, "stays with me. Unless it goes in you."

Roeder studied him craftily—"The pants, then."

Tait whitened beneath raw, blistering burn. Without covering, sunburn would kill a white man out there in a day. Roeder waited, his head hung forward. Tait nodded and got out of his pants. They traded, each with a hand on the other's swap.

Tait made fast a stretch of wire to the top of his triangle. On the last piece of wood he made a wire cross sight. He could only guess roughly at directions. Very carefully, inch by inch, he paddled the hatch around until the chalk compass-points stood as accurately as he could guess from sun and the early moon.

Roeder was breathing heavily when he looked up. As much as a captain's cap, the sextant is a badge of authority at sea. Even Tait's rude makeshift brought back some of the responsibilities of a mate.

Tait moved carefully about the hatch so as not to swerve it by shifting weight. On the last bit of wire he suspended his knife, plumbed over the center of the chalked circle, let the knife drop and drove it carefully solid. Slowly its shadow dwindled, became a bare line, faded.

Tait worked rapidly with his mechanism. It had limitations. But it did give an angle. A bark from Roeder announced that the sun was past zenith. Tait chalked out computations and said, "We're north of the Island Current. We can't be far, Roeder. We were two hundred miles south when the ship foundered."

Roeder looked shaken and white, his opinion of Tait, the whole basis for his hatred, suddenly set at odds. Was Tait, after all, a better man than him, Wolf Roeder? And the skipper of the hatch to boot? Uncertainly he stared at Tait standing in frayed shirt and no pants with a swollen, crippled arm and that crazy sextant. He gave a hoarse roar of derision, respect gone. His hand swooped quickly toward the knife. But Tait still held the plumb wire. He snapped the knife clear of Roeder's reach.

Veins on Roeder's forehead stood out blue. His voice was cracked and ugly. "You don't know where the hell we are! Even if you did, it wouldn't do no good. You're scared of me, Tin Boy, and trying to kid me we can make shore if we stick it. But we can't. And by God, before the sharks haul out my gizzard, I'll have yours with my own hand!"

He drew back like a maddened wolf, fangs bared under snarling lips, head forward, shoulders hunched and legs ready to spring. But his eyes riveted on the knife flashing in the sun. Tait knew homicidal mania. Roeder was held in check only by fear of that knife. Before long, not even that threat would hold him. And Tait could not hold out much longer. He was weak and giddy with a rocketing fever.

Two men crouched, one with hatred, the other with pain, in their world of death and destruction.

Tait forced a cold smile. He was still master. Roeder would still get him to shore—and somehow be found drowned!

"We're not more than fifty miles north of the Island Current," Tait said. "Once we make it, it will land us smack on the shores of Galápagos. We can't turn this hatch over to move easy or catch wind, but maybe in two days you could swim the hatch into the current. I'll navigate."

Roeder's swollen lips peeled back like raw meat. "Give you a joy ride so you could knife me when I got pooped out, huh? Not me, Tin Boy! It's you who are going to Davy Jones!" His eyes were hard and red.

Tait's eyes flicked the horizon without leaving Roeder's figure. "It's a big place," he said. "You're going to miss company, Roeder."

Roeder inched forward. A vein along his temple throbbed darkly. Tait dropped to the edge of the hatch and let himself overboard. Lying on his back with his fevered arm resting on his stomach, he kicked off slowly toward the south. On the hatch, Roeder crouched with one leg dangling hesitantly in the water. He thought of how deep it was out there away from the raft.

"Half a mile at most," Tait thought. "He'll get so frightened of being alone he'll go mad. He'll call to stop, come back. He won't leave that hatch, but he'll thrash it after me if necessary. Then he's licked. He'll do what he's told and swim that hatch into the Island Current."

Tait's fevered eyes lighted coldly. Roeder would be pretty tired after propelling a raft fifty or seventy-five miles. And he would have served his purpose. It would be quite simple, even for a sick man. Smash his knuckles loose from the hatch. He would flounder and blow and lose his head. He would drown almost within reach of the hatch.

The sun beat down very hotly, but of a sudden it was no longer blistering. It was warm and comfortable. The brutal pain left Tait's shoulder. His movements grew slower, more regular, automatic. He thought of green grass and sparkling, trout-filled brooks. Their cool waters bathed his burning body.

Far away, a mile or more behind, Roeder beat his muscular chest and tried to shout. But he could not. His voice came in a barking squeak; swollen, thirst-parched throat muscles torn by that first frenzied scream of terror when he realized he was alone in the vast green sea. Ears deaf to sound, mind lost amidst the ferns and brooks and coolness of delirium, Tait thrashed slowly, rhythmically, southward.

A day later, the hatch bobbed along a swift flowing current. A crazed, fear-ridden Roeder, puffed and burned raw by the broiling sun, gave a rasping croak and lifted his head to stare madly at a floating corpse.

The Island Current had not been fifty miles. It had been five. ⌗

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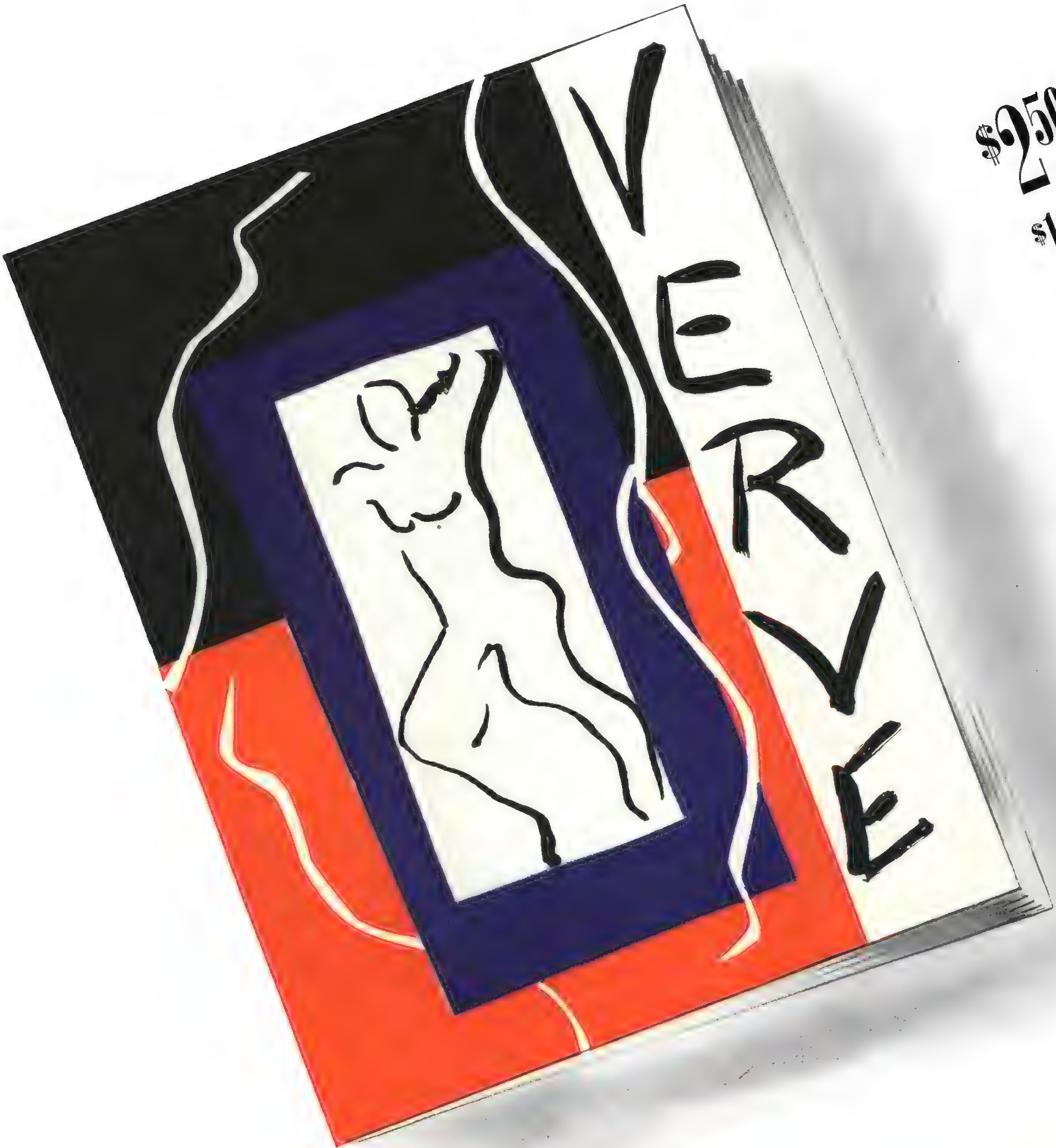

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Volume 1 Number 1

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Conversation Clinic

Continued from page 35

intercourse made man callous to torture.

But that age is past. Today we appreciate cleanliness and comfort. We make furniture fit us, not ourselves fit the furniture. We heat our houses in winter, cool them in summer. We eliminate all the pain we can including boring conversation.

If the machine age, the speed with which we live have anything to do with it, it's probably all for the better. Quick tempo is one of the attributes of good conversation. Another is naturalness.

Most of those who yearn for the days of grandiose conversation are probably yearning to spend your hours and mine with tales of bird life in the Rockies, Bobby Jones' most spectacular shots or the early phases of the Diesel engine.

No, conversation is not a dead art. It probably never was an art. But it's probably better now than ever before. All the same it could be improved. Let us get down to details.

LISTENING

The first requisite of a good conversationalist is an ability to listen. Listening to another human being is one of the friendliest acts we can perform; it is also one of the most flattering.

But everyone, you might say, listens.

The answer is (sorry to be so brusque) that everyone does *not* listen. Few do. Listening does not mean merely closing the mouth and letting another talk. Dead-fish listening is common enough among those who are tired, those who have just rolled off 80,000 words and can't think up another postscript. Real listening is something more positive. It means using the eyes to regard the speaker, absorbing what he says. It does not mean looking at the wallpaper, studying one's fingernails or conspiring to break in at the next comma.

If you think that listening is an ordinary trait try paying strict attention to the next person who addresses you. Decide firmly to make no reply until thirty seconds after the last period. Listen to the tones of voice, watch the speaker's eyes, observe how he puts his sentences together, his choice of words, the cogency of his ideas, his sincerity or lack of it, his shrewdness or naïveté. Follow it as closely as if you intended to write it down afterwards. You will realize you are having a new experience. And from the face of the person opposite you, you will realize that he is having a new experience, too.

This is listening. It's not easy work. You'll be tempted to break in. If you overcome it, you'll find you have learned something. What? Information? Probably not. That can better be got from books. What then? Something about human nature, human relations and the possibilities of setting up conversation as an art.

Good listening, to repeat, is an active, not a passive business. Those who acquired the art at birth or have acquired it, should apply strict standards to others. Do others listen to you? Yes? Good, you have the makings of enjoyable conversations. No? They want you to listen but when you have something to say their eyes turn inward and their hands tick off the seconds on the arm of the chair?

Then chuck them, suppress them, treat them as rudely as you know how. If you become the victim of bores, you have only yourself to blame. In conversation there is only one vice more degrading than talking too much: it is listening too much.

THE GOOD TALKER

Robert W. is a lawyer, 34 years old, married, two children. His interests: his wife, his children, his law practice, his friends, golf, bridge, books about European politics, mystery stories, wines and cocktails, Handel's music, finding a shower bath curtain that won't rip or rust after three months.

Since he spends six to ten hours a day with praecipes, replevins, wives whose husbands don't understand them, he gets, I suppose, a chance to toll off a hundred thousand words a day. But instead of letting this whet his appetite for more, he behaves when he emerges at the close of the day, as if he were quite content to let others do the talking.

No one ever said, "He tells one screaming story after another." (This would be untrue.)

No one ever said, "He's a marvelous *raconteur.*" (This would be untrue.)

No one ever said, "He's a great wit." (This would be untrue. He has a good sense of humor and nothing more.)

But scores have said, "Oh *please* try to drop in Saturday—if only for a minute."

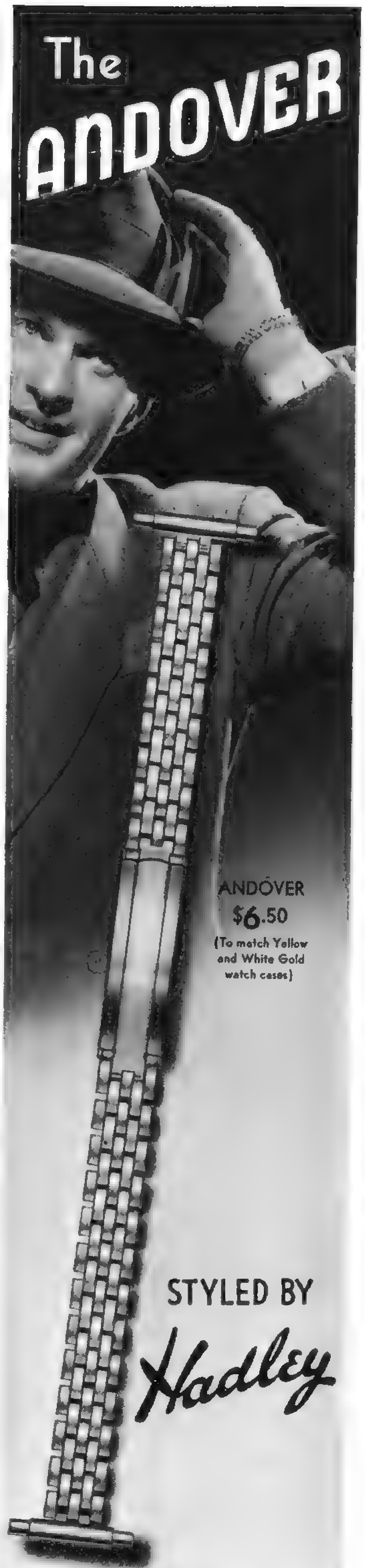
And I say when I get the chance: "He's one of the best conversationalists on the planet."

Why?

His talk is casual, easy, varied. He rarely talks for more than three minutes at a time unless others ask questions to keep him going.

He suits his topics to his audiences. He does not drag out his personal affairs or his innermost convictions for casual acquaintances. With them he can keep up a perfect, enjoyable chatter about the weather, the caprices of Rhode Island Reds or yesterday's front page murder. He'll talk about bridge only to those who play bridge, about a new play only to those who have seen the play. He reserves intimate conversation for intimate friends. When he tells you something, you have a feeling he thought it would interest *you,* not that he wanted to tell it to *somebody.*

Continued on page 180



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Conversation Clinic

Continued from pages 35-179

He never relates an anecdote unless it bears directly on the subject of conversation. He never tells long stories at all, realizing that these are better written. He never gives skits, realizing that those are better left to Beatrice Lillie and Robert Benchley.

His phrases are crisp, his remarks have a beginning and an end. And no rambling by-paths.

It's not easy to put a finger on his success. But this you know: when you have said good-bye you realize you have had a good time. You never emerge from his house with a worse opinion of yourself than when you entered. From him you get no insight into your faults, your ignorance. You could almost believe that he hadn't noticed the idiotic remarks you made during the talk on Italian submarines.

In retrospect you remember two things:

That he listened with brilliant intensity. It was flattering to talk in the face of such attention.

Those few wisecracks or jokes cling to your memory. You laughed when he said to the too-fertile lady novelist: "Good God, my dear woman, are you with book again?" And his answer when someone slyly accused him of being involved in a scandal: "It's very flattering but untrue. We're strictly perpendicular friends." You smiled frequently but the remarks always fit specific cases. There was little that could be lifted from its context and repeated in another conversation.

George Eliot said, "The happiest women like the happiest nations leave no history."

Looking at Robert W's conversation I am tempted to paraphrase: "The happiest conversations like the happiest women leave no history."

Trappists

There used to be an advertisement floating around in American and English magazines which was designed to show the disgrace of neutrality in a conversational war. There was a picture of a man and woman dressed in evening clothes, seated in the rear of a moving car. The man, middle-aged, something of the Sam Dodsworth about him, looked bewildered and browbeaten. His wife, chiffony and radiant, was registering contempt.

The text explained that the two were returning from a dinner party where the conversation had turned on Balzac. While all the guests were spouting their bits of information the husband sat silent as a Trappist. He didn't know anything about Balzac. Now his wife was berating him for being a clod.

The tragedy might have been averted, she was saying, if Jim had bought Somebody or Other's Fifty-Foot Shelf and absorbed a few pages every night instead of playing bridge or gabbling about golf scores.

Ten minutes a night and he would have been able to pipe up about Balzac with the best of them.

Doubtless many readers were so impressed with this advertisement that they filled in the coupon and prepared to leap into all conversations with facts about Balzac, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, stained glass in Galicia, the boll-weevil, Mahavira's rule for dividing fractions, Louis XIV's mistresses, Henry VIII's wives, the annual rainfall of Bamaku, Catalonian primitives and the Gunz glaciation.

The idea of all this erudition running around dinner tables is appalling and it turns one's mind not only to the virtues of remaining silent when one is ignorant of a subject but the virtues of keeping a few subjects on which one can be reasonably silent.

Informative conversation is usually a bore, anyway. This sad observation was borne on me lately when I heard a diplomat who had spent thirty years in the Hague regaling a company with information about the Netherlands that anyone could have picked out of an encyclopedia in ten minutes. I should have preferred some gossip of the Dutch court or something about Dutch digestions in relation to those staggering breakfasts they give you in Holland. This I could not have got out of an encyclopedia in ten minutes.

There's too much reverence for the learned bore. He ought to be told: "If you have facts to spill, get yourself a typewriter." And the rest of us should have the courage of our ignorance. Instead of sitting through a dreary hour on Balzac the man in the advertisement should have proclaimed his ignorance and changed the subject.

Nearly all of us are obliged to know one subject well in order to earn our living. Some of us cultivate other specialties as avocations. These subjects are proper stuff for conversation when we are with our own kind. But for a lawyer to talk on legal precedents, for a tailor to talk buttonholes, an aviator engines, in general company, is an imposition.

I am willing to listen to a few tidbits on lion-hunting, stamp collecting, city planning, incunabula, child psychology, batik work or the Norwegian turnip crop but not to an hour's lecture by a conversation marauder. If I want to document myself on these subjects there are plenty of books and magazine articles.

There are some subjects on which I do not want even a few tidbits. I insist, for instance, on maintaining a dense, unshakable ignorance on the subject of horse racing, mathematics, pole vaulting, aeronautics records, roulette systems and the novels of Kathleen Norris. To protect oneself it is sometimes necessary to adopt a policy of aggressive ignorance.

I should like to recommend to some thousands of Americans I

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In Germ-Killing Power . . . One bottle Pepsodent Antiseptic *equals* three bottles of ordinary kinds

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Even when diluted with 2 parts water, still kills germs in seconds . . . Lasts 3 times as long!

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Sports Jacket and Doeskin Trousers

The accompanying photograph illustrates a sports jacket tailored of cashmere and lambs' wool, in a hound's-tooth pattern, costing £6. It is one of a wide assortment at the House of Smith . . . an interesting assortment that includes many attractive jackets of Harris Tweeds, Shetland Homespun and pure Indian Cashmere.

The trousers illustrated are tailored of white English Doeskin, priced at £3. They are also available in a dozen masculine shades.

Fine quality and moderate cost . . . those two characteristics are found combined in the many fascinating importations assembled by Smith of Bermuda.

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FIVE SHOPS IN
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COATS • SPORTSWEAR
BRAEMAR SWEATERS • PERFUMES
British Apparel of All Sorts for Men and Women

have seen trotting around European picture galleries that they adopt this policy on painting. And to thousands of concert goers that they say definitely and flatly, "I loath music and not wild horses will ever drag me to a concert again. What's more I want no conversation about it." And millions of women should say to their husbands, "I feel the same way about guano exports and chicken wire production as Queen Victoria did about dirty stories."

It is a good plan, I think to keep certain virgin tracts in the mind. They should be frankly avowed and if a conversationalist insists on dwelling on them, one can turn to the lighting fixtures, or a study of neckties. Or, if one happens to be studying a foreign language it is good practice to translate silently the talk without absorbing the subject matter.

In any case, there's nothing disgraceful about keeping still when the topic happens on unknown things.

To the Timid

Very often one hears this complaint:

"I shut up like a clam in general company. I'm too timid to open my mouth."

The remedy is simple: Go right on being timid. It's a decorative quality rather than a fault. The fault lies in concealing timidity. This is what makes boors of all of us at times.

One consolation to the timid was pointed out by Nietzsche:

"If you want to prejudice a man in your favor you must become embarrassed before him."

If this doesn't console the timid, there's another solution: resolve to speak only monosyllables for a time but poke as many of these as you can into all conversations. Then expand them into phrases, finally sentences. Sentences will develop into paragraphs. In the end you'll have to use self-control to curtail your output.

Anecdotes

The harshest words ever spoken on the subject of anecdote addicts were spoken by Thomas De Quincey. "Of all bores whom man in his folly hesitates to hang," he said, "and heaven in its mysterious wisdom suffers to propagate their species, the most insufferable is 'the teller of good stories'—a nuisance that should be put down by cudgeling, by submersion in horse ponds or any other mode of abatement, as summarily as men would combine to suffocate a vampyre or a mad dog."

Obviously De Quincey's words had not the slightest effect on his contemporaries or on succeeding generations. Anecdotage is still a common malady. If it were confined to dolts and dullards, we could pass it by but it afflicts the wise, the clever, the intelligent. There's no hope of suppressing it. But perhaps it can be controlled.

An anecdote is generally a little splinter of autobiography. It interests the man who tells it because he sees it in relation to the general contour of his life. It bores others because it usually has no relation to the rest of the conversation.

A good plan is to think thrice before committing an anecdote. Does it have any relation to the general thread of the talk? Is it likely to interest others? Will it push the conversation forward or thrust it into a bog? Has any of the company heard it before?

Let us suppose I am seized with a desire to tell a story about the time I talked with the Queen of Denmark for twenty minutes at a wayside inn in Germany. I think thrice and can't control myself. The conversation is about Denmark so it will fit in. I'm sure I can make it interesting. As a matter of fact I've told it thirty times and they ate it up. I'm sure I never told it to any of this group.

But while I was reflecting, the subject has slipped over to Danish co-operatives. I wait, wondering how to wangle it. Then the subject turns to the government and finally the position of the monarchy. I could leap in here with "Talking about the monarchy reminds me that . . ." But I'm not with nitwits; the people around me have some sense of conversational propriety. Another minute goes by. Someone mentions the Silver Jubilee. While I'm trying to tie this up to my incident someone helps me out with this: "They say it's the most democratic court in Europe."

This is the moment. I leap in. "The Queen of Denmark told me . . ."

Surprise, interest. It takes five minutes and when it's over I toss the conversational ball back to the person who made the remark about the Jubilee. "I wish I had seen the films of it. Did you?"

I have committed this anecdote for the thirty-first time. I have no defense except that I conformed to the rules.

But let us say that I have another story about a robber who handed me back my grandfather's ruby-encrusted watch, albeit retaining my four hundred dollars. I have told this time on end, too, but I still want to tell it again. The conversation, I observe as I come out of my going-to-tell-an-anecdote fog, is about stickups in Denver.

I cannot see how to work grandfather into this. What's more no one will help me. I therefore weave the conversation around to the behavior of stickup men. I could ask a general question, "Has any of you ever been robbed?"

But this is not too good. In the first place it reveals I have and I'm about to tell all. In the second, some of them may have been robbed and that will put me second or third on the program. Finally, if no one has been robbed, someone will tell about his Cousin Ethel losing her black pearls or about the office boy who cackled like a chicken and scared out the thugs.

I'm obliged to keep the conver-

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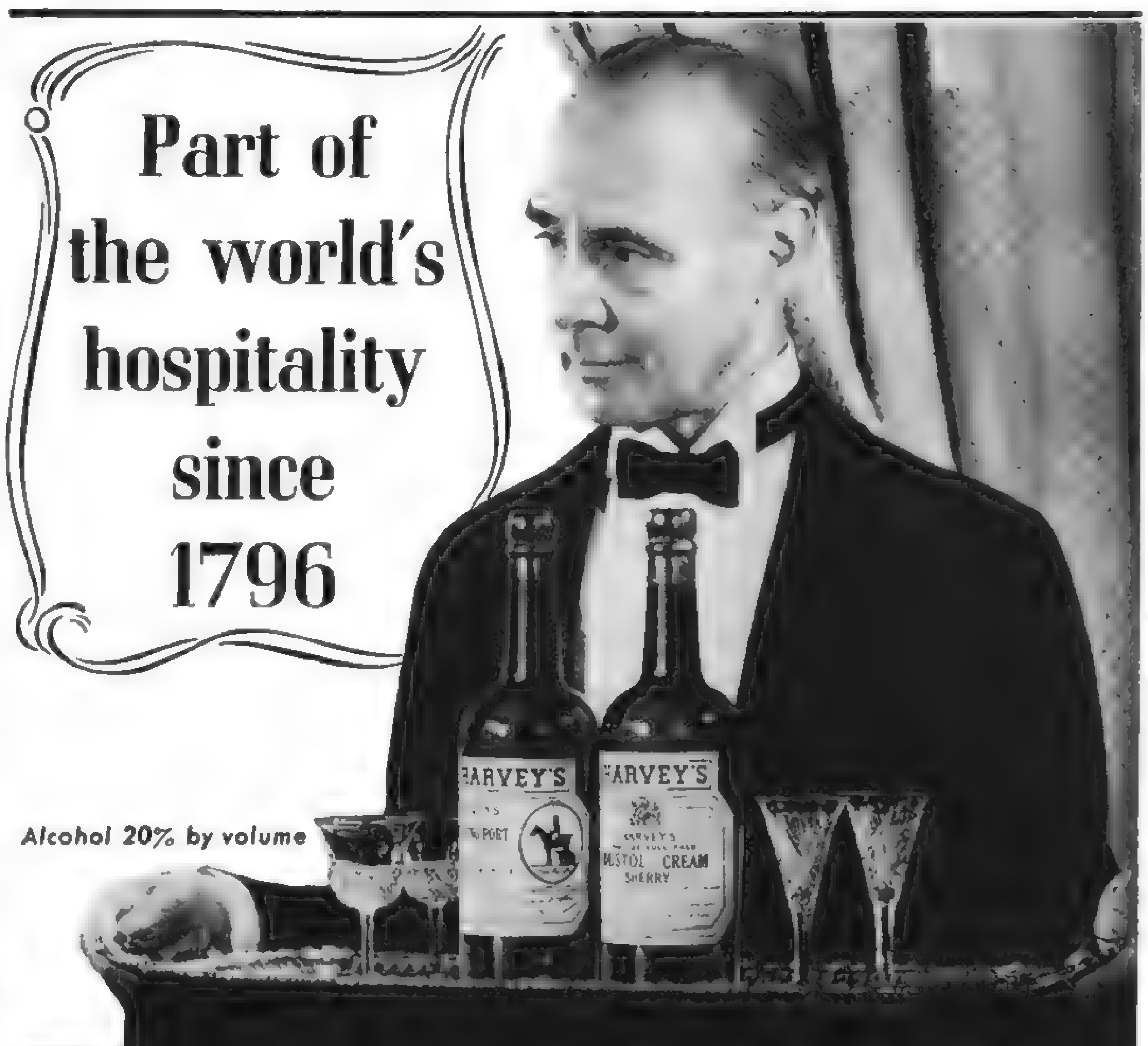

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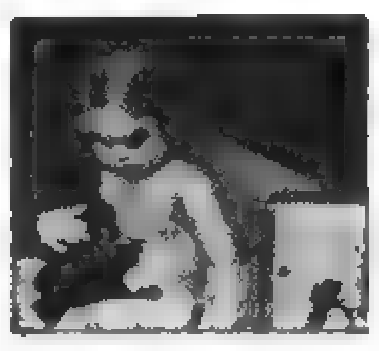

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☐ Send full details of FREE trial offer.
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Name..............................
Please write Mr., Mrs. or Miss
Address..............................
City....................State.........

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Conversation Clinic

Continued from pages 35-179-181

sation turning on the behavior of stickup men until I get a chance to say, "My own idea is that most stickup men are more nervous than their victims."

This is decidedly not my real opinion but since anecdoting is a species of conversational immorality, I cannot jibe at the fraud. I tell my story, make a remark again about the psychology of stickup men to indicate it was part of a general conversation and then sign off.

My behavior again has been egregious. My only excuse is, I did not say, "Did I tell you about the time I . . .?" or "Stop me if you've heard this one."

Anecdotes should be brief, night letter length if possible. They should be dated as recently as possible because for some inscrutable reason we are more interested in what happened last night around the corner than in what happened three years ago in Seattle.

Finally, anecdotes should come singly, never in series. Two high crimes are:

1. "Two funny things happened to me in the plane." (You may be sure no one will pay much attention to the first.)

2. "And then I had *another* experience." (Study the changing faces around you; observe the watches coming out, the imaginary bits of dust being removed from sleeves.)

Sins, Venial and Mortal

1. "He was an old varlet."

Anyone who tosses rare, obsolete words into his conversation makes his listeners pay less attention to what he says than how he says it. But pedantry isn't the only form of conversational snobbery. Sometimes a man who did brilliantly in Professor Snitchkins' English IV chooses to say, "I ain't," "I knowed him," "I went for to see him," because these expressions sounded amusing when spoken by a rustic. Some forms of speech like some vintages of wine don't travel well.

2. "So I had a *Wiener Kaffee.*"

How many English-speaking people know what this means? How many know *corrida, Weltanschauung, oi sunetoi, dolce far niente, béguin, en papillotes, quid pro quo, Wanderjahr, flâneur?*

Foreign words unless anglicized or clearly known to the majority of educated people should be shunned. Unless the speaker wants to be considered a snob.

3. "So he said 'Come along.' "

"And I said, 'I simply can't.' "

"And he said, 'Why not?' "

" 'Why?' I said. 'Because I made a date with Eddie.' "

Edith Wharton made the observation that good novelists use dialogue sparingly—only when it is desirable to tell the exact words spoken by a character. The same holds for conversation. Yards of dialogue can sometimes be summed up in a foot of narrative. The above phrases could better be said, "He urged me to come but I explained I had an engagement." Half the words and clearer expression.

4. "I got into New York at seven and then this man took me to dinner at the Waldorf."

Well, *what* man? It is sometimes perfect technique to keep the characters in one's conversation anonymous but references to "these people," "this friend," "somebody I know" give the conversation a curious blurred quality and make the speaker sound like a sneak.

There are two ways to introduce characters into conversation. One is to be crisply anonymous: "A friend of mine told me that . . ." (not "this friend"), a cousin of mine wanted to play tennis," "a red-headed harridan who sat next to me on the bus."

But occasionally a story should be better documented. The method, then, is to start off at the beginning:

"I had a letter to a man named George Redwood in Cleveland. The day I got there I sent the letter and the next morning he phoned, asking me to lunch with him. He's about thirty-five, unmarried. He's a lawyer, writes articles for law journals. He's a golf champ, too, so when he suggested we play at his club. . . ."

Or:

"You've heard me speak of Ted Gorham, my roommate in college. He's just busted into the movies so when I was in Hollywood I phoned him. He was having a party and invited me over. That's how I met. . . ."

It ought to be easy to decide when to introduce characters by name with a brief account of their works and pomps. In general, characters who enter a conversation briefly and casually should be left nameless. If the speaker intends to refer to them constantly they should be identified at the offset.

5. "That reminds me."

People are reminded of altogether too many things in conversation. If the talk is about the Spanish Revolution and someone is reminded that Aunt Esther's janitor is a Spaniard, the conversation is done for. Every time "that reminds me" flashes through the cerebrum, it should be followed by an examination of conscience: "I'm reminded of something, yes, but has it anything to do with the subject in hand?" If the answer is no, self-control is required. If that looks dubious, the reminded one should step up to the cocktail bar and silently repeat "that reminds me" with each sip until the attack has passed off.

6. "William Powell was in it. It started off in Singapore where he was a beachcomber. Then there was an explosion. . . ."

There must be a special compartment in hell for people who relate the plots of movies, books and plays. And in this compart-

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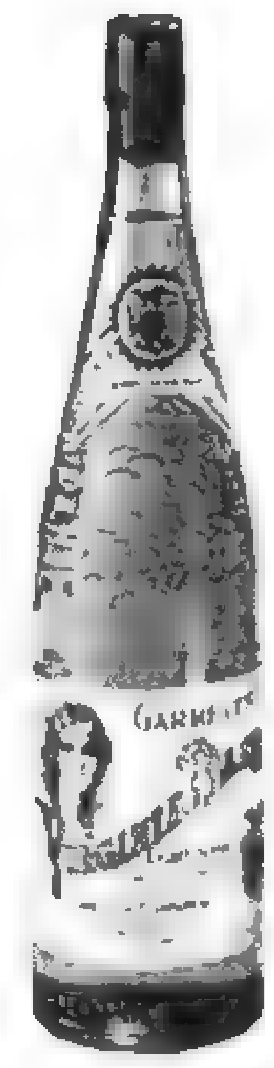

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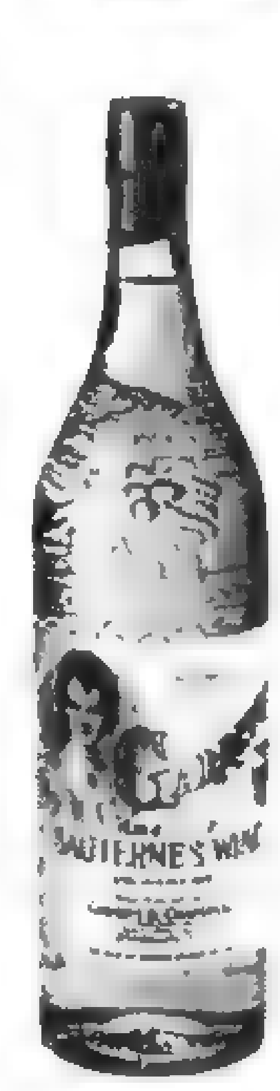

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Here's another in our snappy series of Prizeless Contests for folks who like to fill in the missing names of things... and stuff. Only it's not really prizeless...because, if you enter this contest, you'll win neckwear style, service and value such as you never thought possible. Here's a hint: Botany Ties are good-looking...they have that certain something...and you can treat 'em rough...but they'll pop up next morning as smooth as they were the first day you met 'em. In short, Botany Ties are Wrinkle-Proof. *Now* do you know why they call her Botany Tie? Give your answer to your Botany dealer...and he'll sell you some good numbers at $1 each. (If you're in a hurry ...write us...and we'll tell you where to go.)

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ment there must be a special chamber with a thermostat apparatus keeping the temperature at 3,000 Fahrenheit for those who are too sophisticated to reel off plots from beginning to end but who don't hesitate to prattle about special scenes: "There's something remarkable about the novel—*in spots*. For instance the scene where the uncle confronts his nephew with the evidences of the theft. A terrific mistral was blowing. It was laid in Nice, you see."

7. "Do you get the point?"

There's only one proper reply to people who say, "Do you get the point?" "Do you follow?" "Sure you understand what I mean?" It is "I doubt if there is any point but in any case I'm not following and of course I don't understand what you mean."

8. "I'm not boring you, am I?"

What does the speaker expect? What would he do if he got a truthful answer? The very suspicion that one is boring another ought to freeze up the tongue.

But sometimes a speaker will say, "I'm not boring you, am I?" when he knows very well he's interesting everyone in sight. The motive is sometimes nervousness, sometimes a mistaken idea of making a dramatic pause. It provides a second good reason for not asking people if you are boring them. In every company there are some individuals who don't know whether they are bored or spellbound. Suggest boredom and they'll yawn. They are the kind who would be bored by the spectacle of George Bernard Shaw eating a cannibal. #

Never Come Monday

Continued from page 37

But they pointed out that they were just coming out of church, so how could it be Monday?

At this Mr. Bloggs got so angry that he shouted at them, and the noise brought the Rev. Mr. Stoninghorn to the church steps.

"You must not profane the Sabbath," he said, looking very handsome in his white surplice, and with his long white hair like a dandelion gone to seed.

Mr. Bloggs began to see he could get nowhere against Yorkshiremen by blustering, so he took another tack. He pointed out to the minister that while this may be Sunday, one would have to admit that it was a little bit unusual to have two Sundays in a row. Mr. Stoninghorn admitted this, and he agreed that a meeting ought to be called to look into the matter.

So it was announced through the village that a meeting was to be called at the school for four o'clock that afternoon. The Rev. Mr. Stoninghorn was asked to preside, but inasmuch as he was unsure whether or not it was the Sabbath, he declined. So Mr. Polkiby, the schoolmaster, agreed to take over the gavel and run a meeting in which everyone should have a chance to state his views on whether it was or wasn't Sunday.

At meeting time there wasn't a seat to be had, and after Mr. Polkiby rapped with the gavel, Mr. Bloggs got up and stated that it was Monday, and he could prove it because he had called up the Greenwich Observatory.

Then Taylor Huckle, the publican, got up and said it was Monday, because yesterday had been Sunday and the day after Sunday had always been Monday, for years and years, man and boy, as far back as he could remember.

After this there was a wait, because nobody liked to get up in front of so many people and put in their hap'orth; though a lot of people were dying to, because they knew Huckle was in favor of Monday for if it were Sunday he'd have to go on early closing hours.

So there was a long wait until somebody said: "Where's Sam Small?"

"Here Ah am," said a voice at the back of the hall, and they all spoke up and said: "Come on, Sam, let's hev thy opinion."

Now this Sam Small was a man whose word was worth listening to at any time, and on any subject. He was the inventor of the Sam Small Self-Doffing Spindle and had made a pile of brass from it, and was much traveled, not only having been to London and other parts, but to foreign lands as well on a cruise. So they waited politely as Sam walked down the aisle and clambered up on the stage.

"Well lads," he said, "it's this way. A day's a day, but then again, it ain't, in a manner of speaking. The time Ah went round t'world, one day it were Tuesday, and the next morning the captain said it were Thursday—and so it were, because Ah've nivver yet found that lost day. And on t'other hand, a lad on the ship told me if we'd gone round the world t'other way, we should of hed two Tuesdays. Now if we can have two Tuesdays when we're going round the world, Ah maintain we maught just as easy hev two Sundays when the world is going round us, which ivvery scientist knaws it is doing."

"Piffle," said Mr. Bloggs.

"Oh, aye?" asked Sam, his dander getting up. "Can tha tell me what day it is now i' Japan?"

"It's Monday," Mr. Bloggs said.

"Oh, pardon me, Mr. Bloggs," the schoolmaster said. "Just as a matter of academic accuracy . . ." and here he studied his watch carefully . . . "but in Japan now it is Tuesday."

"Tuesday?" roared Mr. Bloggs.

"There, tha sees," Sam said. "There don't seem to me to be noa sense to this day stuff. If it's Monday, as tha says, down i' Greenwich; and if it's Tuesday, as t'schoolmeaster says, i' Japan; then Ah say it's just as liable to be Sunday up here."

"Nonsense," yelled Mr. Bloggs. "I know what the matter is. You're all lazy and you wanted another day off. So you call it Sunday."

Continued on page 184

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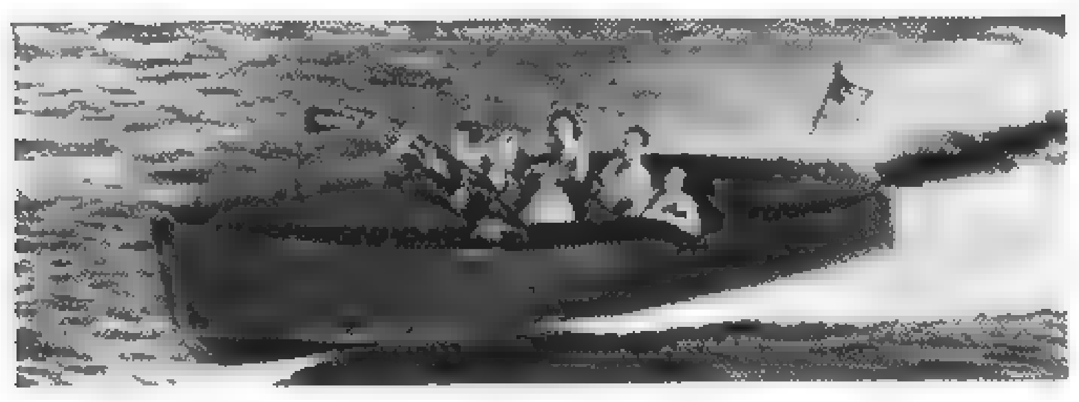

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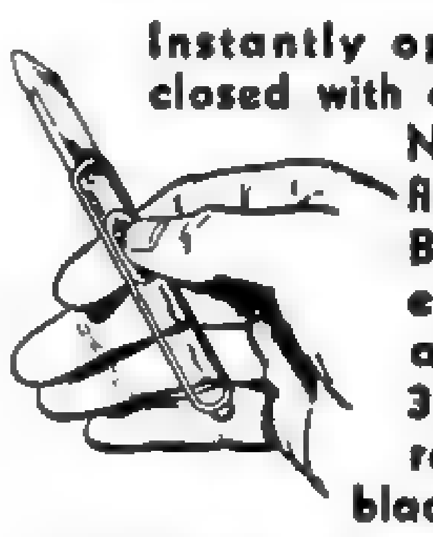

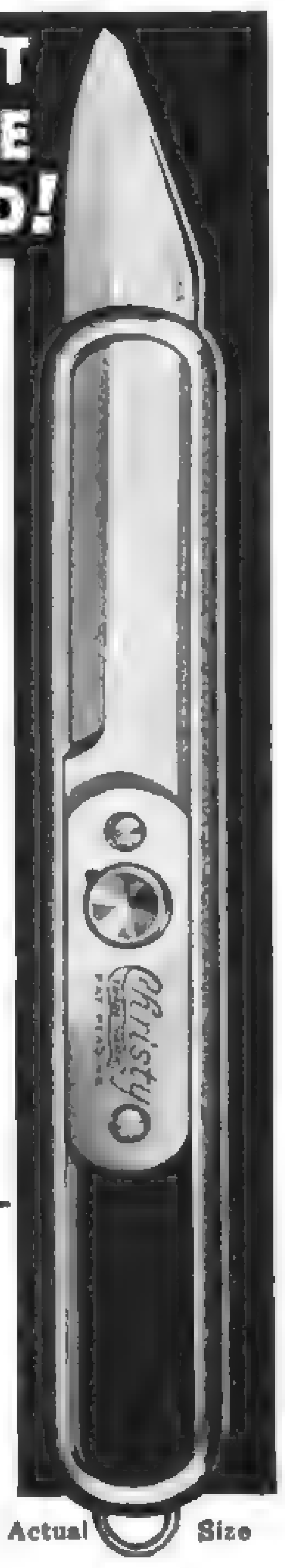

Never Come Monday

Continued from pages 37-183

"Nay lad," Sam replied. "There's six weekdays to one Sunday, so it seems to me like it were six to one i' thy favor that we'd hev an extra workday i'stead of an extra restday. Simply because tha lost, tha maun't be a bad sport about it."

At this the people applauded Sam, and seeing he was at a good place to stop, he got down off the platform.

"Fiddlesticks," Mr. Bloggs said, now thoroughly angry. "If this is Sunday, then what's tomorrow? Is it Monday or Tuesday? Or do we lose a day?"

"Happen Ah'm the man to clear that up," the Capper said, rising to his feet. "Us doesn't skip noa day at all. T'thing is that t'days o'to'week have gate tired o'turning, soa now they've stood still and wean't goa no further, they wean't."

"How ridiculous," Mr. Bloggs snorted. "If that were so we'd get no further and tomorrow would be Sunday, too, wouldn't it?"

The Capper scratched his head and thought a moment. Then he looked up quickly.

"Ba gum, lad," he said. "Tha's hit t'nail o't'yead. Tomorrow is off to be Sunday."

At this the meeting broke up, and everyone started for home. They crowded round old Capper and asked him about the next day.

"Ah'm reight sure it'll be Sunday, lads," old Capper said. "But when Ah coom round to wakken ye up, Ah'll tell ye."

"Nay, Ah gate a better idea," John Willie Braithwaite said. "If it's a Sunday, it'd be a fair shame to disturb a little bit o' good extra sleep. That'd mak' it as bad as a weekday 'most. So supposing, if it's another Sunday, just thee doan't bother to coom round—and when tha doesn't coom we'll knaw for sure that way it's Sunday."

"Aye, that's fine," old Capper said, "but Ah'll lose all me collections that way."

They all saw that was so, but they agreed that even if it kept on being Sunday, they would pay old Capper just the same as if it had become the rotation of weekdays and he'd made his rounds.

"Nay, Ah couldn't tak' it," Capper protested.

"Nay, we'd like thee to," they protested.

"Well, if ye say," Capper agreed. "But how about lads i't'other villages. It's hard on them thinking it's a weekday and walking all the way here to find it's a Sunday."

"Well," John Willie said, "we'll form a committee, like, right now, and the members will each tak' a village and goa reight ovver theer and tell ivveryone that it's staying Sunday these days—that the days o't'week is stuck, like."

Everyone thought it a good and orderly idea, and so it was done.

The next morning people in the village woke up, and they lay abed and listened. But they heard no trident of wire chattering in the greyness of the morning, nor old Capper's voice wheezing: "'Awf pest fower, ist'a oop?" They waited but they heard no clogs clattering on the cobbles, and no whistle at the mill saying that if they didn't get there in fifteen minutes they'd be locked out.

So they knew it must be Sunday again, and they went back to sleep, and the next thing they knew was the church bell ringing once more. So that made it Sunday and they were sure of it.

And in the other towns roundabout, the people didn't go to work, and so they knew it was Sunday, too. They put on their best clothes, and did a bit of gardening and the men mended things about the house and the children didn't go to school, and everyone had a fine rest so that their work-tired bodies began to grow glad and proud again.

The next day the news that the days of the week were stuck at Sunday had spread all over Yorkshire, and was percolating up to the Tyneside where the shipworkers were, and over into Lancashire where the youngsters worked before cotton mills and looms, and down into the black country where the men hauled at steel and went down into the mines, and down into Staffordshire where they toiled at the potteries and the car factories.

The newspapers sent men around to find out what had happened to the lost weekdays, and one of them came to the village and looked up old Capper. At first he laughed, until Ian Cawper came along. Ian Cawper was the biggest man in Yorkshire for sure, and happen the biggest and strongest man in all England without doubt. So he just asked the newspaper lad for a penny, and then he bent the penny in two, and the newspaper lad stopped laughing.

"Nah, lad," Ian said. "Happen tha'd better tellyphone thy paper that this is Sunday."

"Indeed I will," the young man said, very appreciatively.

Now although the wonderful thing that it was still Sunday found great gratification in the hearts of all the men who worked long hours handling steel and wood and cotton and iron and glass and fabric and paper and silk, at furnaces and forges and foundries and looms and jennies and sides and presses and drills and lathes and assembly belts, there were some men who were quite upset by the miraculous happening. And in spite of the fact that everyone else in the country now saw that a beautiful series of Sundays had happened, these men kept on trying to persuade everyone that they were just ordinary days of the week that people merely *thought* were Sundays.

These men soon saw that if it kept on being Sunday they'd never be able to make any more battleships and gasbombs and motor cars and airplanes and radios and badminton rackets and all the rest of the things that are civilizing influences upon the world. And, to go further, if they didn't make those things, they wouldn't be able to go on making more money than they had already.

This was quite an abhorrent state of affairs. So they went to the Prime Minister about it.

"I yield my reverence for religion, especially the Church of England, to no one," one of them said. "In fact, I am thoroughly in accord with religion—one day a week."

"Hear, hear," the others said.

"But, Mr. Prime Minister, think of my stockholders! Many are orphans. Many are widows. If my factory doesn't make money, these poor people will be destitute—because always having drawn dividends, they've never had to learn how to work. We cannot let them suffer."

"Gentlemen," said the Prime Minister, "you may rest assured that His Majesty's Government will do all within its power to safeguard that industry and commerce which is the backbone of our nation—indeed, of our Empire."

Then the Prime Minister went away and thought. Being a Prime Minister he didn't think as you or I would. You or I, in the same case, might have said to ourselves: "Come, come now. What we've got to decide is whether this IS Sunday or ISN'T." Which is probably why you and I will never be Prime Ministers.

This Prime Minister thought of a lot of things all at once. Suddenly, he called his secretary and said:

"Carrington-Smaithe. It is a Sunday today, I hear, and it will be a Sunday again tomorrow. Pack my things. We're going away for the week end."

"But sir," said the secretary, "what about the International Crisis? We have two ultimatums which must be answered immediately."

"Dear me," said the Prime Minister. "That is a nuisance; but all the world knows the British week end is inviolate, and if this IS Sunday, as it seems to me it must be, then I won't be able to answer till the week end is over."

"But when will it stop being Sunday, sir?"

"Well, Carrington-Smaithe, how long will it take our fastest cruiser squadron to get round to that troublesome part of the world?"

"Oh, about thirty-six more hours, sir."

"Hmmmph! Then I think it will stop being Sunday in about thirty-six more hours."

And with this the Prime Minister caught the five-fifteen train and went off to the country. And when the newspapers heard of it they printed it, and all the people in England—in fact, in all the world—knew that it was officially Sunday.

And back in Allerby Brig all the people were that proud of old Capper Wambley. For hadn't he been the first man in all the land to notice that the days of the week were stuck and every day kept turning up a Sunday.

And all over the land toil-weary people sighed with happiness at their escape from industrial chains. They rested their tired bodies. Some went to church every day. The men went walking with their dogs, or did odd jobs round the house, tinkering and gardening and cobbling and putting up shelves. In the cities people took busses out into the country and had picnics. The grownups lay in the sun and the children played in the fields, and the young men and women walked in the lanes and made love. There was only one flaw. Being Sundays, the pubs had to go on Sunday closing hours, which allows no man to buy a pint of beer unless he is a legal traveler who has come so many miles. But this did good in a way, because many men walked the legal number of miles, and that way they saw parts of their own country they never would have seen otherwise, and they saw what other towns and villages looked like.

And all the time that went on, the Prime Minister sat in his garden and read detective novels, or snoozed in the sun with a couple of his favorite spaniels at his feet, until there came a wireless message.

"Sign here," said the boy.

So the Prime Minister signed, and then he got a code book and decoded the message. Immediately he had done so, he called his secretary and said:

"Carrington-Smaithe! What day is today?"

"Sunday, sir," the secretary said.

"Nonsense," said the Prime Minister. "I am tired of this blundering-through policy with its shilly-shallying. If this goes on, we shall have a Constitution Crisis!"

"A Constitutional Crisis, sir?"

"Yes, Carrington-Smaithe. So you'd better pack and we'll get back to the City. We must act immediately. I shall issue a statement that His Majesty's Government hereby declares officially that today is Friday, and tomorrow shall be officially Saturday, and the days of the week must now go on officially in their regular and accustomed order."

"But isn't this really Sunday, sir? Hasn't a miraculous thing happened that has stopped the days of the week from arriving?"

"I don't know, my boy. But I do know this. Even if it is Sunday, and we all, everywhere, decide to call it Monday or Tuesday, then it becomes Monday or Tuesday because we all believe it is Monday or Tuesday."

"Yes, I see, sir."

And so the secretary packed, and the Prime Minister went back to London where he now could answer his ultimatums quite forcefully, and all the newspapers of the land carried the news that today was Friday and tomorrow would be Saturday—officially.

It wasn't until the next morning that this news reached Allerby Brig where it had all started. Mr. Bloggs got the news first, of course, and so he ordered the siren blown at the mill. So everybody hurried off to the mill because if you weren't

Continued on page 186

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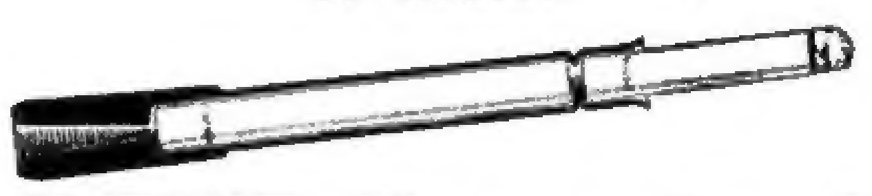

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Never Come Monday

Continued from pages 37-183-185

there fifteen minutes after the siren went you were locked out and lost half a day's pay.

But as they trooped into the yard, old Capper stopped them.

"Hold on, a minute, mates," he said. "Just what day is it?"

"Now come on in to work," Mr. Bloggs called. "It's Saturday."

"Nay," Capper said. "Yesterday were Sunday, so today maun be Monday, onless us's started slipping and now we're off to hev t'days backwards."

This remark of Capper's got everyone mixed up again and some said it was Saturday and some Monday while some still stuck to Sunday.

The upshot was that they decided to call Sam Small again to get his opinion. Sam arrived in about a half hour, and heard all sides. Then he looked round, and spoke in the voice of one who is used to handling such matters.

"There's nobbut one thing to dew, lads," he said. "And Ah'm the chap that's off to dew it."

With that he walked into the office, and picking up the telephone, he said:

"Connect me with His Majesty, the King."

Before you could wink the connection was made.

"Is this His Majesty, the King?" Sam asked.

"Why Sammywell Small, lad!" said the King, recognizing the voice. "If it doan't dew ma heart and sowl good to hear thy voice again. How's'ta been, Sam lad?"

"Reight nicely, Your Majesty," Sam said.

"And how's that reight bonnie wife o' thine, Dally?" asked the King, who, as you will have noticed, spoke the dialects fluently. It is things like that, that make a good king. Little things like passing laws can be left to lads who have nothing but brains.

"Dally's reight well," Sam said. "And how's thy missus and bairns, if tha doan't mind the question."

"Nay, Sam lad, Ah'm that glad tha axed ma," the king said. "My littlest 'un was a bit poorly last week. It's teethin' tha knaws. But she's feeling champion now."

"Well, Ah'm glad to hear that," Sam answered.

"Thanks," the king said. "Well, Sam, Ah doan't suppose tha called me oop just for idle barneying. Whet c'n Ah dew for thee, lad?"

"Well, it's this way, Your Majesty," Sam said. "Ah hoap tha'll net think ma gormless for axing, but could'ta tell me just whet day o' t'week it is for thee."

"Eigh Sam," the King said, "Ah doan't monkey wi' things like that. Ah leave all that to ma ministers and such. But Ah've just gate official information from 'em that today's Sat'day."

"Your Majesty," said Sam, "if Sat'day's good enow for thee, then there's noa moar argyment. Thank you varry much."

"Net at all, Sam," the king said. "And by the way, Sam Small, it is our royal wish that tha doesn't wait soa long afore tha calls ma oop again. There's been sivveral things lately Ah would ha liked thy opinion on. When's'ta off to coom to Lunnon?"

"Nay, Your Majesty, Ah give oop traveling," Sam replied.

"Too bad, Sam. Too bad. Well, give me a ring soom time soon, will'ta?"

"That Ah will, lad."

"Well, so long," said the King.

"So long, Your Majesty," said Sam.

All during this conversation, of course, the people of the village had been crowding breathlessly round the door of the office, listening to Sam. And right in the forefront was Mr. Bloggs.

"Well, what did he say?" Mr. Bloggs breathed as Sam hung up.

"He said," said Sam, "that today was Sat'day."

"There, didn't I tell you," Mr. Bloggs shouted. "Now, doesn't that make it Saturday?"

Everyone thought it did, but they weren't quite sure. They thought the matter over quite a while, and then John Willie Braithwaite said:

"T'only trouble is, it doan't *feel* like Sat'day to me."

"But I tell you it is officially Saturday," Mr. Bloggs cried.

"Wait a minute, lads," Sam Small put in. "Now Ah doan't wark here, soa Ah play no favorites. But Ah c'n tell ye for sure how ye'll all knaw it's a Sat'day?"

"How can we tell?" they asked.

"Why, it's that simple," Sam replied. "Ye'all knaw that ivvery Sat'day morning at a quarter to twelve, ye get paid a week's wages. Now if soa be this is Sat'day, Mr. Bloggs will begin paying each man a week's money exactly ten minutes from now. And, on t'other hand, then if he doan't start paying a week's brass i' ten minutes—it can't be Sat'day—and the chances are it's off to keep on being Sunday for a long time."

"Outrageous," Mr. Bloggs cried.

He argued and shouted, but they just stood and shook their heads and said that if it were a Saturday they'd draw a week's pay at exactly a quarter to twelve, as they always did on Saturday. And finally Mr. Bloggs, seeing no other way of getting the days of the week started properly again, gave in and paid off each man and woman and girl and boy.

By the time they were paid it was Saturday noon, and so they all trooped as usual down the stairs of the mill and into the yard to go home. And there old Capper stopped them.

"But if it's a Saturday today, lads and lasses, what day is it tomorrow?"

"It'll be Sunday," they all roared.

"Now ain't that champion," old Capper beamed. "If it's Sunday we'll all be able to lie abed late and get a bit o' extra sleep for a change." #

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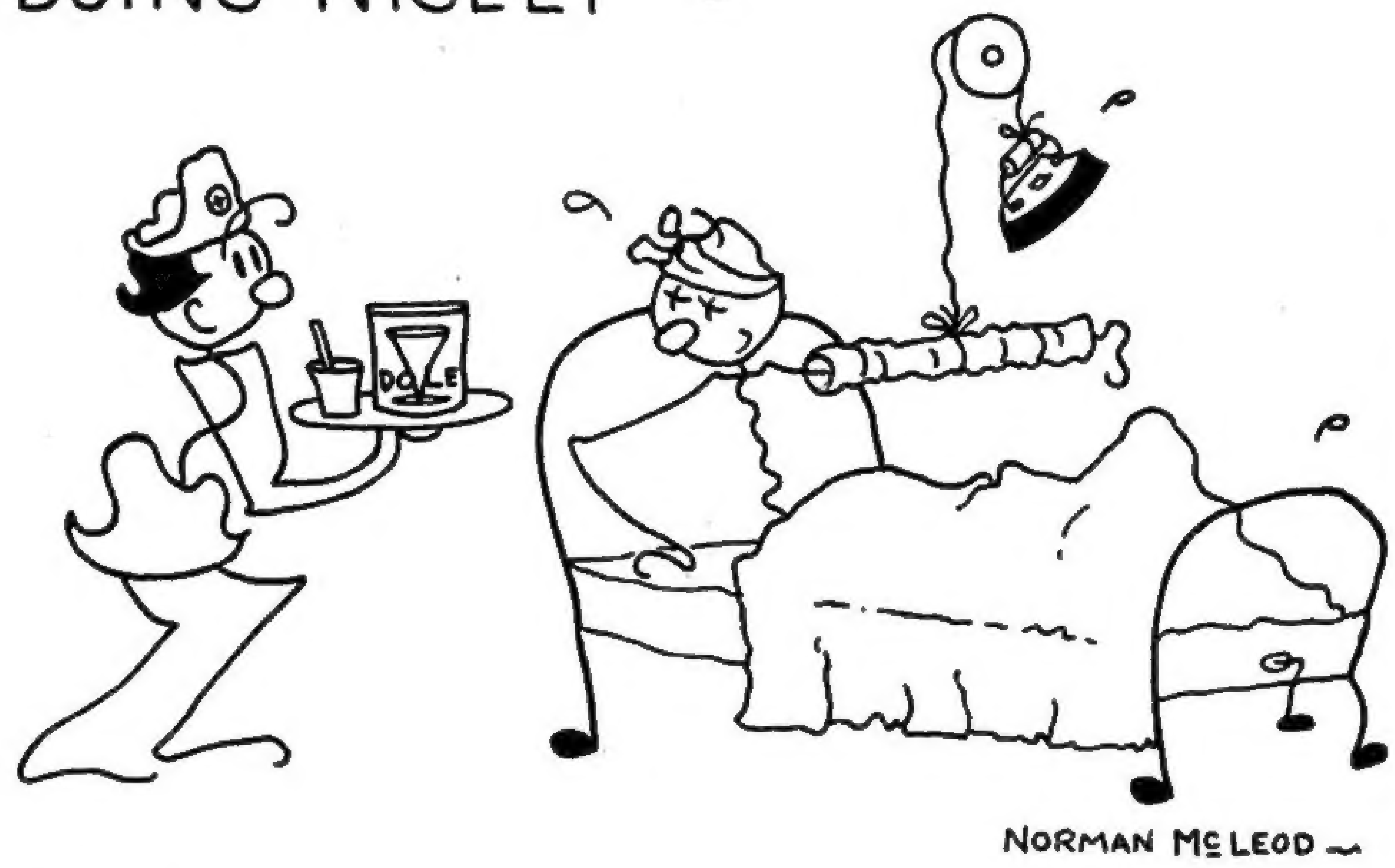

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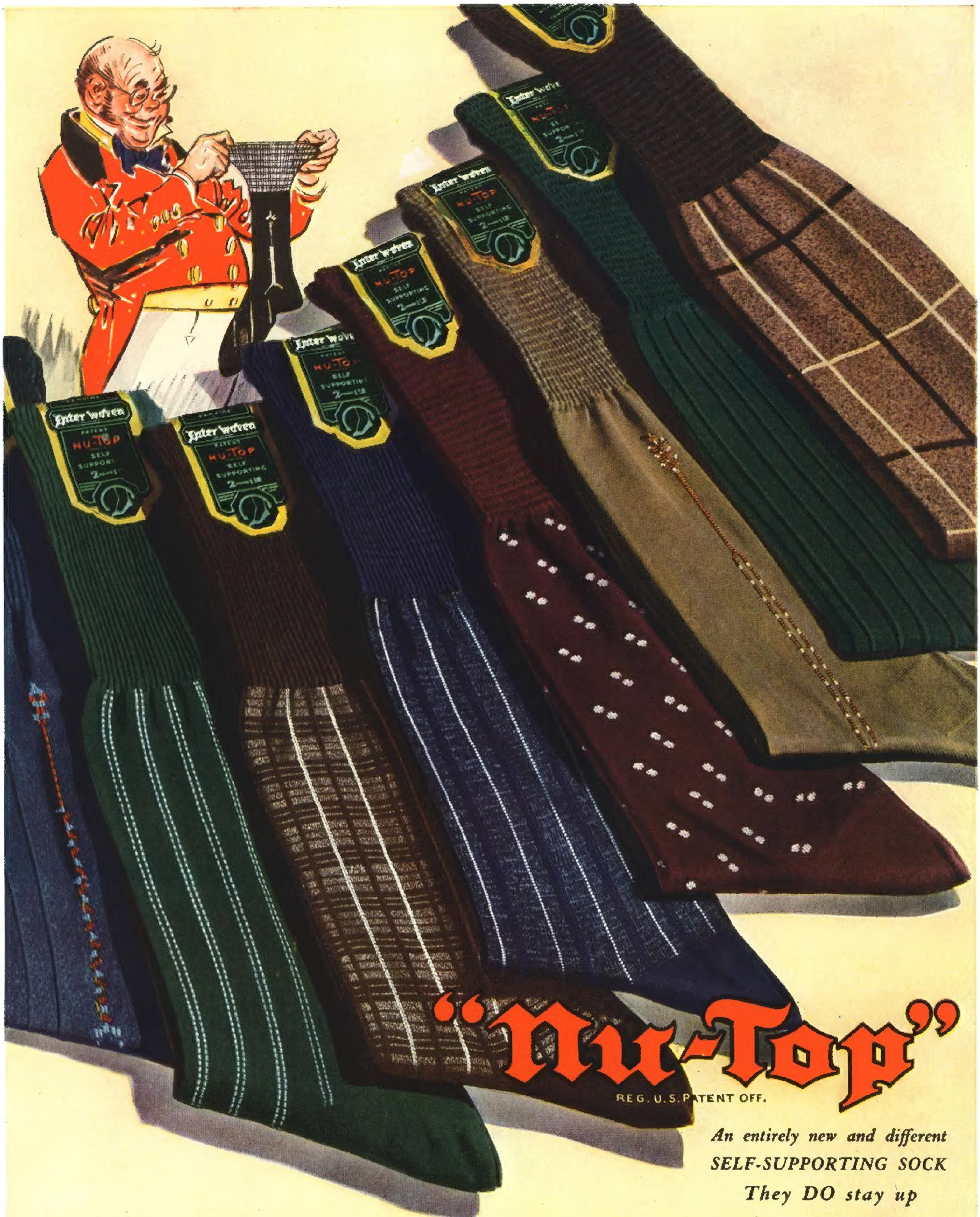
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